

LIFE



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the best women...



the best gasoline...



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That's why the fighting gasoline delivered to our Army and Navy represents the best of the American petroleum industry's production, plus most of the Ethyl fluid being manufactured.

Not until the armed services say it is safe to cut back on military production can you expect unlimited quantities of high-quality gasoline. Only then can we promise you all the Ethyl gasoline you want—an Ethyl that will bring out the best performance of any car.

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the ETHYL
trade mark**



Ethyl Corporation
Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C.

交友難 失友易

An Old Chinese Adage:

"It takes a year to make a friend

*But you can lose one in an hour!" **



When you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath)—and anyone can offend some time or another—your friends may shy away from you. Why take a chance like this when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a delightful and easy precaution? Simply rinse the mouth with it morning and night, and before any date where you want to be at your best.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for oral hygiene

This One



ZHSB-ZN9-5KUB

"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



Raiding Indians captured James Johnson and his wife and on the first night of encampment, August 31, 1754, Elizabeth Captive Johnson became the third white child to be born in what is now Vermont. The Indians erected a lean-to to protect Mrs. Johnson and her baby.

Good News for a Million Babies

Is there a new baby in your home?

Welcome the Baby with Protection. Along with the gifts and good wishes upon Baby's arrival, give the most practical present of them all—a Juvenile Life Insurance policy in your newborn's name. Yes, he can now be insured at birth in one of the oldest, strongest companies in the United States—National Life of Vermont.

Education Ahead. Many a boy or girl, years from now, will say an appreciative "thanks" to his parents for this foresighted gift. It creates a substantial fund for college, professional school, the purchase of a home, or a start in business. Recall how grateful you would have been at college age had your Dad been able to make such a provision.

Five Plans at Low Cost. When your child has grown to manhood he may find he is not insurable. Yet, through your foresight now he can own valuable insurance at low cost. 5 popular insurance plans are available for children age zero to four:

Twenty Payment Life
Endowment at Age Eighteen
Twenty-Year Endowment
Twenty-Five Year Endowment
Thirty-Year Endowment

For children age 5 to 9, six plans are available, and the 10-14 year-old can have almost the same choice of regular insurance as his Dad. Policies for ages zero to four, not issued in New York State.

For more complete information, clip and send the coupon below.

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MONTPELIER,

A Mutual Company, founded in 1850, "as solid as the granite hills of Vermont"

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Without obligation, please send me more complete information about National Life's Juvenile Insurance.

My Name..... Age of Children.....

Business or Home Address.....

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CAPS AND GOWNS

Sirs:

Your article about caps and gowns for kiddies in the June 25 issue of LIFE is, in our opinion, absolutely preposterous, ridiculous and absurd. We boys are three serious-minded juniors in high school who are looking forward to graduation and the wearing of caps and gowns with dire anticipation. The wearing of caps and gowns is a great honor and should be reserved for those who have worked hard and have reached the "commencement" of life....

ROBERT A. STOLLER
ROBERT P. TIEL
CHARLES HOFFMAN JR.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sirs:

We will not be truly progressive until we compel hospitals and maternity homes to hold formal commencement exercises when the newly-born are newly born.

ARTHUR E. SCHIFFERMAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

We thought it might be of interest to you and your readers to know that the Children's Aid Society has been graduating its kindergarten classes in caps



and gowns for the past 13 years.... Here is a picture of the first "capped and gowned" graduating class at West Side Center—the class of '33.

JOHN H. DREASEN
Acting Director

Children's Aid Society's
West Side Center
New York, N.Y.

MINNELI-MC CRARY

Sirs:

... In one fortnight a very well-known young actress, Judy Garland, married a talented young director, Vincente Minnelli, and a publicity-made young "actress," Jinx Falkenburg, married an Air Forces officer. You give a big feature story to the latter marriage (LIFE, June 25), when the former is the one that might be of real interest to the public. Judy Garland has a big following, but who cares what Jinx Falkenburg does? The fact of Judy Garland's marriage is news, but Jinx Falkenburg's marriage couldn't possibly be as important news or as interesting, even if she were married standing on her head on a surfboard....

FITZROY DAVIS

New York, N.Y.

"OUR IKE"

Sirs:

Your terse and graphic portrayal of General Eisenhower through your editorial and Charles Wertenbaker's "Eisenhower in Victory" (LIFE, June 25) is comparable only to the master stroke recently used in presenting the first man of the British Empire, Winston Churchill.

Having followed the activities of the general, it was nice to get just such an introduction to the man. In etching this versatile American, LIFE is to be commended for putting the spotlight on qualities that are common property of the truly great: humility and selflessness. At the same time LIFE has brought us so close to this man Eisenhower that we now truly feel that we "show about the right combination of familiarity and respect" when, with typical Americanism, we say "our Ike."

NANCY G. WYLLIE

Winnsboro, S. C.

ANOTHER SIDE

Sirs:

To supplement your pictures of the home-coming of General Patton (LIFE, June 25) I submit this incident during his welcome to Los Angeles. With so many people remembering Patton by the now-famous slapping incident, it helps to show people the other side of men like Patton, who are leading our armed forces.

This wounded veteran had served under Patton. When he stepped forward the general stopped the entire parade to chat with him. Possibly this incident will ease the minds of many thousands of parents who have boys serving under General Patton.

HOWARD E. BADER

Manhattan Beach, Calif.



PATTON AND FRIEND

MONKEY SUITS

Sirs:

In all the controversy (LIFE, June 25) created by your article "No More Monkey Suits" there seems to have been one item overlooked. The greater percentage of those advocating a change in uniform are USNR. We, the regulars, are the ones who will be wearing the uniform while the rest are back in their zoot suits. There is no mistaking a sailor. He's not just another serviceman. He's a Sailor. And in contradiction to most opinions expressed so far his uniform is practical. We can lash our bag and hammock and carry all we own on our shoulders.... When they take away the bell-bottomed trousers a sailor will no longer be a sailor.

MUS 1/C LEE M. JOHNSON, USN
Washington, D. C.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

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LIFE
July 16, 1945

Volume 19
Number 3

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



Photo courtesy of Hercules Powder Co., Inc.

Now we're putting pine stumps in tires

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

RUBBER experts have puzzled for years over how to make tires run cooler—especially big truck tires. They often get hotter than boiling water—so hot that the tires begin to disintegrate, blow out.

With synthetic rubber, the problem increases. For synthetic rubber tires generate far more heat than those of natural rubber. Chemists pondered

this fact, experimented with different ways to compound GR-S, the government synthetic rubber which all tire companies now use.

One of the things used in making synthetic rubber is soap made from animal fats. B. F. Goodrich men, working with a chemical company, developed a synthetic rubber using a new kind of soap, derived from the rosin in pine

stumps. Rubber made with this soap is less brittle. Tires are less subject to cracking. But even more important, they run cooler! Tires keep their strength. Tire life is increased.

Now all B. F. Goodrich truck tires are made with this new rubber—a development so important that it was long regarded as a military secret.

B. F. Goodrich research continues to improve tires for every purpose—tires for trucks and buses, for airplanes and passenger cars, tires for farm tractors

and implements, for all kinds of industrial equipment. This policy of continued improvement is your assurance of quality in every tire bearing the B. F. Goodrich name. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

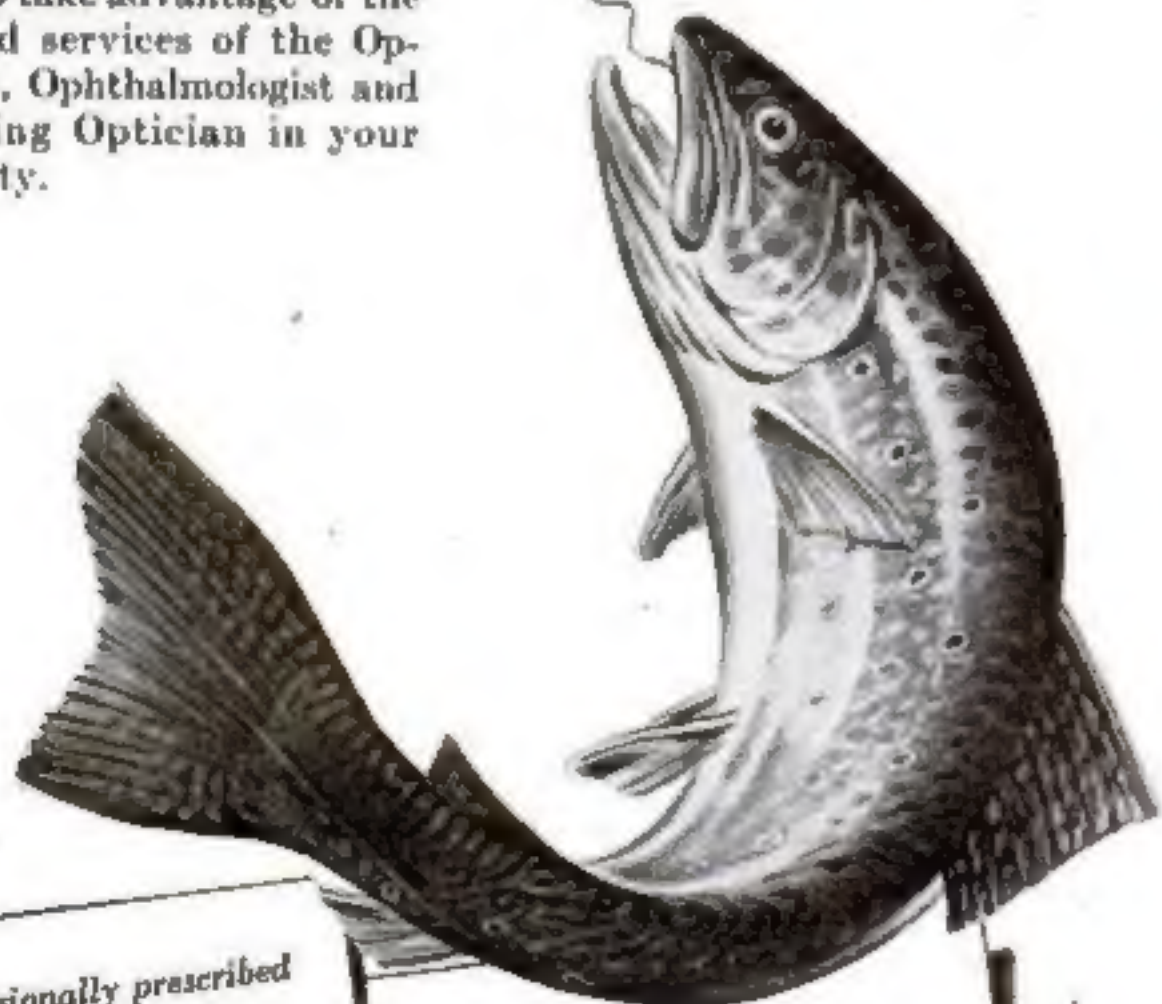
Truck Tires BY
B. F. Goodrich

TRICK SEA MONSTER? No—trick vision. It happens when overwork, glare or neglect make your eyes play tricks on you. To put a stop to fish stories like this—have your eyes examined regularly!



Here's how
some *fish stories* are born!

FISHERMAN'S LUCK alone won't account for vision that stays sure, sharp and comfortable. Professional eye care helps. So be sure to take advantage of the skills and services of the Optometrist, Ophthalmologist and Dispensing Optician in your community.



R... Professionally prescribed when needed to make seeing more comfortable.

Soft-Lite Lenses
... Tone down harsh light, reduce overbrightness
Slightly flesh-toned... less conspicuous... better looking

There is only one Soft-Lite—identified by this certificate



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

MISSISSIPPI

Sirs:

As busy as I am, I'm taking time off from my research to reply to the self-appointed spokesman for the Negro, Ruby Lepard, of Mississippi (LIFE, June 25). Her assertion that the Negroes are "satisfied with the unwritten laws and agreements" is obviously dictated by the whites in Mississippi. I have taught in Mississippi and happen to know how much Negroes resent the tyrannical treatment and all the inequalities of opportunity fostered by the whites in one of the most backward states in race relationships in the South....

LILLIAN B. LEWIS

University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

I'm also a Southerner, a Mississippian at that, and I disagree with Ruby Lepard's reply.... The South does have a caste problem....

BARBARA CANSEY

Gulfport, Miss.

Sirs:

... I've been in the South for 18 years and I think that the whole setup stinks....

LIEUT. F. D. PENDLETON

Walterboro, S. C.

SAFETY FIRST

Sirs:

Thank you for the swell presentation of safety posters used by the Arabian American Oil Company to teach Arabs safety (LIFE, June 25).

On the theory that what's good for Arabs is good for Americans, I do hope that your readers get a safety lesson from the posters, too.

PAUL JONES

National Safety Council
Chicago, Ill.

"GAY DOG"

Sirs:

... As a Navy correspondent, I have an opportunity to browse about, and this is what I saw when I looked into a thatched hut in a barrio (village) somewhere in the Philippines. The owner, in the foreground of photo, is quite a gay dog in the village, and a bachelor. As you will see, LIFE is prominently displayed on the pin-up wall of his hut.



You can also see tear-outs from *Esquire* and other magazines. I have an idea this connoisseur traded a liter of tuba (coconut booze) to a GI for the LIFE.

WILMON MENARD

U.S. Navy Correspondent
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

WILLIAM SIDNEY MOUNT

Sirs:

It is most interesting to any student of early American painting and particularly to those having some knowledge of Long Island to have in his possession this excellent article on William Sidney Mount (LIFE, June 25).

Mount lived in a most interesting



"FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA"

Imagine seeing a 27-foot lifeboat dropping out of the sky on the wings of three parachutes! Imagine finding it fully equipped with motors, sails, charts, medical supplies, clothing, provisions, and cigarettes!

Our Air Force's new Flying Dutchman is the most elaborate and complete unit ever devised for saving the lives of "ditched" flyers. "It has everything but a welcome mat," they say.

We at United-Carr are naturally proud that there are fasteners of our design and development all over these airborne boats... as well as on their parachutes and the flyers' own rubber rafts.

United-Carr Fastener Corp., Cambridge 42, Mass.

DOT FASTENERS



CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

Begin your subscription to the **BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB** with this remarkable *Double* selection

COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS \$3.00



BILL MAULDIN

UP FRONT By Bill Mauldin

Here is the straight truth about war, as the G.I.s see it. Sergeant Bill Mauldin, the G.I.'s favorite cartoonist, comes home after five years of war to find himself famous. His book about life among the dogfaces—over a hundred cartoons with running text—has been greeted throughout the country with the same spontaneous enthusiasm that was accorded Ernie Pyle's *Brave Men*.



"Don't look at me, lady,
I didn't do it."

and



BRUCE MARSHALL

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND FATHER SMITH By Bruce Marshall

Bruce Marshall was the author of that delightful book, *Father Malachy's Miracle*. Now Mr. Marshall has written an equally delicious story of a Catholic priest in Scotland. "It is asperged with cleansing mirth," Christopher Morley says, "the kind the Scots call pawky, the sly mischief that has as much fun in smiling at itself as at anyone else."



"Why th' bell couldn't you have
been born a beautiful woman?"



-and receive **FREE**-as a new member-a copy of **TRY AND STOP ME**

BY BENNETT CERF

A collection of anecdotes and stories mostly humorous, illustrated by Carl Rose



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"Whoopee! I got
the Injun sign on
Prickly Heat!"



"Your little Indian will whoop with joy"

"Look at my smooth-as-satin skin . . . and you'll know why Mommies an' babies are ravin' about mild, soothin' Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder. It's a won-n-derful help in preventin' prickly heat, urine irritation, chafing and lotsa other skin troubles! Here's why I say it's the best for baby's skin. . . .

1. Most baby specialists prefer Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder to any other baby powder (and 3 out of 4 doctors say baby powder should be antiseptic)."
2. Mennen is smoothest—shown in microscopic tests of leading baby powders. Only Mennen powder is "cloud-spun" for extra smoothness, extra comfort.
3. Makes baby smell so sweet . . . new, mild flower-fresh scent!



"Buy me
the best . . .
Mennen!"

Also . . . 4 times as many doctors
prefer MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL
as any other baby oil or lotion"



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

community and made a unique contribution to both it and the American scene. In reproducing village happenings faithfully before the days of popular photography, his record is of inestimable value and interest. . . .

WARD MELVILLE

New York, N.Y.

NEW CARS

Sirs:

To thousands of us living off the paved roads a car is an essential part of existence. We don't need or want folding tables, boudoir lamps or fancy "improvements" (LIFE, June 25) that spend most of the time out of order.

What we do need are wheels that can be changed in mud or snow without excavating for an hour, ignition systems with more rugged constructions, fenders and grills that don't crumple at a nudge, "emergency" brakes that hold and stay set, front-end assemblies that stay in line, fuel strainers that can be cleaned without dismantling the whole hood, hose connections that stay tight, window gear and door latches that keep on the job for a reasonable time and cranks for the inevitable times when the battery is down and the service station five miles and \$3 away. All that we want is reliability, durability and practicality. Damn the gadgets and selling features.

PAUL ST.-GAUDENS

Windsor, Vt.

Sirs:

. . . We don't want to take the radiator off to get at the fan belt. We don't want to stand on our heads and have to have double-jointed arms to replace a fuse behind the dashboard panel or to remove the radio. The entire dashboard panel should slide out or turn on hinges so that we can get at the instruments and switches, fuses, radio, etc. without acrobatics. . . .

All parts of the engine requiring occasional servicing should be accessible when the hood is raised. We don't want to pay excessive labor costs simply because the designers forgot that the water pump, fuel pump, carburetor, generator, distributor, etc. must be serviced here and there without ripping the car apart.

HENRY BERRING]

Westfield, N.J.

Sirs:

. . . You say that push buttons might be the solution to the problem of protruding handles. That is fine for operating the door but how are you going to open and close a window with a single button?

ANDREW H. SACKERMAN

Forest Hills, N. Y.

● Push up for up, down for down. The Lincoln Continental has had this for five years.—ED.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

to LIFE subscribers
in the Armed Forces

When you return to civilian life you are still entitled to the full unexpired term of your LIFE subscription at the special military rate.

Whether you subscribed for one year at \$3.50, two years at \$6 or three years at \$9, you will receive the full number of copies you ordered and paid for at these special rates—at no increase in price.

To be sure of receiving all your copies of LIFE please keep us informed of your latest address—military or civilian.

INSIDE ★ Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

Some guys got it, and some guys haven't got it . . . but Eddie Bracken borrowed it, and it's "OUT OF THIS WORLD!"

You'll have more fun than a barrel of Brackens when he borrows one fellow's tie, another fellow's voice (and what a voice!) and, with the help of the beautiful brain of Veronica Lake, launches the swoon heard round the world, in Paramount's new musical—



It's the laugh-a-minute lowdown on how swooning got that way, and no holds are barred when the Bobby-Socks Brigade elects a brand-new king.

They adore him, they floor him, they really go for him . . . until vivacious Diana Lynn takes Eddie over lock, stock and baritone!

Everything's in the title! Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen accentuate the positive again with Hit Parade tunes . . . Whispering (it says here) Cass Daley and Olga "Bombalera Bombshell" San Juan give out to make you give in . . . and the nation's five greatest piano maestros get together for the first time while the gayest, most gorgeous girls in the world prove that America's still in very good shape!

Even the 4 (count 'em) Crosby kids are in on the fun!

Director Hal Walker has charge of all these musical goings on . . . and the only thing funnier than making the picture is seeing it!

Because it's really going to send you "OUT OF THIS WORLD" . . . which is getting to be a habit with

Paramount Pictures



"As I was walking down Gooseberry Street— what do you think I saw?"



"I like to walk on Gooseberry Street. You meet such interesting people. But take a good look for yourself!"



"I saw a gentleman going to work. But it didn't look as though he'd get much done that day! Every other step he yanked at his shirt collar—which was shrunk up tight as a noose. Some day, of course, this man might hear of the 'Sanforized' label."



"I saw a lady. So shrunk up was her cotton dress that I expected to hear it go 'POP!' That dress was lovely when new—but shrinkage had got it. If it had been 'Sanforized,' it couldn't have shrunk out of style—or smartness!"



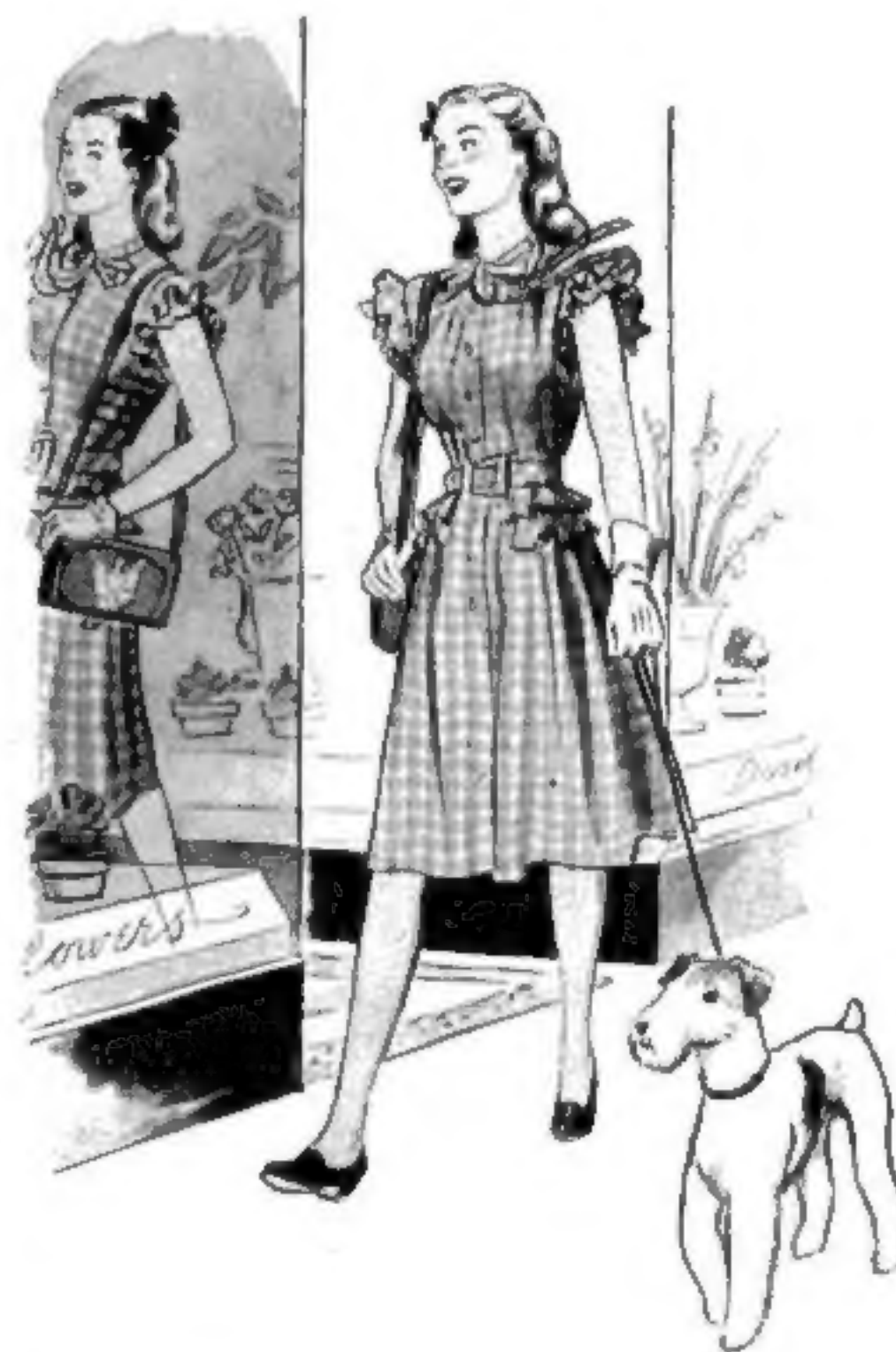
"I saw a boy climbing a tree. And literally busting out of his sport shirt and slacks! Poor kid—he probably has careless parents who have never even heard of the 'Sanforized' label and how it keeps washable cotton garments in fit FOREVER."

•SANFORIZED•

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Fabric Shrinkage less than 1% by the Government's Standard Test

"Sanforized": Checked standard of the trade-mark owner. The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by users of the mark. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



"I saw myself—Nancy Dixon!—in a store window! And if I do say it, I looked pretty sharp for a gal who does war work three nights after school! Mom wised us up on 'Sanforized' early, so my cotton clothes can't ever lose their good looks by shrinkage!"

To keep on looking smart...

It's got to keep on FITTING!



"The neighbors are watching my windows!"

THE JOHN J. W. WHITTES, of Buffalo, N. Y., have a cozy beach cottage.

It really needed new curtains, but patriotic Mrs. White remembered her conservation pledge—"use it up, wear it out." So . . . and here we quote from the letter she wrote us about it:

"I rummaged through closets for some old materials I might make do. My hand touched something smooth and soft and firm. It was the last of my two dozen trousseau Pequots!"

Years ago, those Pequots had been cut down to fit the White youngsters' cribs. Since the youngsters outgrew them, the sheets had been resting on the shelf.

But now their vacation was over. Mrs. White whisked them off the shelf, made a few skillful passes with needle and thread and shears, and presto!—she had a set of pretty curtains, bordered with bright ric-rac braid. And what a whopping success they were! Just read this

interesting paragraph from her letter:

"I noticed the neighbors watching them enviously, and I've a hunch they'll copy my idea. I'm proud that after all these years my old Pequots are serving so well in wartime."

We're proud, too, that most of the sheets we make today go to the Armed Forces. But we're doing our best to supply some Pequots to retail stores.

Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.

PEQUOT SHEETS

so good-looking



so long-wearing

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

LIFE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF..... Henry R. Luce
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LIFE'S COVER

First Lieut. Audie Murphy's Congressional Medal of Honor citation, for singly holding off 250 Germans from the top of a burning tank destroyer in France, reads in part: "Twice . . . Murphy's company lost sight of him in clouds of smoke and flame . . . his clothing was riddled . . . his trouser leg was soaked with blood . . . Murphy's deadly fire killed dozens of Nazis and the enemy line wavered." Advance was halted. For Lieutenant Murphy's homecoming see pp. 94 to 97.

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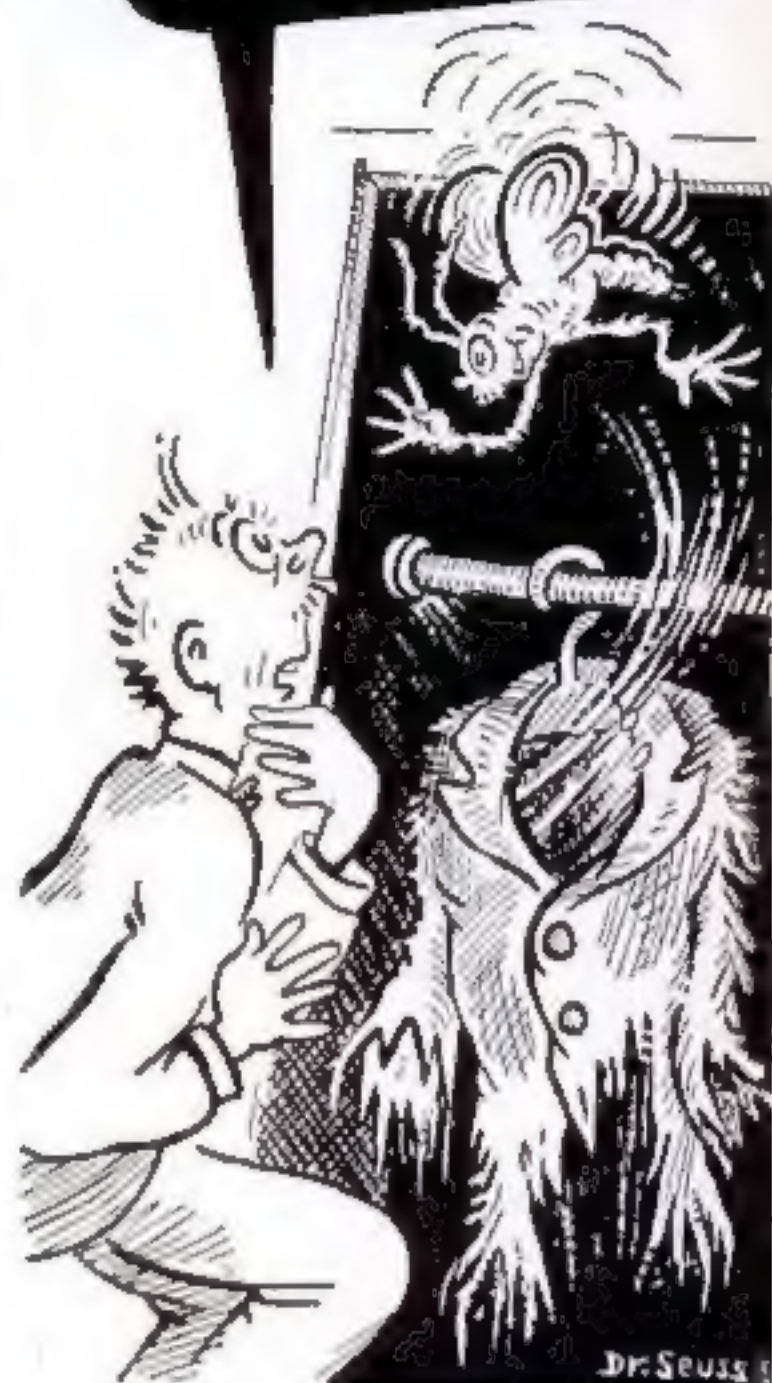
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For Flit kills moths, eggs, and larvae—on the spot—is stainless when used as directed, and pleasant-smelling, too!

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FLIT

KILLS FLIES, MOTHS AND MOSQUITOES



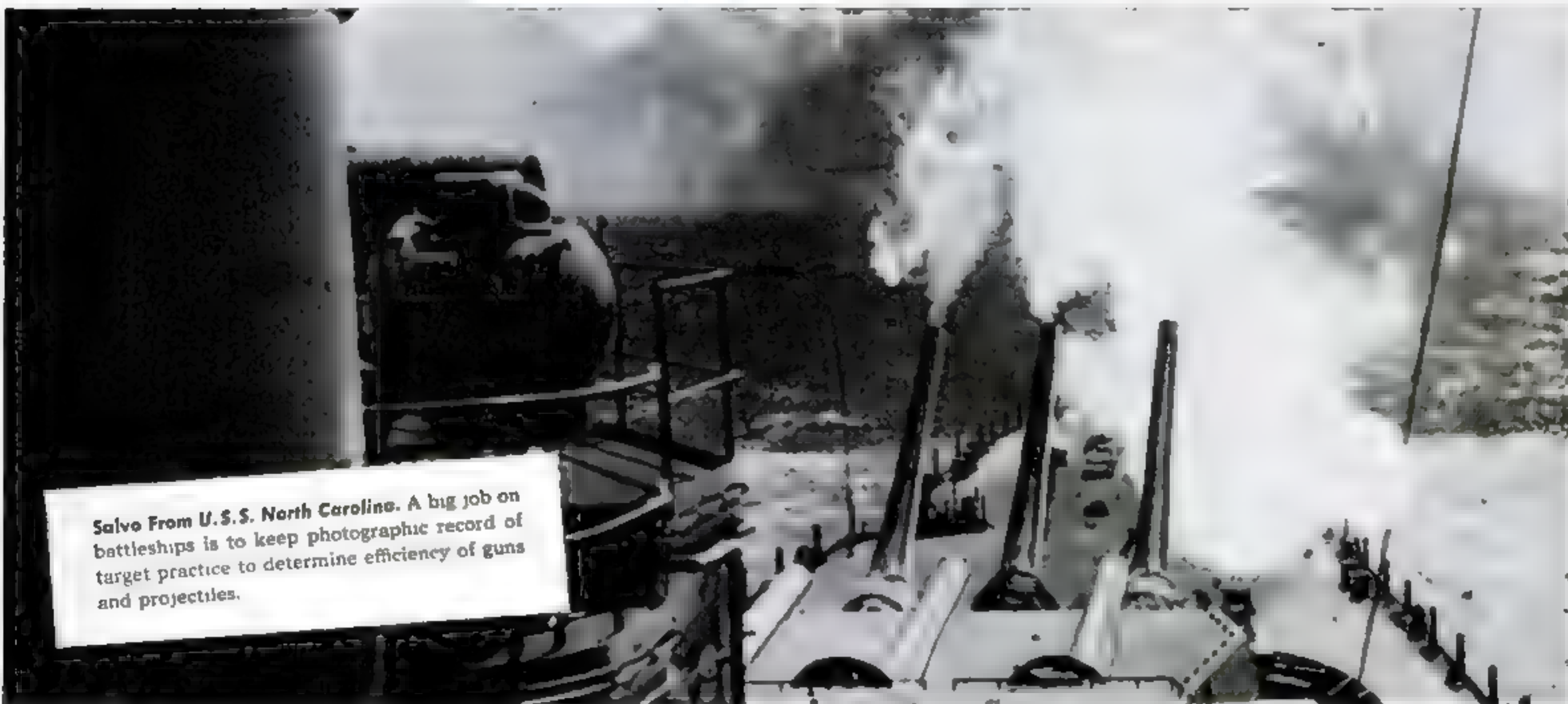
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Dept. 1945, Staeco Incorporated



Gun Crew, Civil War Style. Matthew Brady, Civil War photographer, took his historically important pictures with materials furnished by Edward Anthony, founder of Ansco.

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Salvo From U.S.S. North Carolina. A big job on battleships is to keep photographic record of target practice to determine efficiency of guns and projectiles.

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AND surprising how much *you* are affected by what we have learned. Yes . . . *you!*

For if you take pictures—or look at them—Anso's century-plus-three-years' study has made an impression on your life.

We explored the properties of light, glasses, and metals...and cameras changed from weighty, cumbersome boxes into the inexpensive, compact precision machines you use today.

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flash-fast, ultra-sensitive films, so foolproof that your children use them.

Our century-long study of chemicals, printing papers, printing and reproduction techniques, and development methods has become a part of *your* life in the movies you see . . . the books and magazines you buy . . . the papers you read.

We feel the responsibility of this 103 years in photography—responsibility to *you*. Our tradition of service to *you* dates back to 1842, when Edward Anthony founded in New York City the company that was later to become Anthony & Scovill—a name since contracted to the now familiar Ansco.

So perhaps you can understand how this sense of service and responsibility holds brilliant promise for your photographic future.

For today, Ansco, America's first photographic supplier, is still pioneering—is still a leader in the never-ceasing development of new and better photographic products. Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation.

Anso
Films & Cameras

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

... THESE ARE CREATIONS OF CHICAGO "MAD HATTER"



"VICTORY GARDEN" HAT HAS SEEDS AND VEGETABLES



"CAT" HAT HAS LEATHER KITTENS AND BALL OF YARN



"MERRY-GO-ROUND" HAT HAS HORSES, ATTENDANTS



"MATCH" HAT IS ON SAFE SIDE, HAS FAKE MATCHES



"PEACOCK" HAT HAS WHOLE BIRD, WITH GOLD CLAWS



"MEXICAN HAYRIDE" HAT HAS TINY LEATHER BURROS



"SCHOOL" HAT HAS A "BORED OF EDUCATION" SIGN



"CIRCUS" HAT HAS ONLY A ONE-RING CIRCUS ON IT



"FLAMINGO" HAT'S TWO BIRDS HAVE REAL FEATHERS

The amazing thing about these amazing hats, made of carrots, matches, playing cards and the like, is that they sell. They comprise a large part of the business of "Mad Hatter" Benjamin Benedict Greenfield, whose fashionable Bes-Ben shop is located on Chicago's fashionable North Michigan Avenue. They sell

for prices ranging from \$37.75 to \$1,000 (for one with emerald and ruby brooch). They have been purchased by such prominent ladies as Mrs. Albert Sloan, Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt and Judy Garland.

Bes-Ben hats have all sorts of advantages. They are fitted by Ben himself (see next page). Their decora-

tive animals are mothproofed as well as deodorized. Their dogs are pedigreed. Customers have a very wide choice indeed, can select anything from *Foxes-Bergers* dancers to Chinese coolies. Mrs. Philip D. Armour III once bought one with a bird on it. By simply placing an egg under the bird she won first prize at a masquerade.



"FARM" HAT HAS A BARNYARD OF ANIMALS ON BRIM



A "FARM" HAT WITH MORE DETAIL SELLS FOR \$135.76



"PLAYING CARD" HAT HAS THREE OF THE FOUR SUITS



"ZEBRA" HAT HAS SIX MOURNFUL-EYED ZEBRA HEADS



"STINKY" HAT IS VIRTUALLY CRAWLING WITH SKUNKS



"FLOWER" HAT HAS SEED PACKAGES FOR THE GARDEN



"DACHSHUND" HAT HAS LONG NOSES TILTED IN THE AIR



"CIGARET" HAT HAS POPULAR BRANDS, EVEN MATCHES



"MEXICAN FRUIT BASKET" HAT IS FULL TO THE BRIM

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



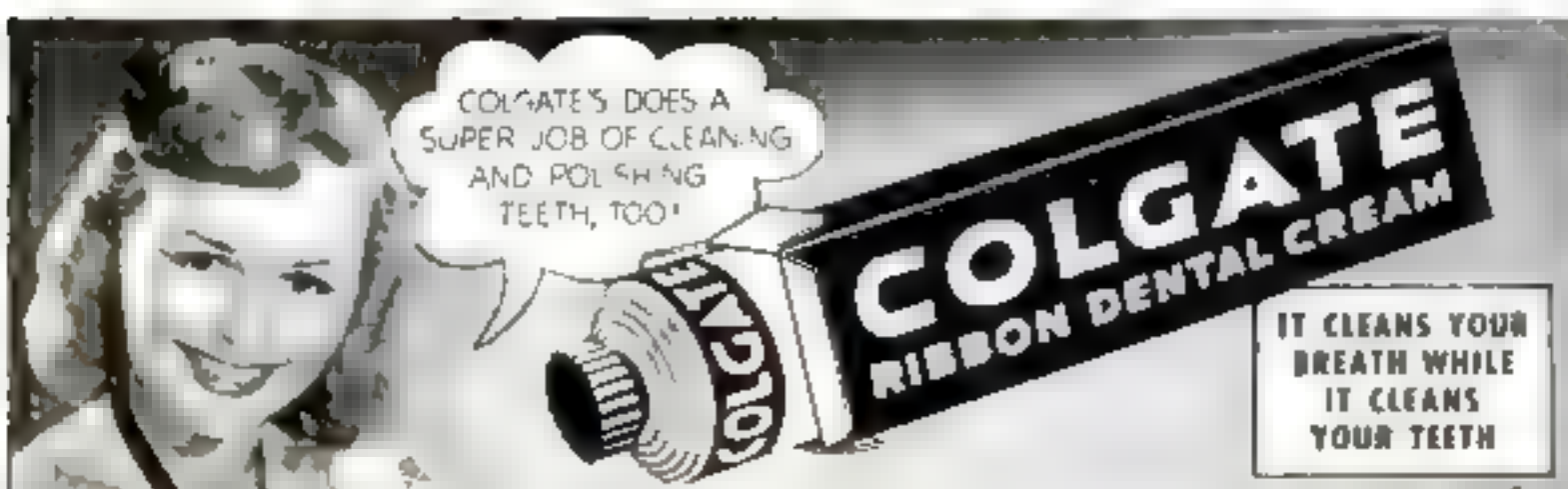
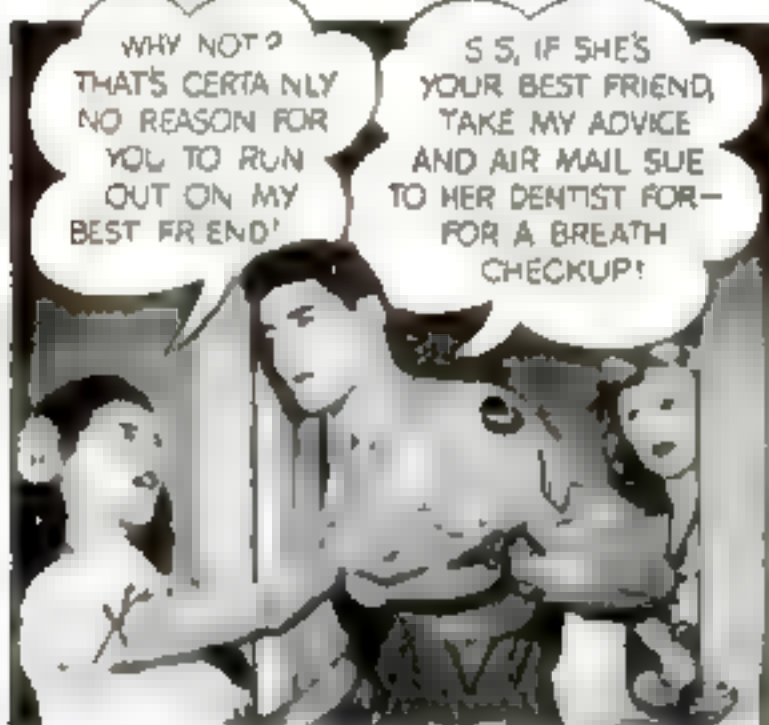
The "Farm" hat in close-up reveals a complete landscape. Painted rocky path flanked by fruit trees slopes gently up to the manor house. A lantern post warns against the dogs that lurk under the fruit tree on the left. The house is topped by a flag.



The back yard of the "Farm" hat is shown in this air view taken from above the roof of the farmhouse. Chickens stand around outside their henhouse on left, presumably because house is too small for them. Outhouse is complete with a crescent.



The "Mad Hatter" is 45-year-old Benjamin Greenfield, who has had the store for 13 years. Greenfield, who cannot sew, designed his first weird hat, a zebra creation not unlike the one on page 11, five years ago. Chicago society women think so much of him that they once threw a surprise party for him in his shop. He is a bachelor.



Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night — NBC Network

If your truck is a **CHEVROLET** you'll get **SERVICE**

Service **WHERE** you want it

The service you get from your Chevrolet truck—built-in, long-lived service so outstanding that it has made Chevrolet the world's largest-selling truck—is backed up by an equally outstanding nationwide field organization to provide service for your truck. Actually, Chevrolet's service organization is nationwide—with thousands of dealer service stations, plus other thousands of garages and shops to which authorized Chevrolet parts are made available. Thus, service facilities are always close at hand—for regular maintenance service at home, for emergency service on the road.

Service **WHEN** you want it

Chevrolet's thousands of dealers are pledged to help keep the nation's motor transportation units rolling—and Chevrolet's unmatched parts distribution system makes it possible for them to provide you with the service you want whenever needed. The vast network of Chevrolet service stations, and the factory's great national service and parts departments, are working hand in hand to achieve the same end . . . the right part at the right place at the right time, to preserve the vital motor transportation of America.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

One out of every three trucks is a
CHEVROLET TRUCK

BUY MORE WAR BONDS • HELP SPEED THE VICTORY



CHEVROLET
Sales Leadership
is backed by
CHEVROLET
Service Leadership

It's "Love-at-first-sight" with the Bob Works and the new G-E Electric Sink!



"What a marvelous invention!" enthuses Mrs. Work as the family previews the new G-E Dishwasher and Disposall in the G-E All-Electric Kitchen-of-the-future.

The Dishwasher washes, rinses, and dries dishes *automatically* in less than 10 minutes.

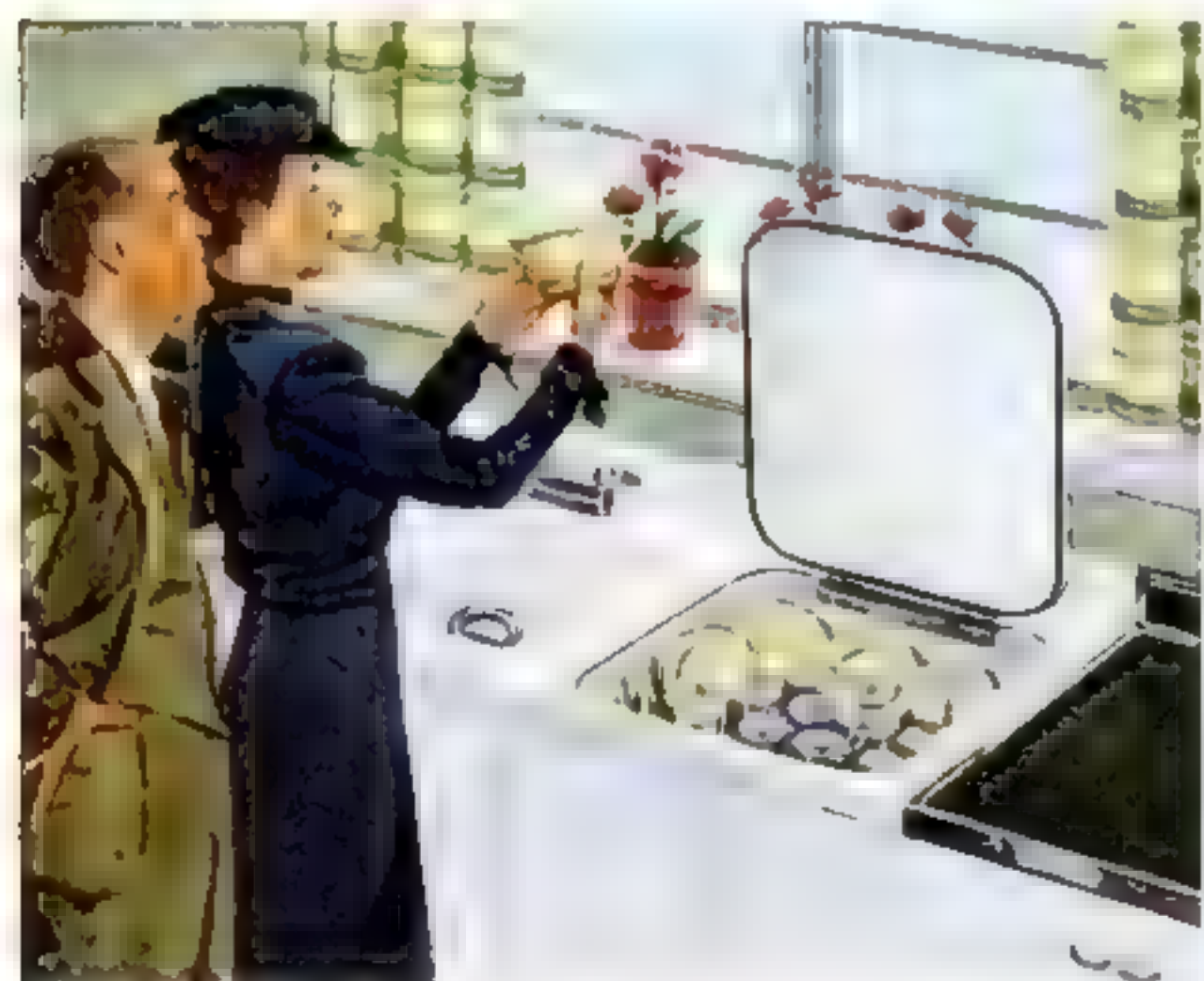
And the Disposall disposes of food waste *electrically*—completely eliminates garbage.

"That sells me," says Bob. "You mean I can buy the Dishwasher or Disposall separately—after the war—or get them both in the complete G-E Electric Sink!"



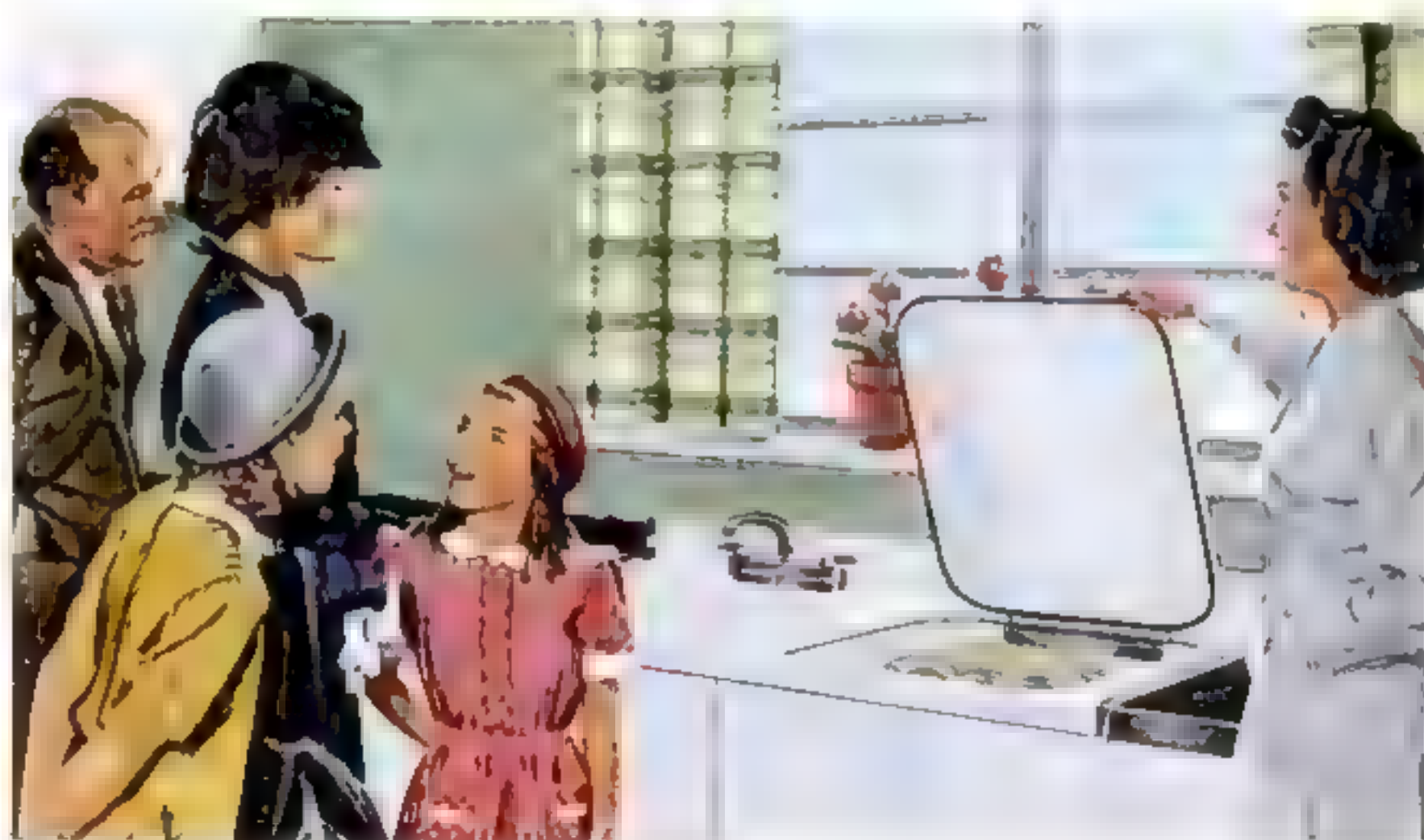
"Now you see it, now you don't!" Lucy is fascinated by the Disposall's performance. This self-cleaning electric drain fits into most any kitchen sink, takes a whole load of food waste, including *bones!*

Simple, safe, and sanitary. Scrape dishes clean, dump food waste down the Disposall. Twist the cover in place, turn on the cold water—everything's shredded and flushed away! No more garbage cans.



"It's a *dream!*" glows Mrs. Work. "Why your hands *never* touch dish-water!" That's right—load the dishes, turn a switch. Dishes, glass, and silver—even pots and pans—are *automatically* washed for you.

"Mercy!" says Mrs. Work as she sees the gleaming silver, radiant china. "That's much cleaner than I can get my things by *hand!*" Dishes thoroughly washed and rinsed in water too hot to touch!



The G-E Dishwasher has a place for everything. Safety trays for dishes and glass, basket for silver. Dirty things are thoroughly cleansed in hot, hot water, then they're rinsed and dried in a matter of minutes.

"I guess we won't break so many dishes when

we get one of these, Mom!" older sister Dennie is impressed with G-E safety measures.

"No," says Mrs. Work and adds, wistfully, "how glad I'll be when we can have a G-E Electric Sink!" General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.



Dishwasher and Disposall

For the Complete Table-to-Shelf Dish Job

FOR FUN: Don't miss Art Linkletter, in "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E. W. T., CBS. Other G-E programs are "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E. W. T., NBC. "The World Today," News, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E. W. T., CBS.

FOR FINAL VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD MORE WAR BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Soon after the liberation of Paris last year, LIFE sent Floyd Davis and his wife Gladys Rockmore Davis, to report on that city in paintings. America's most famous art team, they looked for familiar places and things in the Paris they had known and loved in the years before the war. What the artists found after four years of German occupation is reproduced in color on pp. 46 to 55. Gladys Davis is the first woman to travel abroad as artist-war correspondent in World War II.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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10, 11, 12—GORDON COSTER	50, 51, 52, 53—Paintings by FLOYD DAVIS
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28—DALE MURPHY—SOUTH BEND TRIBUNE, ASSOCIATED PHOTOGRAPHERS, PITTSBURGH—AL. MOM, JULIUS GREEN, FIELD-ARROW, DEACON JOURNAL—MARTHA HOLMES	90, 91—WARNER BROS. (2), CULVER—CULVER—INT., WARNER BROS., THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION—WARNER BROS., CULVER, INT.
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31—FRANK W. LYERLA	95—JAMES F. LAUGHHEAD
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ABBREVIATIONS: BOT, BOTTOM, EXC, EXCEPT, BY, RIGHT, A. P., ASSOCIATED PRESS, B. S., BLACK STAR, INT, INTERNATIONAL, P. J., PICTURES INC.

HOW WE RETIRED ON A LIFE INCOME OF \$150 A MONTH



Ann was dressing for the theatre, and while I waited that night I leafed through a magazine. I remember the date—August 17, 1926—because it was my 45th birthday, and we were getting ready to celebrate it.

As I turned the pages, my eyes rested on an ad. Maybe the reason it stopped me was that just that evening Ann and I had been talking about the same thing... our hopes for the future.

After all, we were pretty much like a lot of married couples. We found it hard to put anything aside, found it hard to save. Money seemed to go out as fast as it came in. So, even in our happiest moments, there was always the worrisome thought this couldn't last. I was getting older. Someday I might not be able to keep on working so hard. What then?

There on the page was the answer. There was just what we needed. I read the ad through to the very end. It told about Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plans, and how we could get a guaranteed income of \$150 a month, beginning when I reached 60. And it wasn't just an income for myself alone. The Plan actually provided an income as long as either my wife or I lived!

When Ann came downstairs, I was tearing a little corner off the page. First coupon in my life I'd ever clipped. I stuck it in an envelope and popped it in the mail on our way to the show.

Fifteen years go by mighty fast! The crash... the depression... the war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I never had to worry about.

A few years ago, Ann and I celebrated my sixtieth birthday. It was a very special celebration. For, shortly after, I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and retired! My Phoenix Mutual checks will keep coming in, every month—not only as long as I live, but as long as Ann lives, too!

I'm busy selling War Bonds these days, and Ann is helping out at the Red Cross. But when the war is over, we're set to do the things we've always wanted to do—travel, for instance. All because I started my Phoenix Mutual Plan when I did—in time—while my earning powers were still at their best.

You can do it, too.

Send for Free Booklet

This story is typical. Wouldn't you like to make sure of your own future? Send the coupon and receive—by mail and without charge—a booklet that describes a number of Phoenix Mutual Plans. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can get any income you want—up to \$150 a month and more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or 70. Similar plans are available for women. So don't delay.

Don't put it off. Send for your copy now!



PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

PLAN FOR WOMEN

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
630 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet, describing Retirement Income Plans for women.

Name _____

Date of Birth _____

Business Address _____

Home Address _____

PLAN FOR MEN

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
630 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet, showing how to get a guaranteed income for life.

Name _____

Date of Birth _____

Business Address _____

Home Address _____

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When rubber teams with steel...

HE was a construction worker here at home, long before war sent him on a ten thousand mile journey. He was one of the thousands of Americans who take to handling hydraulic tools naturally...who know about the power that flows through slender hose.

He's still in a construction gang...but doing a different job under different conditions...clearing jungles, smoothing air strips on coral atolls, building revetments for planes.

High-pressure hose puts the strength of a giant into his hands...hose of flexible rubber, fortified with braided steel wire...hose that

controls and conveys tremendous pressures.

To achieve this useful teaming of rubber and steel, long and patient effort had to come first. United States Rubber Company technicians—chemists, engineers, craftsmen—coordinated their skills, focussed them on his needs.

By serving through science, they gave these fighting builders—the Army Corps of Engineers and the doughty Seabees—hose capable of withstanding highest working pressures, of resisting the effects of jungle heat and arctic cold.

The backlog of experience needed for such

service was laid in the years before 1941. It takes a big business to meet such needs. But a business only grows big because people like its products. When you bought "U. S." rubber products in the past, you were creating work for men and women. You helped build this company—helped give it force.

That force is still backing our fighting men. It will continue to do so until the Pacific victory is secured. Seasoned and strengthened then by its intensive wartime experience, the U.S. Rubber organization will enthusiastically return to its civilian job.

SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE



Listen to "Science Looks Forward"—new series of talks by the great scientists of America—on the Philharmonic-Symphony Program, CBS network, Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:30 E.W.T.



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

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THE EIGHT-MAN U.S. MILITARY COMMISSION, NOT A COURT-MARTIAL, DELIBERATES IN THE COUNTY SEAT AT AHRWEILER, GERMANY, ON A BRUTAL NAZI CRIME

U.S. ARMY JUSTICE FALLS ON GERMANS

The name of American justice fell for the first time on German criminals on June 29 when three German murderers were dropped through a gallows trap in the Rheinbeck prison. Their crime, which had gone unpunished in the perverted world of Nazi Germany, was peculiarly revealing of that world.

An American Liberator began to smoke last Aug. 15 over the Rhine and village of Prist. Three Americans bared out. One American climbed in a tree in a wheat field. Two German soldiers started to help him out of his parachute when a crowd, headed by a paralytic much resembling Goebbels himself, tore into the wheat field. The paralytic was the Nazi leader of Prist, and he had clearly in mind Goebbels' pronouncement: "It is far too much to ask of us that

we call on German police to protect these murderers from the fate they deserve." Goebbels was referring to U.S. airmen, described in the Nazi press as "Air Huns" and "pleasure murderers." The little man, one Peter Back, shot the American twice. Twice the American stood up again and came on. Another German, Kolm, clubbed the wounded man and he fell on his face. A third, Gierens, swung a stone hammer into his head. A fourth, Kren, whose home-guard responsibility was to guard prisoners, stood by. The airman did not rise again. His body has been found but not identified. One old German, a veteran of World War I, had protested: "This man is a prisoner, this is no way to treat him." Peter Back sneered: "You can bury him and put forget-me-nots on his grave."

The trial of three men, not including Peter Back, was held in Ahrweiler June 1 by a military commission named by Lieut. General Gerow of the Fifteenth Army. The prosecution cited the Ten Commandments, the laws of decency, the Laws and Customs of War and Nazi German regulations for the treatment of prisoners. All three were sentenced to death by hanging, but General Gerow commuted Kren's sentence to life imprisonment. Back was caught June 6 and sentenced June 16. Their German lawyer told the defendants at the end of the trial: "Betrink yourselves. You have sinned against goodness and the laws of your fatherland. Farewell." The three men prayed all their last day on earth and on June 29, on a gray morning on a gray gallows, they were hanged.



Defense lawyer, senior-faced Dr. Fritz Mehn, Heidelberg graduate, is helped into his robes by defendant Krein. Mehn had not spoken to defendants before this, argued their case ably.



Army defense lawyer, Major Richard Brewster (left), confers with civilian German lawyer, Dr. Mehn, just before trial. Interpreter (center) was the most nervous man in courtroom.



The defendants (from left), Kohn, Gierens, Krein, are questioned by their German lawyer. Despite his conscientious case for them he evidently felt contempt and disgust for the crime.



The three accused are (from left) Peter Kohn, who trembled throughout the trial, Matthias Gierens, who had wept bitterly just before, and Matthias Krein, least guilty of the three.



Exhibits were an American flier's equipment similar to that of the murdered man: American flying suit, dog tags, identification card, first-aid kit, G.I. Army shirt, flying boots, etc.



The prosecution was handled by Capt'n Milton J. Mehl and Major Theodore K. Irwin, here discussing the boots, to be shown witnesses to identify dead man as an American flier.



Catholic priest, Johann Delges, from Auv, confers with Lawyer Mehn. The defendants were all Catholic. Their home town of Preist lies in the Catholic Rhineland near Koblenz.



Nine neighbors of the accused testified against them. Here they wait outside the courtroom. Village priest testified that relatives of Gierens were insane, but that Gierens was sane.



The courthouse was the vine-draped Kreishaus, or county seat, at Ahrweiler. Here are spectators during lunch recess. Few Germans attended the trial, which was open to public.



Courtroom is backed by U.S. flag and stained-glass windows inset with black German eagles. From left are defendant Gierens, defense officer (back to camera), interpreter, the eight-

man Army commission, and at right the two prosecutors. Commission included Colonels Horace Woodward, L. Holmen Gian, Louis J. Compton, Russell Patterson, Robert A. Schow,

Charles H. Bryan, Lieut. Colonel George Hecker, Major Arnold Davis. All officers present were appointed by Lieut. General Leonard T. Gerow, commander of the Fifteenth Army.



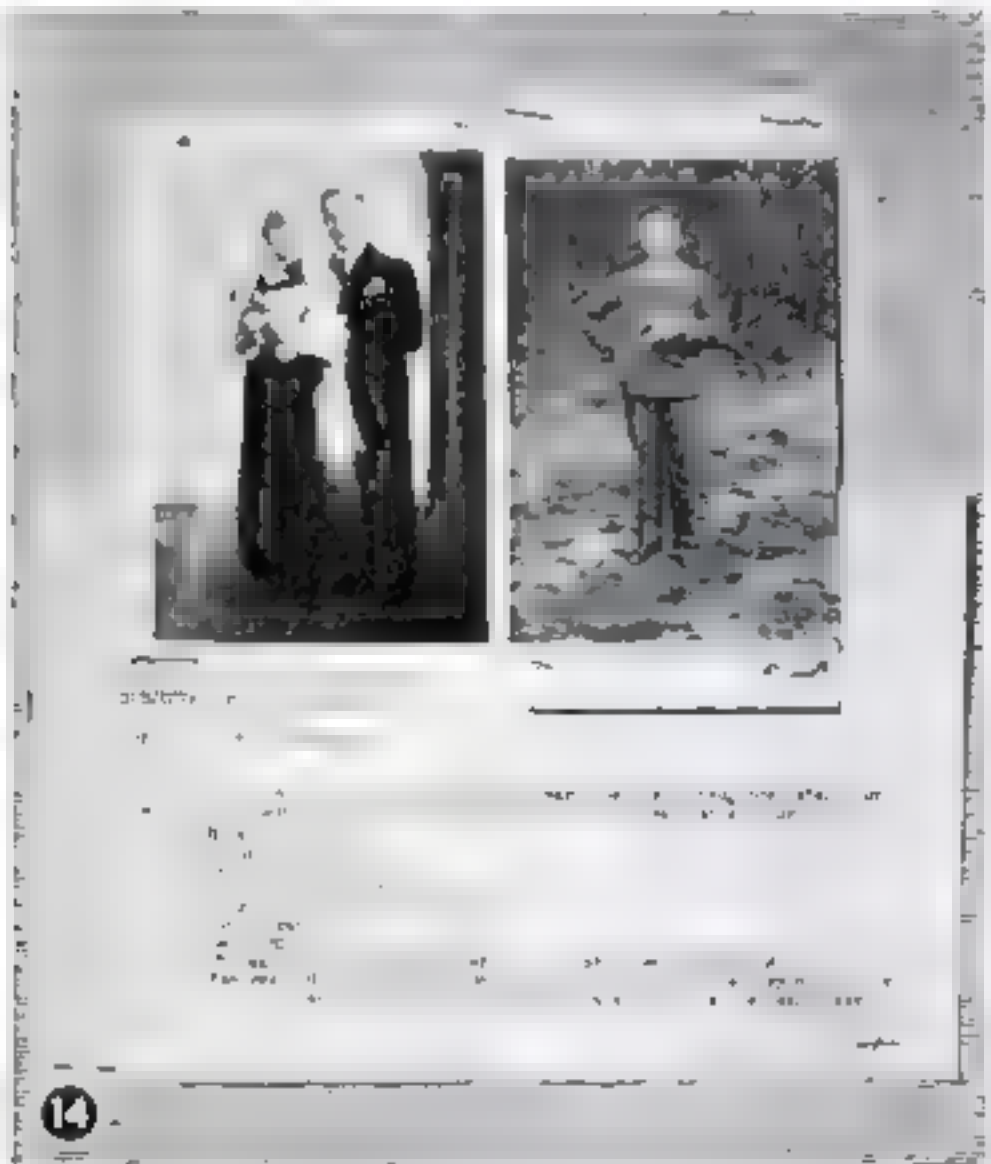
The prisoners were caught by Lieut. Colonel Ferd Toone (left) and his interpreter, Pfc William Remmlinger. Toone said, "If you approach the people right, they tell most everything."



At lunch recess truck that brought prisoners from Rheinbeck prison to Ahrweiler takes them to a GI lunch at MP headquarters. The trial so far seems to have depressed all three.



Verdict remains secret pending review by General Gerow, who approved it. Here ballots of the commission are burned. Kohn and Gierens got death. Krein got life imprisonment.



"Urgently wanted" was Peter Back, fourth defendant, an evil little paralytic who was the Nazi leader in Pfort and took the lead in the murder. This handbill was distributed by Army.



Peter Back is found and promptly put on trial. His counsel is Franz Mehn. Mehn's defense for Kohn was that Wehrmacht service and loss of an arm had wrecked his nerves. His

defense for Gierens was that he was mentally irresponsible. His defense for Krein was that he had stood by and been overruled by Back. But for Peter Back there was nothing to say



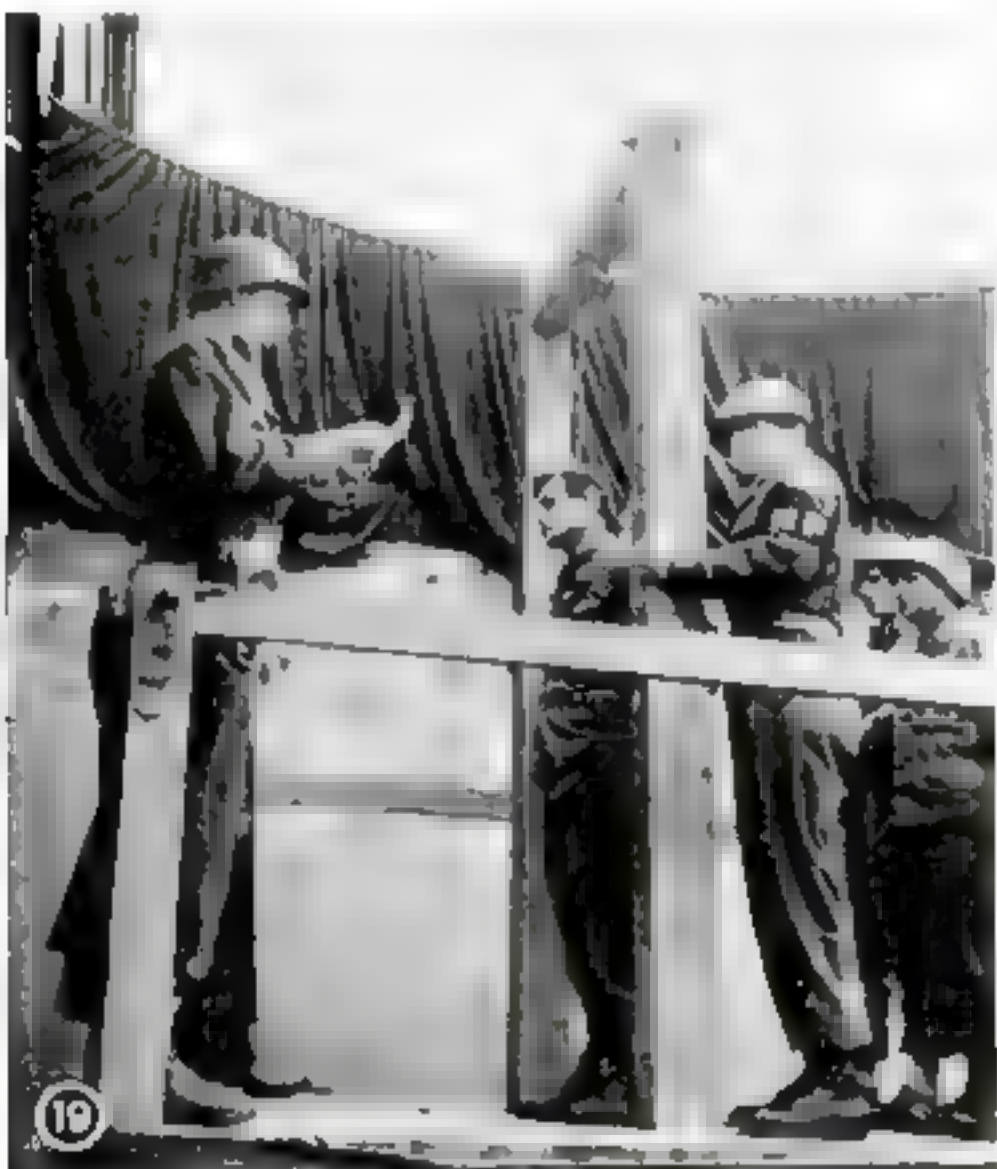
First to die, at 5 a.m., June 29, is Kohn, 32, a crane operator, father of four, one unborn. He lost his left arm on the Russian front. He clubbed the American repeatedly over the head.



"God give strength to the American Army that they do not harm my wife and children," cried Kohn before blessing. After the hood was on he spoke again, "God take pity on me!"



Second to die, at 5:45 a.m., is Gierens, 37, a railroad worker, father of three, who served in Nazi labor corps, built fortifications. He had beaten in flier's skull with stone hammer.



Gierens climbed the gallows' 13 steps wordlessly and hopelessly, asked in a very low voice to have two letters delivered to his wife before the black hood was slipped over his head.



Hooded, Gierens waits for the trap to be sprung. The body, which was obliged to hang for a full 15 minutes until completely dead, was hidden from spectators by a canvas curtain.



Gierens' body, whose heart had beaten for some time after trap was sprung, is encased in a mattress cover and carried off. Said an officer, "Some of these Krauts are hard to kill."



At last Back, the ringleader in the murder, is half-carried in by MPs. He asked, "Will the American authorities make my family suffer because of me?" The answer obviously was no.



Back snarled at MPs who had supported him at foot of steps, but surprisingly added, "I respect the American Army and Army administration." He wanted to be in state after death.



The last blessing is given Back by the priest before the rope is adjusted. Back had led the mob on a motorcycle in the attack on the American aviator, had shot him twice in the head.



The official witnesses stand at attention in courtyard of Rheinbeck prison during the hangings and the 15-minute wait following each. Here they watch the ceremonies as Baek says his last words. A number of officers were seen to turn white and away when the trap was sprung.



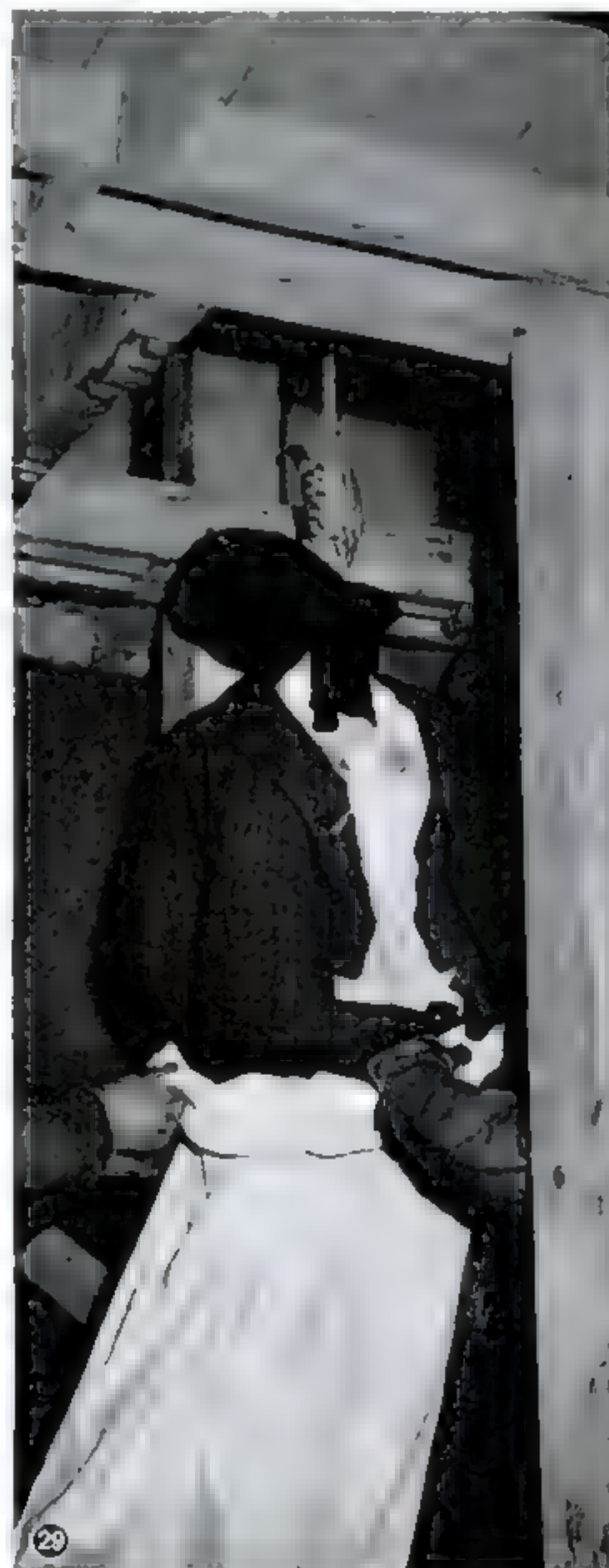
The priest kneels to pray just before the hood is slipped on Baek. From inside it came a final cry, "Farewell Katharina, Angela, I love" (his wife and daughters), then, "Jesus take me." The time was nearly 7 a.m. After this hanging, as after the other ones, the hangman wept.



The curtain is slipped aside so that the spectators see the body of Baek, with the heavy hangman's knot just above the man's neck. He remained hanging for the usual 15 minutes.



Anointment by the priest is through a hole cut in hood over the forehead, according to Catholic custom. For the medical examination the curtain was hung again before the body.



For burial a mattress cover is pulled up over body of Baek before it is cut down, to be returned to his family. The time is 7:19 a.m., June 29. The case of the American aviator is closed.

JAPAN — AN OPPORTUNITY FOR STATESMANSHIP

The big problem confronting the U. S. with regard to Japan is no longer a military problem; it is now essentially a problem in statesmanship.

The primary question is not: How can we beat Japan? The primary question is: What does the U. S. wish to do with Japan? Or: What does the U. S. want out of the war with Japan? Or: What situation does the U. S. wish to bring about as the result of our inevitable victory over Japan?

The first task of the American government is to formulate correct answers to this big question. That done, the second task of the American government is to get other powers to agree to our policy as far as possible. That done, the final task of the American government is to impose its policy upon Japan by whatever means, military or political, may be available.

The Facts of the Case

The clarification of U. S. government policy toward Japan must be based on an audit of the actual situation. The actual situation of Japan is this: she has already suffered such disastrous defeats, while our power rises with such momentum, that her complete defeat is as absolutely inevitable as anything in human history.

There is one big variable in this situation: the cost. How many Americans, Chinese, Australians, Filipinos, British, Dutch and other allies will Japan succeed in killing or wounding before she stops fighting? And who controls this variable, we or Japan?

The Japanese are a strange people and their inscrutable devotion to suicide gives them a kind of negative control over their own destiny—and ours—beyond both reason and force. Our military plans have already taken this into account. At Harvard last month Admiral King said that if the intensification of our blockade and siege does not bring Japan to her knees, then we are prepared to invade her home islands. The cost to our side of that invasion will obviously be high—perhaps another million American casualties.

If Japan forces us to this course and this cost, it must be paid, for her defeat is our objective. But we should first be sure that we are not being unnecessarily inscrutable, even a little suicidal, ourselves. If we fail to define "unconditional surrender" as precisely as possible before the invasion, we are failing to use that mixture of reason and force known as statesmanship.

There is one more fact—a new fact—which needs to be recognized and pondered before the question of what to do with Japan is finally answered. This fact is that the U. S. has already planted itself firmly and irreversibly in the Western Pacific and is there to stay in force. Henceforth, the military border of the U. S. will be a line running roughly Alaska-Aleutians-Iwo Jima-Okinawa-Philippines. Necessarily, regardless of phrases, the U. S. has become primarily responsible for the maintenance of peace

throughout most of the Pacific. This is what the U. S. has already got out of the war with Japan—effective military control of the world's vastest ocean.

From this astonishing new fact of history many consequences flow. One is that, regardless of what may happen from now on, Japan will never again in the foreseeable future be a threat to the U. S. from the sea. Japan is now and hereafter will be not an empire but an island realm half-surrounded by American military power.

The American Army and Navy and their allies in arms have thus presented to American statesmen an extraordinary opportunity for constructive statesmanship.

Three Choices

What, then, does America propose to do with its enemy, Japan? There are, without quibbling, only three main lines of policy.

There is, first, the policy of extermination. We can solve the Japanese problem once and for all by exterminating the Japanese people—by killing something like 80,000,000 men, women and children. President Truman in one of his most important utterances made it abundantly clear, for Americans, that this is not our intention or policy. Unfortunately many Japanese think it is. It is to be hoped that from now on our efforts to correct this misapprehension in Japan will be more successful.

Ruling out this simple though arduous and bloody possibility, there remain only two alternatives: 1) To undertake to rule Japan, 2) To let Japan continue as an independent nation, gradually adjusting herself to whatever kind of world we and our allies make in the next round of history.

The first of these alternatives involves various schemes to occupy Japan for 20 or 50 years with the purpose of reforming the Japanese people and establishing a form of society in Japan of which our occupying authorities approve. This is, in effect, to make the people of Japan wards of the U. S. for a generation or more.

Needless to say, the American people would be both vexed and astonished to find themselves, a few years hence, in the position of being responsible for feeding the Japanese, clothing them, housing them, doctoring them, educating them and in all other respects maintaining them in a condition of sound economics and good morals. The idea is so impractical that it would not need to be taken seriously except for the tragic possibility that we might embark on or rather slip and slide into some confused and ambiguous variant of this policy. It is to be hoped that our statesmen will make it clear, quickly, that the U. S. has no desire to burden itself with the governance and welfare of the Japanese people after the war.

There remains just one other policy—the policy of classic statesmanship. It is that, having subjected the enemy to overwhelming defeat and having stripped him of all

that may make him dangerous in the foreseeable future, we let him by his own efforts recover as best he may from the catastrophic consequences of unsuccessful war.

Some Terms of Surrender

To translate this policy of statesmanship into the particulars of our present occasion, we come to something like the following basic points. The U. S., capable of waging against Japan a war of extermination, will grant peace to Japan through any Japanese government which can substantially assist the U. S. (and her allies) to bring about the following conditions:

1) All members of the armed forces of Japan to lay down their arms wherever they may be.

2) In accordance with the Cairo declaration, Japan to yield up every foot of territory which she has seized or occupied since 1914, and also Korea, Formosa and the Pescadores.

3) Japan—meaning the home islands—to be rendered militarily impotent.

4) Such war criminals to be punished and such reparations to be made as may seem to us necessary to satisfy the requirements of international justice.

5) After a brief military occupation of Tokyo and other key points in Japan, the U. S. to recognize as the legitimate government of Japan those authorities which shall have demonstrated their capacity to assist in the fulfillment of these conditions.

These points add up to a clear, clean policy which would fit every consideration of American interest. There can be no objection to it even from the point of view of those who believed, with a good deal of reason, that one of America's war aims should have been the abolition of the Imperial Throne.

The real argument for elimination of the Emperor was not any objection to the Emperor personally. It was based on the fact that the trouble with Japan runs very deep—a good deal deeper than the notion that Japan just happened to be "taken over by a military clique." But any essential need for getting rid of the Emperor has been superseded by the catastrophic consequences of the war itself. Japan can hardly avoid an internal upheaval after the war. The less we outsiders try to direct it, the healthier this upheaval is likely to be. Postwar Japan, besides being militarily impotent, will be a very different country from what it was in 1941. Out of its tragic turmoil there may come no emperor at all, or an emperor of purely religious and no political significance, or even a "constitutional monarchy." In any case, the intelligent thing for us to do is to let the Japs figure it out for themselves.

The policy of leaving Japan to work out her own redemption does not mean that she is to be strictly isolated. There will be some international restrictions and there will be ways in which the U. S. may assist Japan toward new and more democratic political goals. Much of the assistance should be essentially nongovernmental. Thus there might

well be a much greater interchange than ever before of students and teachers. There should be no bar to missionary and other educative and philanthropic activities. And except for a very few clear and carefully thought-out restrictions (on aviation and some other technologies) there should be no bar to Japan's development of economic relations with the rest of the world. The most important requirement is that all commercial transactions should be given full and accurate publicity.

Japan's Only Way Out

Even under these conditions, the economic position of the Japanese people will be extraordinarily difficult for many years to come. A seafaring nation, Japan will start with no merchant marine. Her heavy industries will be almost completely gone. She will have been stripped of all the economic resources of Manchuria and the rest of the overseas empire. Her whole economy will be a shambles. Millions of Japanese must necessarily suffer severe malnutrition and even starvation. The policy urged here gives the Japanese just one thing—a chance to work their way out of this appalling situation with pain and suffering in their own way.

They will have no chance of working their way out of it by the sword because they will be confronted on every hand by overwhelming military might. The only way they can work their way out of the pit they have dug for themselves is by learning how to win the good opinion of their neighbors, including the U. S., by decent behavior. This will almost certainly result, as we have said, in the most profound changes in Japanese life and thought. What the course of these changes will be no man can predict. All we know is that if the Japanese are to become as useful citizens of the world as, say, the once-aggressive Danes or Dutch, they must create that role out of their own resources and virtues. Nobody can do it for them, and nobody should try.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➡

At the conclusion of the San Francisco Conference the Charter of the United Nations was bundled off to a waiting plane and gingerly placed in a 75-pound fireproof safe equipped with a small parachute. Attached to the safe was a stern inscription: "Finder do not open! Notify the Department of State

Washington, D. C." Chief custodian was Conference Secretary-General Alger Hiss, shown here with the Charter at end of the cross-country trip. Three days after the Charter arrived safely in Washington, President Truman took it with him to the Senate and made his plea for Senate ratification. There the document was casually left on a clerk's desk, temporarily "lost" in the shuffle. Recovered after a flurry of panic, it was whisked away to a State Department vault where, by now well-thumbed, it rests under 24-hour guard.





Historical marker in Ipswich gives the town credit for starting the "Revolution of 1689." By this revolution Ipswich claims to be the birthplace of independence. Does not intend to give it up to a lot of ducks.



Luffin's Flat is full of big juicy clams. Diggers have taken clams out of here for 300 years, with little change in the method. Comes out in a tray, back for a

CLAM BATTLE

Ipswich fights for its bivalves

Walter Preniss is a clam digger. Preniss becomes almost speechless whenever wildlife refuge is mentioned and just sputters. "Damn it, the ducks will nose hell with the clams."

Last summer, as their forefathers had 300 years before them, the people of Ipswich and Rowley, Mass., were making a comfortable living out of the rich juicy clams dug from the briny marsh along the Parker River. Last winter they suddenly discovered a proclamation posted on their land. The government had taken over the lands for a wildlife refuge. The clam battle was on.

Raymond Adams is a farmer. "The government has offered him \$4,000 for 230 acres of his land," says Adams. "Hell, I can't do anything with \$4,000. I can't cut a fence post off of it."

Arguments were almost as thick as Ipswich clams. Ipswich hunters were afraid of losing their private hunting preserves. Ipswich farmers were afraid of losing their land. Said one resident, "I found they had taken all the land on which my privy sits. I can go into my house, but I can't go to the privy." But Ipswich clam diggers were the most vociferous. Said

John P. Marquand is a farmer and a local historian. He got in tight by writing a newspaper column, "Isabel Hughes (see opposite page) of 'Following the old lovers' party line."





Two inches long. Chapin Commissioner Henry Shaw does not think Ipswich is on the dark route. "They have to stick up sign posts to tell the ducks to stop," he says.

they . . . Ipswich clams have been fostered and protected by local laws, are recognized as the world's best. Now the ducks will eat many of them, paddle about and cover up the rest. Without clams, where would Ipswich be?

Patently the Department of the Interior presented its case . . . Hunters will profit by a wildlife refuge

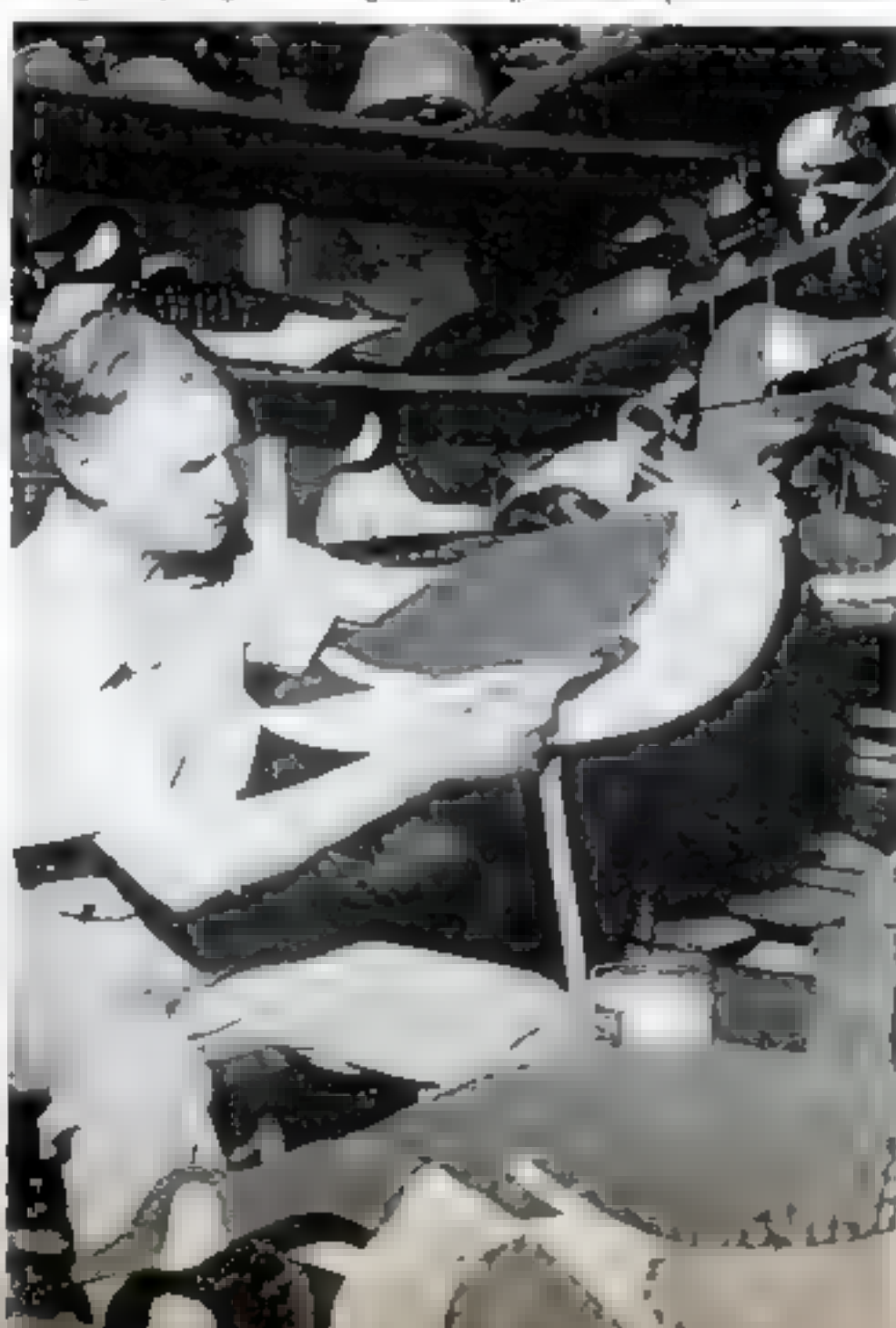
John Pearce represents Tokyo, gets input and what people say refuge will bring, most often says, "I want it, if this pond doesn't breed in squares, why should a pond that we make?"



nearby. Nobody has to leave his land, except a few summer residents. Claim diggers can go right on clam digging. And besides, ducks don't eat clams. They eat mussels. Retorted the diggers. "Mussels! That's what we have been cleaning out of the flats for years. Now they want to put them back to feed the ducks."

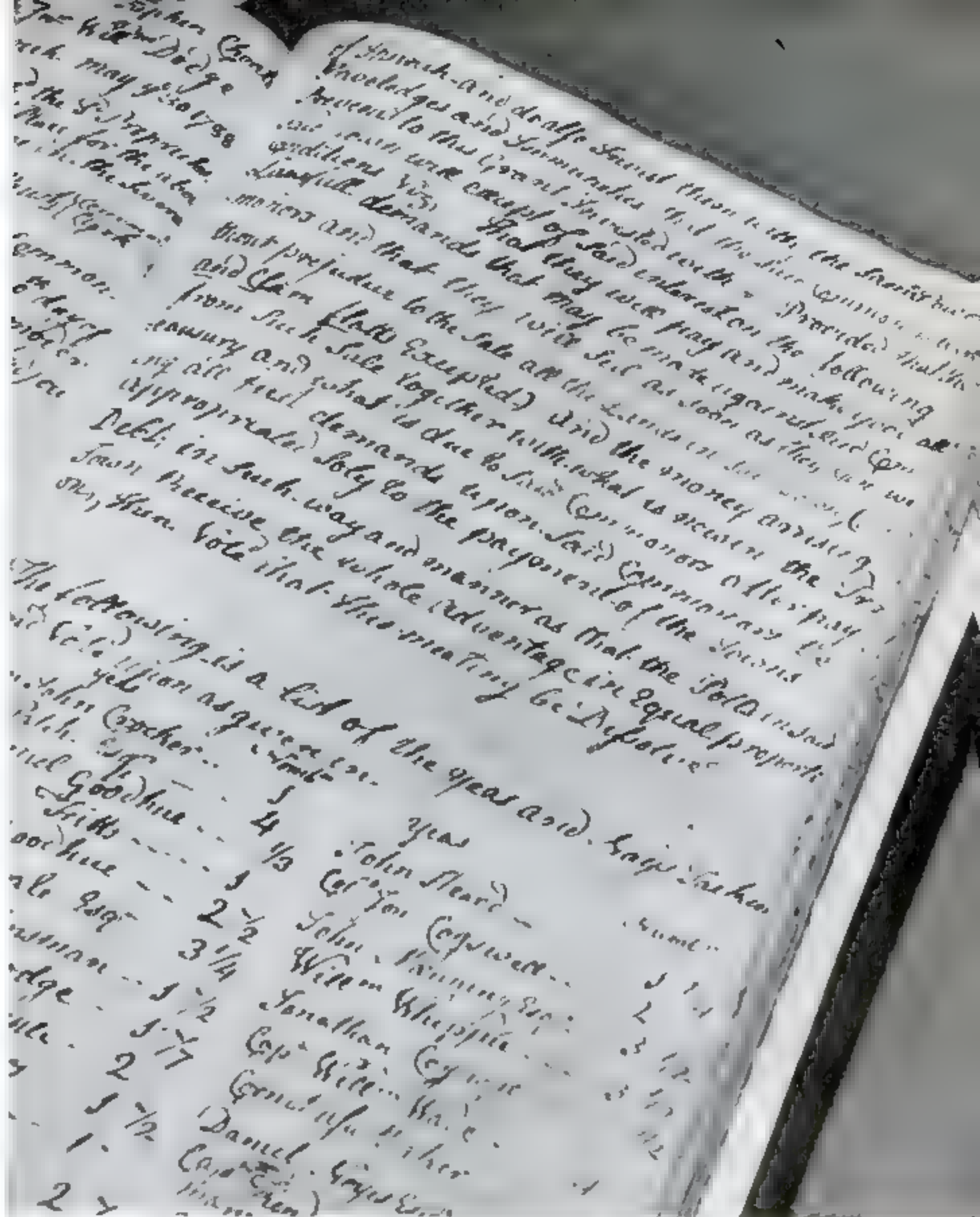
A month ago, armed with evidence, righteous wrath

Charles Richardson is a duck hunter. He is one of few citizens who are for the wildlife refuge. He explains, "I know the refuge is going to be a great thing for the sportsmen here."



and Governor Tolun, the citizens advanced on Washington. There they joined forces with Massachusetts' new senator, Leverett Saltonstall, moved on Secretary Harold Ickes' ornate, air-cooled hearing room. They got a promise that the Secretary would keep the camps in mind. Ickes added that the Department of the Interior "has not been notorious for destroying wildlife."

Isabel Hoopes is a dog lover and author of *My Sister's Bones*. She is in favor of the refuge, too, and she's just sick and tired of the whole fight, says she. "It's just a case of mob psychology."



Ipswich Commoners Record shows common lands were sold to individual owners to help town pay its debt of 1775 Revolution. Said and claim that were only lands exception, are all a common and legal town.



Hannegan — *below*, backed by his four pick-checked children, when he introduced afterward President Roosevelt to the on his Postmaster General in his new office from Supreme Court Justice Rutledge. Behind Rutledge, ex-Postmaster General Wacker and George S. May or Kelly.

Clark — *below*, as sworn in as Attorney General in the Justice Department's Great Hall by Appellate Court Judge Thurgood Marshall. "I want you to meet my folks," said the new Attorney General introducing Mrs. Clark as "Mama," his 78-year-old mother, his wife and son, nephew.





EX-SECRETARY STETTINIUS WARMLY CONGRATULATES NEW SECRETARY OF STATE BYRNES (RIGHT) AFTER THE OATH-SWearing. AT THE EXTREME LEFT: MRS. BYRNES

THE NEW CABINET

President Truman surrounds himself with secretaries of his own choice

The U. S. presidential Cabinet was a blur of new and departing faces last week. Harry Truman had begun reorganizing its members when he appointed Judge Lewis B. Schwollenbach of Washington as Secretary of Labor, Thomas C. Clark of Texas as Attorney General, Congressman Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico as Secretary of Agriculture and Robert E. Hannegan of Missouri, Democratic National Chairman, as Postmaster General—four changes.

On the very day that they were sworn in at friendly,

family-attended ceremonies, the President appointed James F. Byrnes Secretary of State. That made five changes and it transcended the others by reason of the office and the man. Among U. S. statesmen Byrnes's record—congressman, senator, Supreme Court justice, war mobilizer, "assistant president"—is unique. Hardly was he sworn in last week when Treasury Secretary Morgenthau resigned. This made six. Of Roosevelt's last cabinet only Interior's Ickes, War's Stimson, Navy's Forrestal and Commerce's Wallace were left.



Anderson took the oath from Rutledge in his new office. He announced a four-point attack on the food problem.



Byrnes kisses Bible as Truman watches after a White House porch ceremony overlooking rose garden. He promised no change in foreign policy.



Schwollenbach (right), administered the oath by Judge Minton, announced Labor Department reorganization.

STRIKE WAVE

Walkouts by labor sweep nation in defiance of War Labor Board

Last week the country had a new Secretary of Labor (see p. 27) and the new Secretary of Labor had a lot of new headaches. Labor had the jitters. Strikes were on the increase. The panic was spreading. Victory over Germany seemed to be a signal for many unions to resume prewar practices. For May, the last month on which figures were available, working time lost was greater than any month since Pearl Harbor.

The causes for the labor unrest were almost as wide-

spread as the strikes. Some were only symptomatic of jitters and hot weather: jurisdictional disputes between unions, meat shortages, the banning of lunchtime checker games, displeasure of a woman over a man's strong language. But underlying most walkouts and labor tensions were more serious reasons. Opportunistic labor leaders believed that the time to strike for more money was while production was still badly needed. They could point to rising living costs as an



Tear-gas bombs are exploded among a group of rioting workers and pickets outside the Northern Indiana Brass Company at Elkhart, Ind., by local police. The company, which makes parts for B-29s and submarines, was struck on June 2. Work resumed on June 27 by WLB order.



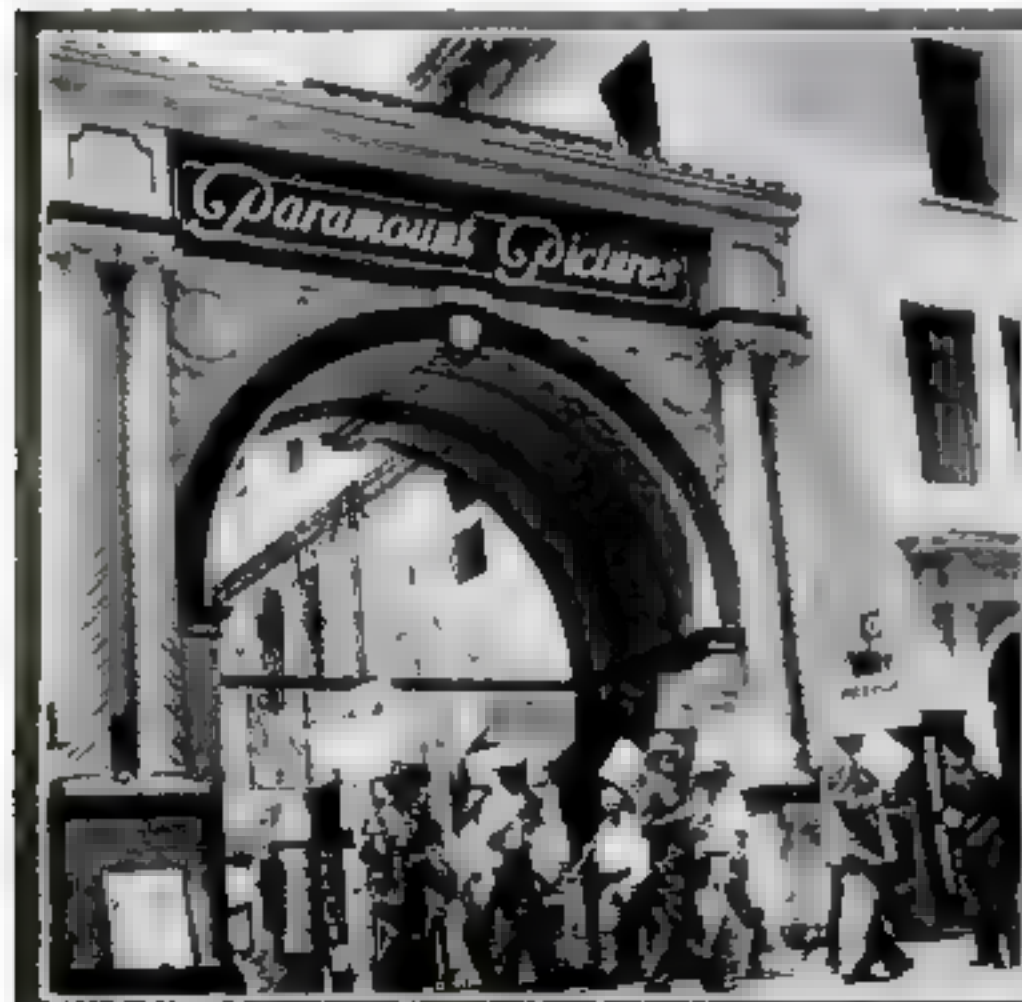
Locomotive assembly shop of H. K. Porter Company, Pittsburgh, Pa. is almost deserted during walkout by 500 steelworkers. Office worker takes inventory. Workers quit June 26, reached agreement July 1. Company makes locomotives for industrial use and Russian Lend-Lease.



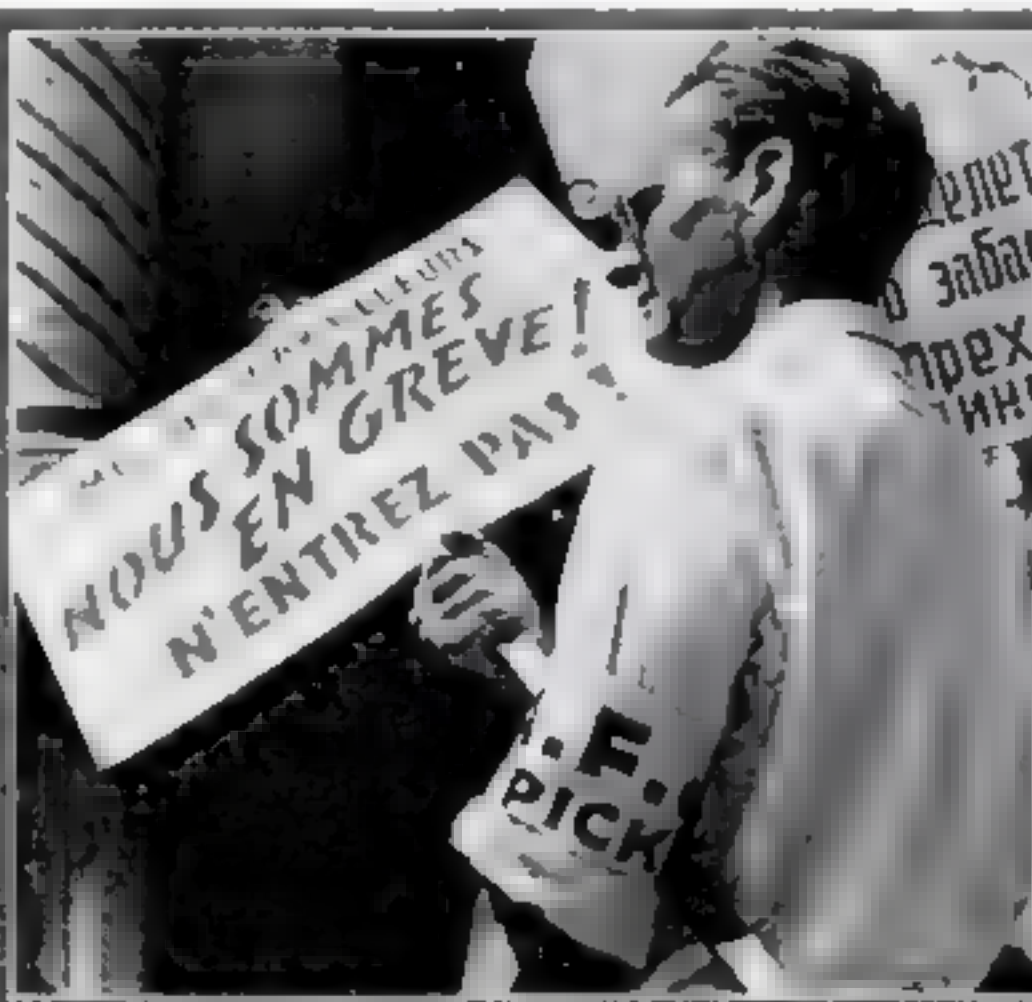
Pickets patrol entrance to big R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co. printing plant in Chicago. Strikers, members of International Printing Pressmen and Assistants Union, went out June 4, members of sympathetic unions joined them despite no-strike pledge and WLB back-to-work order.



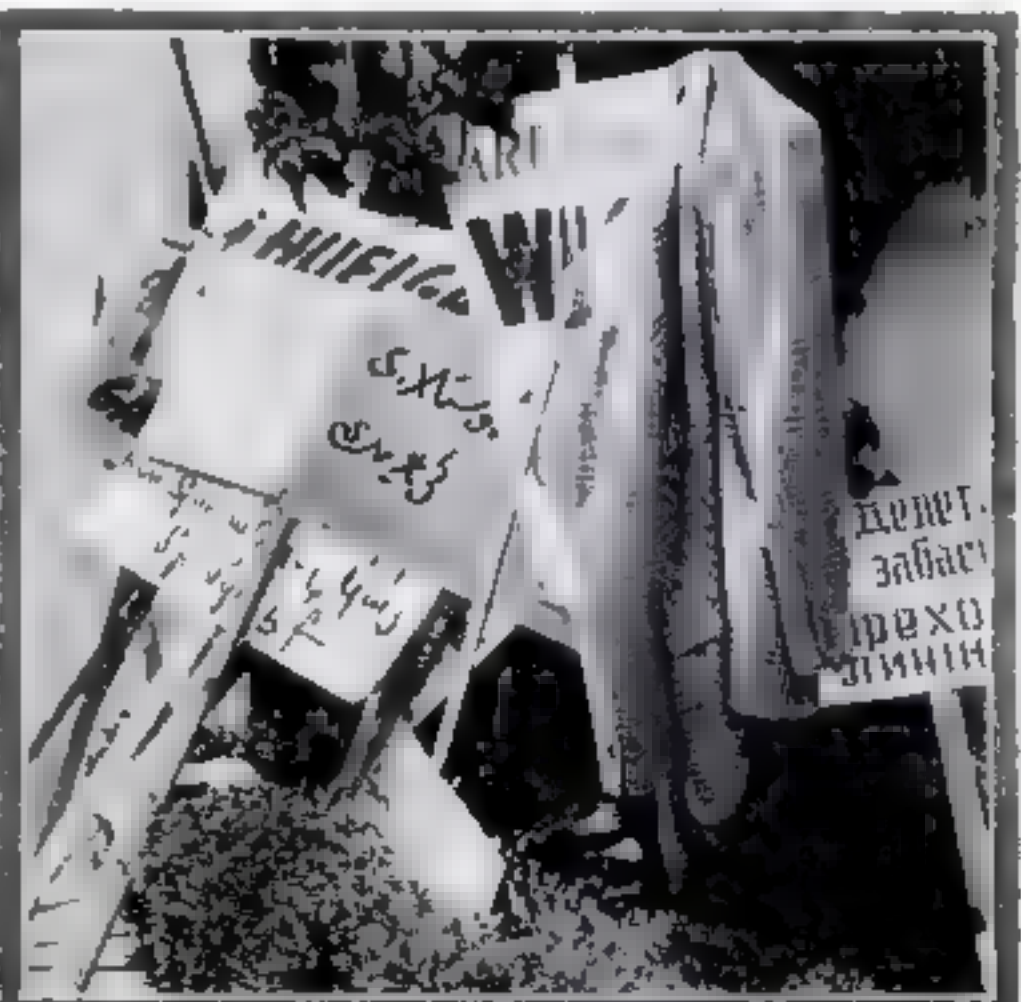
Picket leader in front of Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio, puts up his hand and says, "No pictures." Because strikers claimed the company refused to adhere to WLB directives, 16,700 rubber workers quit on June 17, returned July 6 when Navy took over plant.



At Paramount Studios other Hollywood craft unions join set decorators' strike caused by A. F. of L. jurisdictional dispute.



Slogan in French on picket's sign outside Paramount studio lot says, "Friends of Labor, we are on strike. Do not enter."



Picket signs were translated into 11 languages to keep the San Francisco Conference delegates from visiting the studios.

excuse. Perhaps, too, they felt the hot breath of the Ball-Burton-Hatch bill on their necks. This bill, now in Congress, would amend the Wagner Labor Relations Act to make arbitration compulsory and to require approval by 80% of the workers involved in voting for a closed shop instead of a simple majority.

The looming problems of layoffs and reconversion were further aggravated by the return of servicemen. Already labor counted 750,000 unemployed, pointed

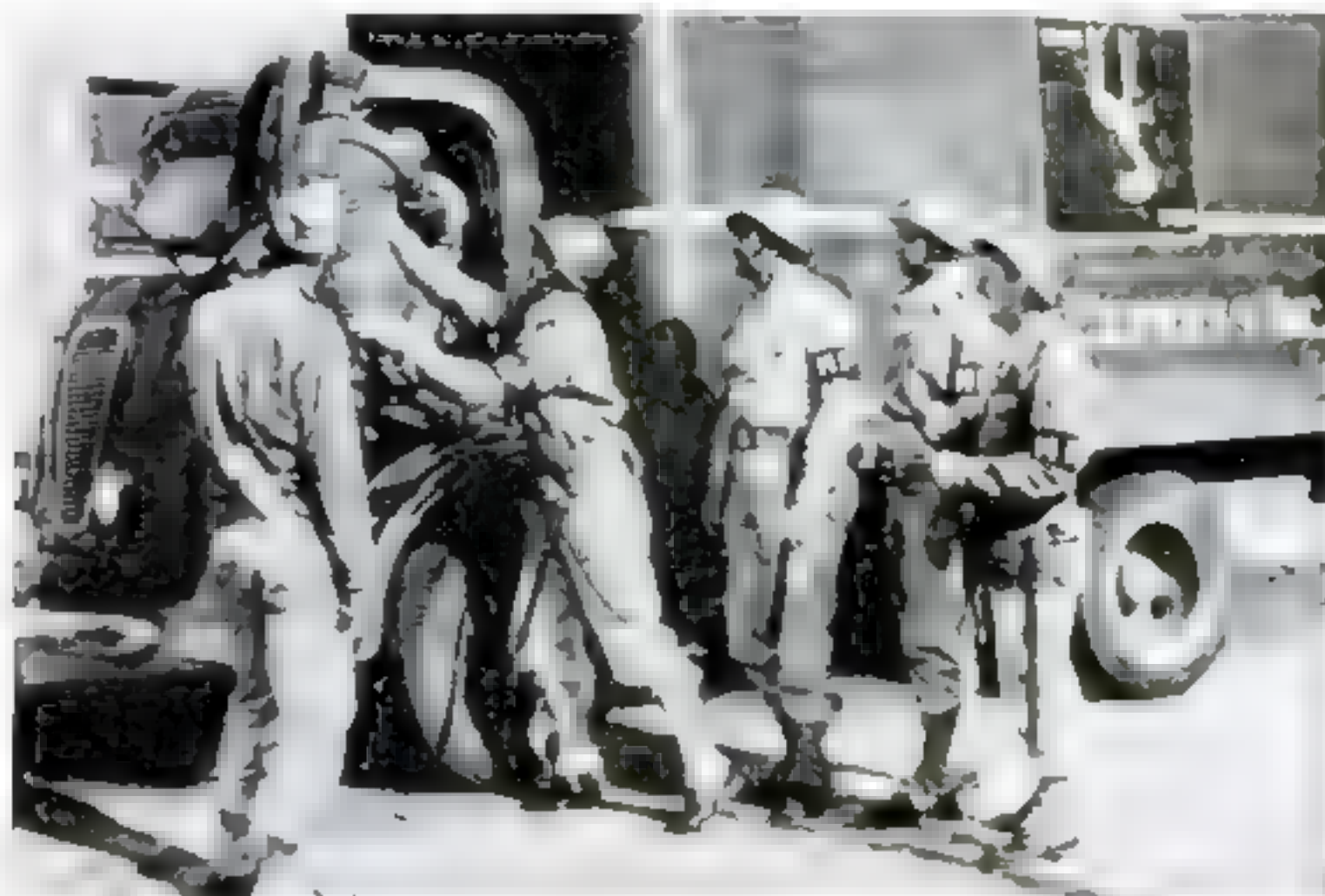
out that 1,000,000 Army veterans will be discharged by 1946 and cited conservative estimates which anticipate 2,000,000 unemployed by this year's end.

Last week there were 25 strikes in the U. S., many of them unsanctioned. In most cases the War Labor Board had asked the strikers to go back to work. The Board emphasized that the U. S. was still fighting a war and every bit of production was needed to help supply our Allies and to beat the Japs. The unions

had made no-strike pledges in 1941 and they were expected to keep them. But the WLB was not getting results and the new Secretary of Labor had not yet had time to swing into action. By midweek, recognizing a potentially critical shortage in rubber, President Truman quietly ordered the U. S. Navy to take over the operation of the five Goodyear plants in Akron, Ohio. On strike for 20 days, the 16,700 workers heartily cheered the Navy, willingly went back to their jobs.



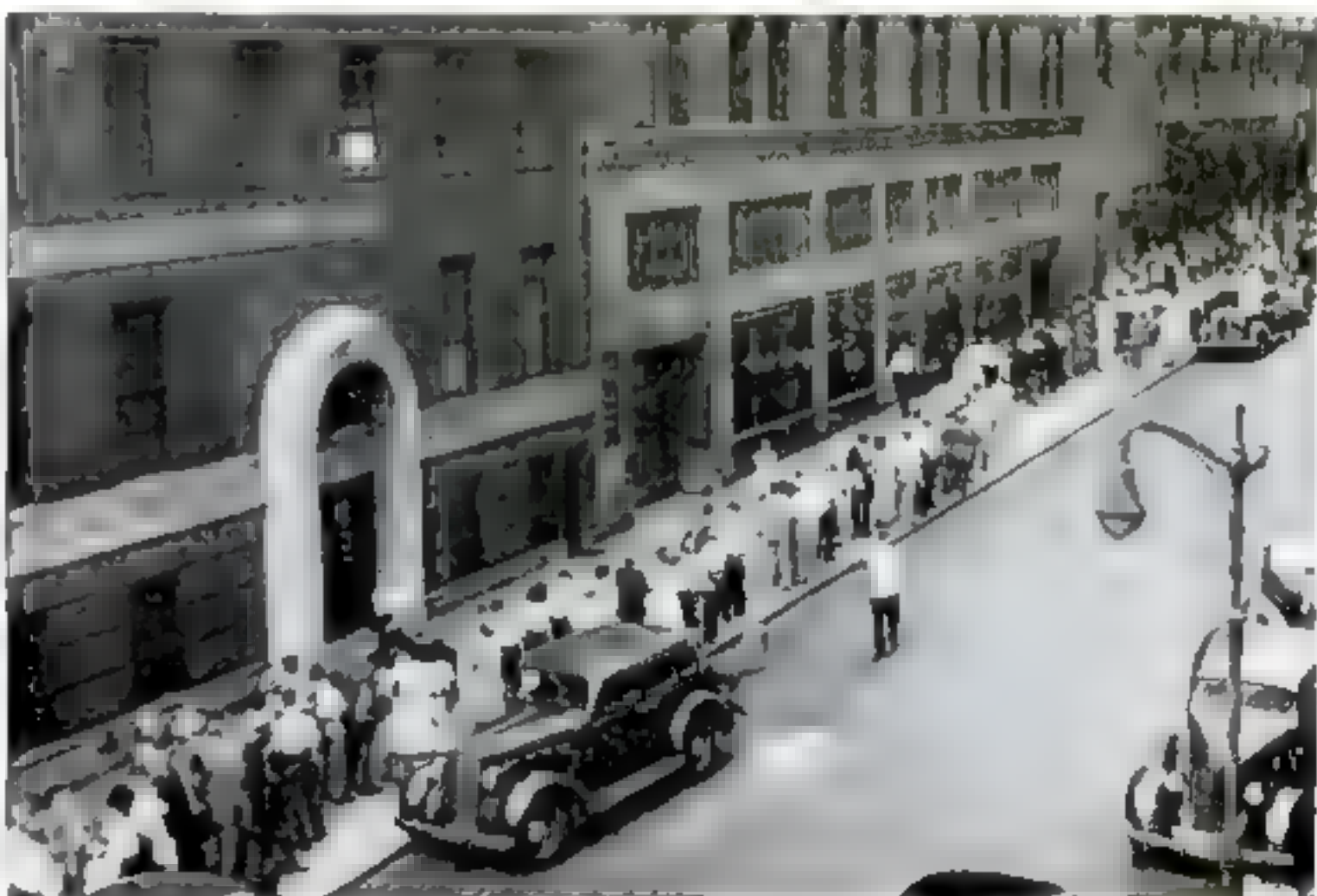
Glass furnace at Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., Creighton, Pa. is kept hot despite strike of 6,000 men. Union left one man to tend furnace since if allowed to cool it would take three months to reheat. Strike began June 15, ended July 1 as management and union agreed to discussion.



U. S. military police take over a truck in Chicago. When 10,000 members of the Independent Truck Drivers' Union went on strike on June 16, 15,000 soldiers took over to avoid transportation tie-up of war goods. Office of Defense Transportation threatened to draft striking drivers.



OPA is picketed by striking employees of Briggs aircraft factory in Detroit who chanted, "We want meat." The 6,100 members of the United Automobile Workers were out three days in protest against lack of meat, eggs and potatoes. Detroit slaughterhouse workers also struck.



Newspaper readers line up outside Daily Mirror plant in New York to buy their morning papers. Strike of Newspaper and Mail Deliverers Union tied up deliveries of all daily New York newspapers except PM. WLB denounced walkout, reminded union of no-strike pledge.



Ready for the picket line, signs in French and Dutch are cached near studio entrance. Same slogan was translated into Chinese, Arabic, Portuguese, Turkish, Syrian and other languages.



Danish and Russian slogans are held aloft by set decorators in attempt to stop United Nations foreign delegates from entering. But only the Syrians refused to pass the strikers' picket line.




CASUALLY DRAPED IN A CHIFFON NEGLIGEE, ACTRESS RITA HAYWORTH POSES FOR A SPECIAL GI PIN-UP PICTURE ON OVERSIZE BED OF HER HOLLYWOOD HOME

GI "OSCAR" WINNER

Soldiers at Walter Reed Hospital name Rita Hayworth tops in glamour

In an overseas poll American GIs recently conferred the title of "No. 1 Back Home Glamour Girl" on Rita Hayworth. At a presentation ceremony at Walter Reed Hospital, which Miss Hayworth attended, Pvt. Martin Leeds of the Bronx made a speech and awarded her a GI "Oscar" because her "sheer loveliness and her willingness to share that loveliness through the medium of the screen with millions of war-sick and lonely GIs has contributed immeasur-

ably to the morale of the fighting men." Accepting the award, Miss Hayworth stepped up and kissed Private Leeds. Later in her lavish Hollywood home she posed for a new picture which fully confirmed the GI verdict. Born in New York of Spanish-Irish parents, Rita Hayworth started her career at 14 as a dancer. She is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weighs 120 lb. She likes being a glamour girl. "After all," she says, "a girl is — well, a girl. It's nice to be told you're successful at it."



All these —

and good beef stock, too

You'd get a thrill just out of seeing all the many different vegetables—each so perfect, every one so enticing—which Campbell's use for their vegetable soup. Altogether there are fifteen kinds of them, each one contributing its own goodness—succulent sweet corn, fresh green peas, tender lima beans and a dozen more! Then the vegetables are combined with a rich beef stock, and

the result is a soup tempting in taste and abundant in nourishment.

That, of course, is the reason why so many mothers say that Campbell's Vegetable Soup is almost a meal in itself. In fact, it's the ideal summertime "one hot dish". You can serve it with only a few minutes of kitchen time—yet with every assurance your family are eating mighty well!

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



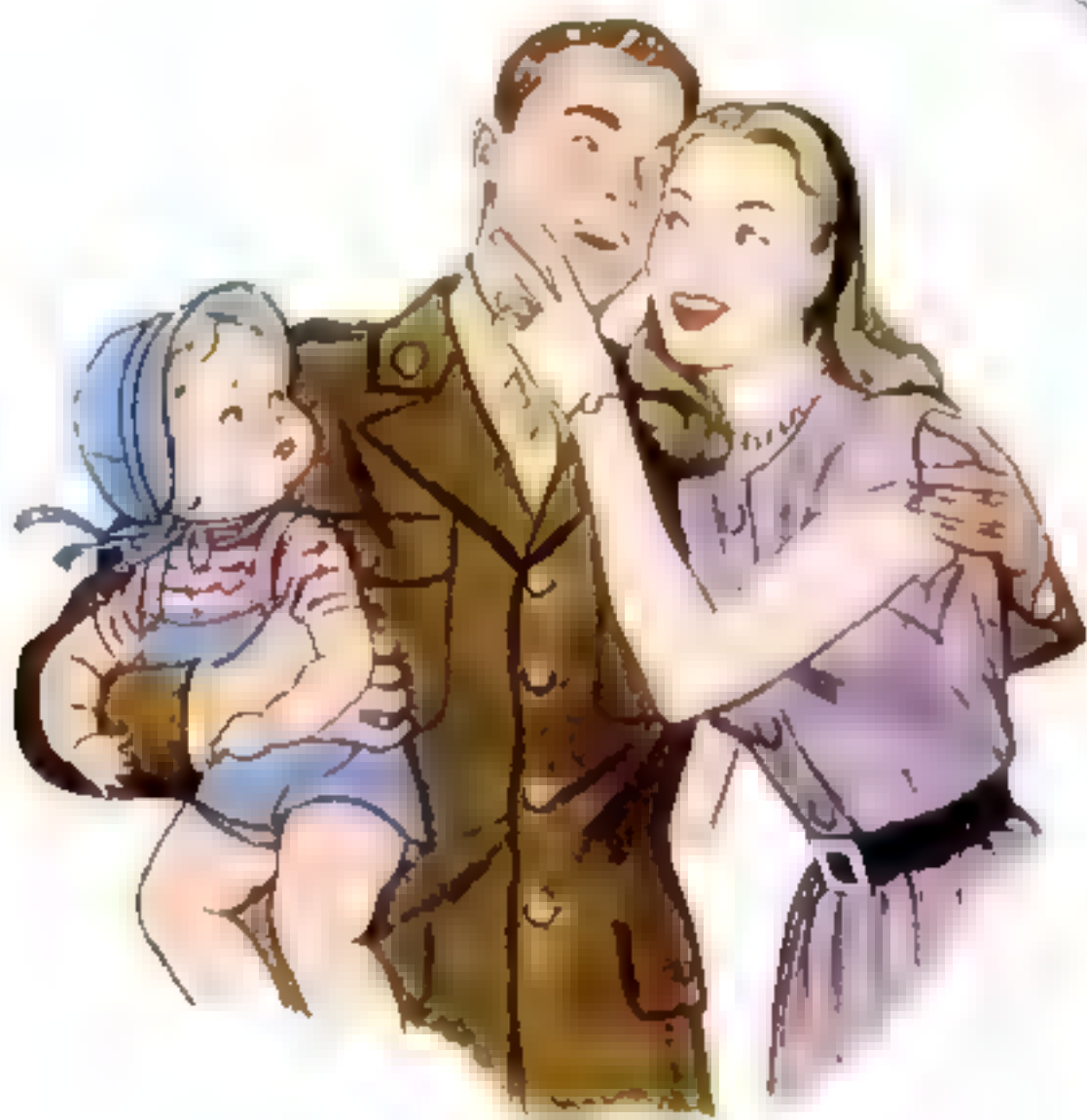
Why Life's SWANDERFUL when you have a Baby

The baby's daffy over you.

You're fun! Because you lather him to the ears with pure, delicious Swan.

You play lovely games like pretending to bite his cheek—'cause Swan helps keep it shiny-fresh and rosy.

But you can be mighty serious, too. Like the day you and the Doctor decided on Swan—because it's pure as fine castles. Absolutely safe and mild for baby's delicate skin!



The husband kisses you. And kisses you.

(Till you have to tell him to stop because it makes the baby jealous.)

But how can he help it when your cheek's so soft and sweet! When you're such a beguiling angel since you started Swanning with baby's oh-so-sudsy, pure, floating soap!

UNCLE SAM SAYS:
It's a Swanderful idea
not to waste soap. It's
made of vital war ma-
terials. Use every scrap.



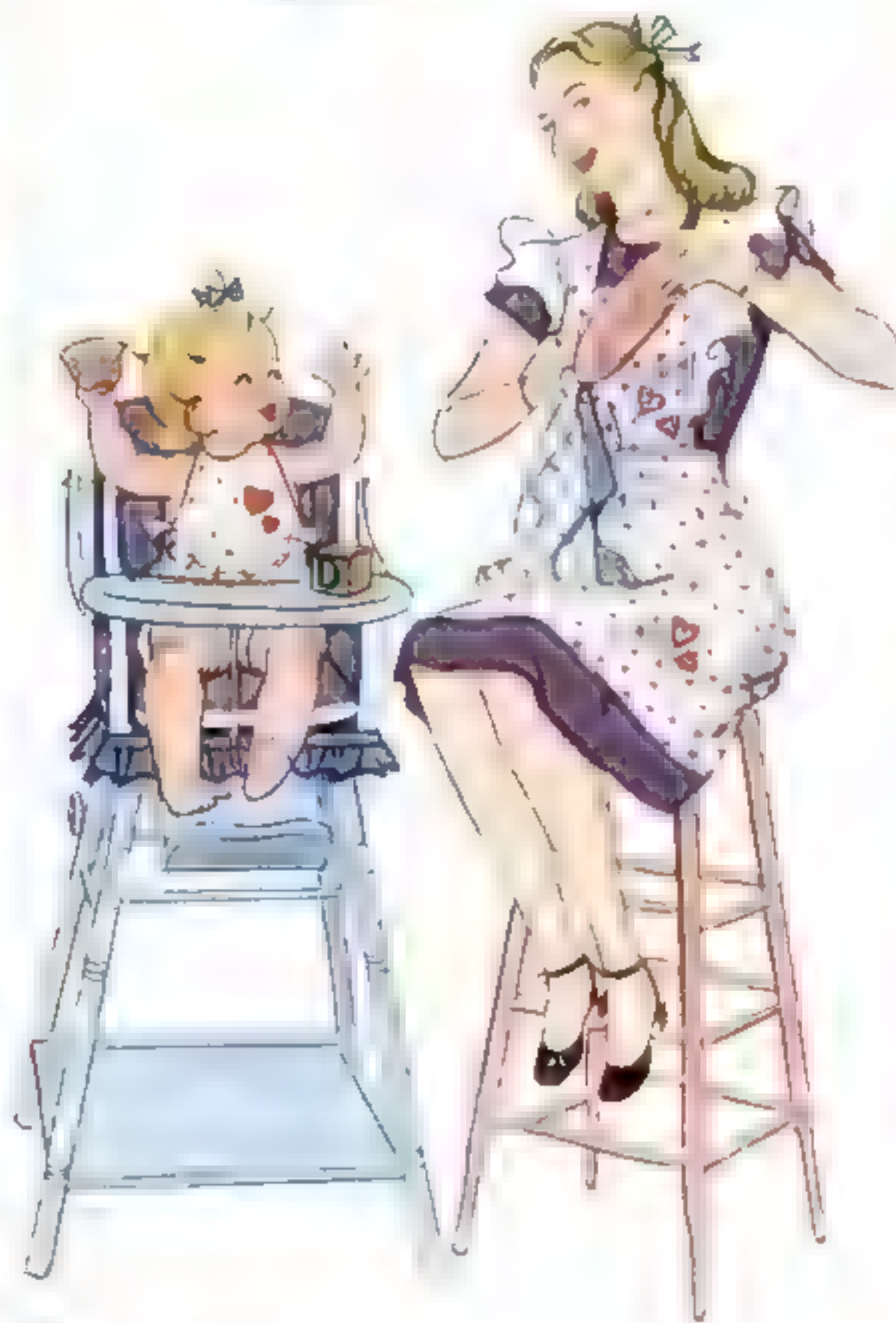
FREE! To every baby born
in the U.S. in 1945—a cake of
pure Swan soap. Ask your
dealer for coupon.

The house sparkles at you.

And you sparkle right back! Because housekeeping's so much happier with Swan's marvelous baby-mildness to care for pretty hands in the dishpan.

With Swan's eye-twinkling, quick suds piling up rich as cream to do your dainty duds so gently.

Yes, it's Swanderful when you "baby" everything . . . and everybody . . . with Swan! Buy a cake today!



Baby-mild
for Everything
SWAN IS PURE
AS FINE CASTILES



HANK GREENBERG IS 34 YEARS OLD, STANDS 6 FT. 4 IN. TALL AND WEIGHS 216 LB. HE IS STILL A LITTLE SOFT AND SWEATS A LOT AFTER PLAYING A HARD GAME

TWO BALLPLAYERS

Greenberg of Tigers and Ferriss of Red Sox put new life in game

When Henry Benjamin ("Hank") Greenberg was drafted four years ago he was playing outfield for the Detroit Tigers and was getting \$35,000 a year for 40 home runs a year. Last month Greenberg was back in a Tiger uniform and Tiger Boss Walter Briggs was paying him \$55,000 a year and worrying about the home runs. Last week Briggs relaxed.

In his first game Hank played with hands blistered from long batting practice, thighs tight from run-

ning. At first his timing was slow, but by the eighth inning he had caught on again, slammed out a screaming home run. A stadiumful of 48,000 Greenberg fans roared approval as he romped around the bases.

But the toughest opposition was still to come. On the Fourth of July Greenberg met another war veteran, the Boston Red Sox's side-winding Dave Ferriss (see next page). The result: another home run for Batter Greenberg, but another win for Pitcher Ferriss.

GREENBERG WAITS NEAR HOME PLATE TO BAT IN HIS FIRST GAME IN FOUR YEARS

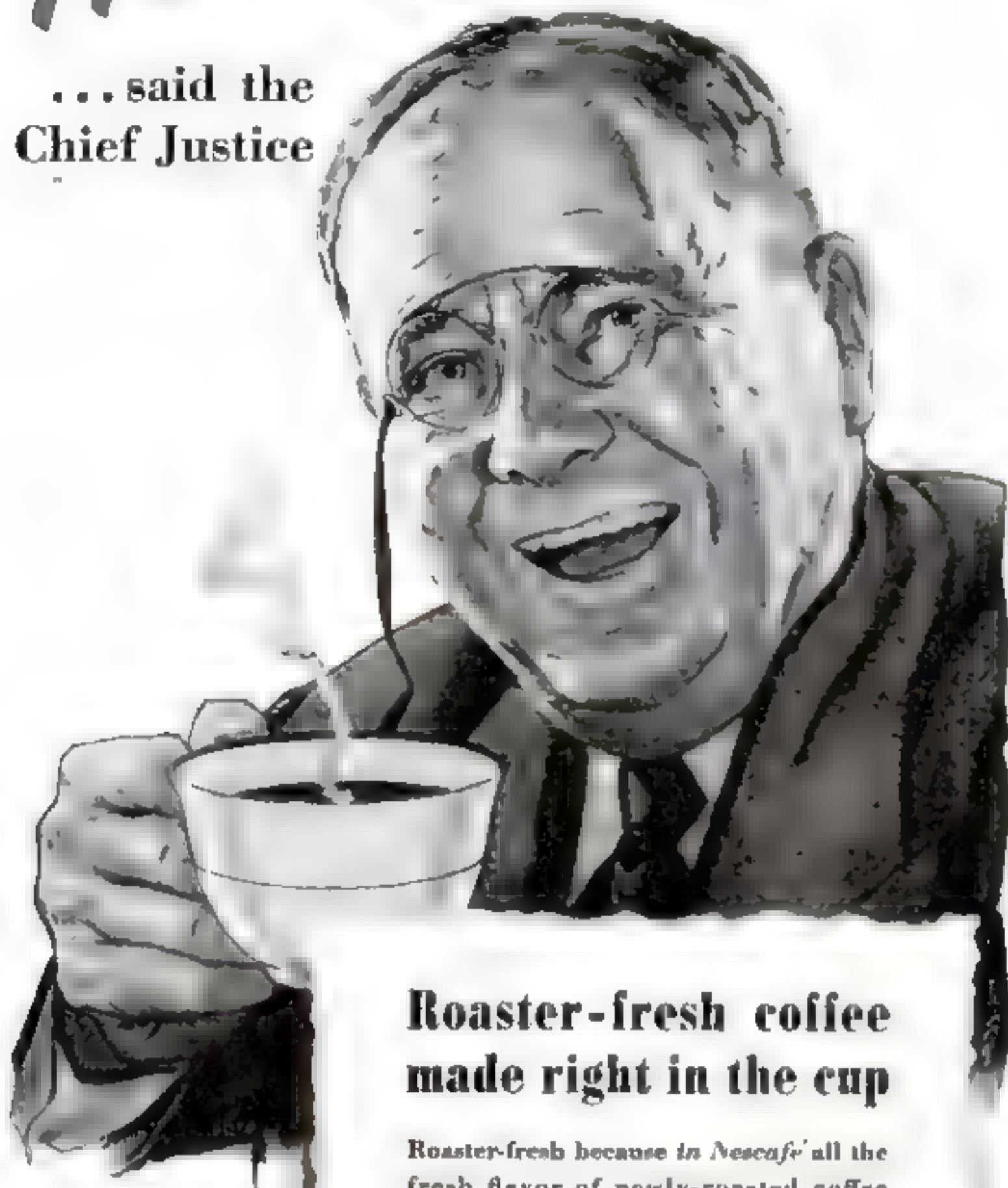


HIS FIRST HOME RUN SINCE LEAVING ARMY WAS HIS 250TH FOR TIGERS



"HOT DIGGITY!"

...said the
Chief Justice



Roaster-fresh coffee made right in the cup

Roaster-fresh because in Nescafé all the fresh flavor of newly-roasted coffee is sealed in by added carbohydrates.

"I GIVE IT AS MY OPINION," said the Chief Justice, "that a perfect cup of coffee is as rare as a verdict that pleases both sides." "Objection! Try this!" laughed the Court Crier, quickly stirring up a cup of Nescafé. The Justice tasted it and shouted, "Hot Diggity! Complaint dismissed!"

You'll be just as excited. For here's how Nescafé brings you a real high in coffee enjoyment. In a way that only Nestlé's knows, an extract is made from fine coffees fresh from the roaster...then instantly its flavor is sealed in! You release this locked-in freshness by just adding hot water.

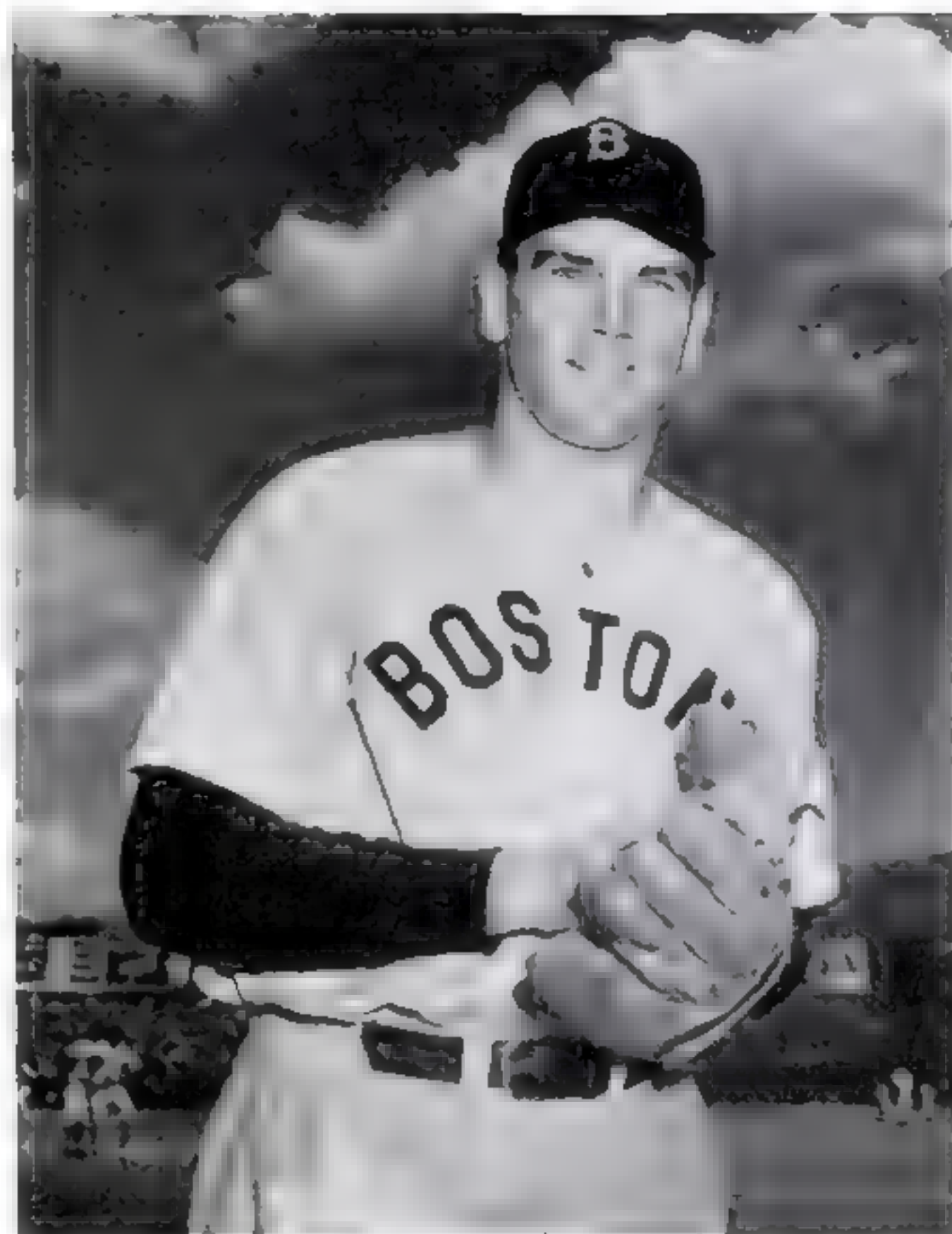


So easy to prepare...no coffee maker to get ready or clean up...no grounds to dispose of. A teaspoonful of Nescafé makes a cupful—for only about 1¢. No waste...you make exactly the amount you need—and just the strength you like.

The Armed Forces are
still supplied first, but
**NOW THERE WILL
BE NESCAFÉ**
for those at home as well

NESCAFÉ (PRONOUNCED NES-CAFAY) IS A NESTLÉ PRODUCT, COMPOSED OF EQUAL PARTS OF SKILFULLY BREWED SOLUBLE COFFEE AND ADDED CARBOHYDRATES (DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE) ADDED SOLELY TO PROTECT THE FLAVOR ★ ★ ★ NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC., NEW YORK, U.S.A.

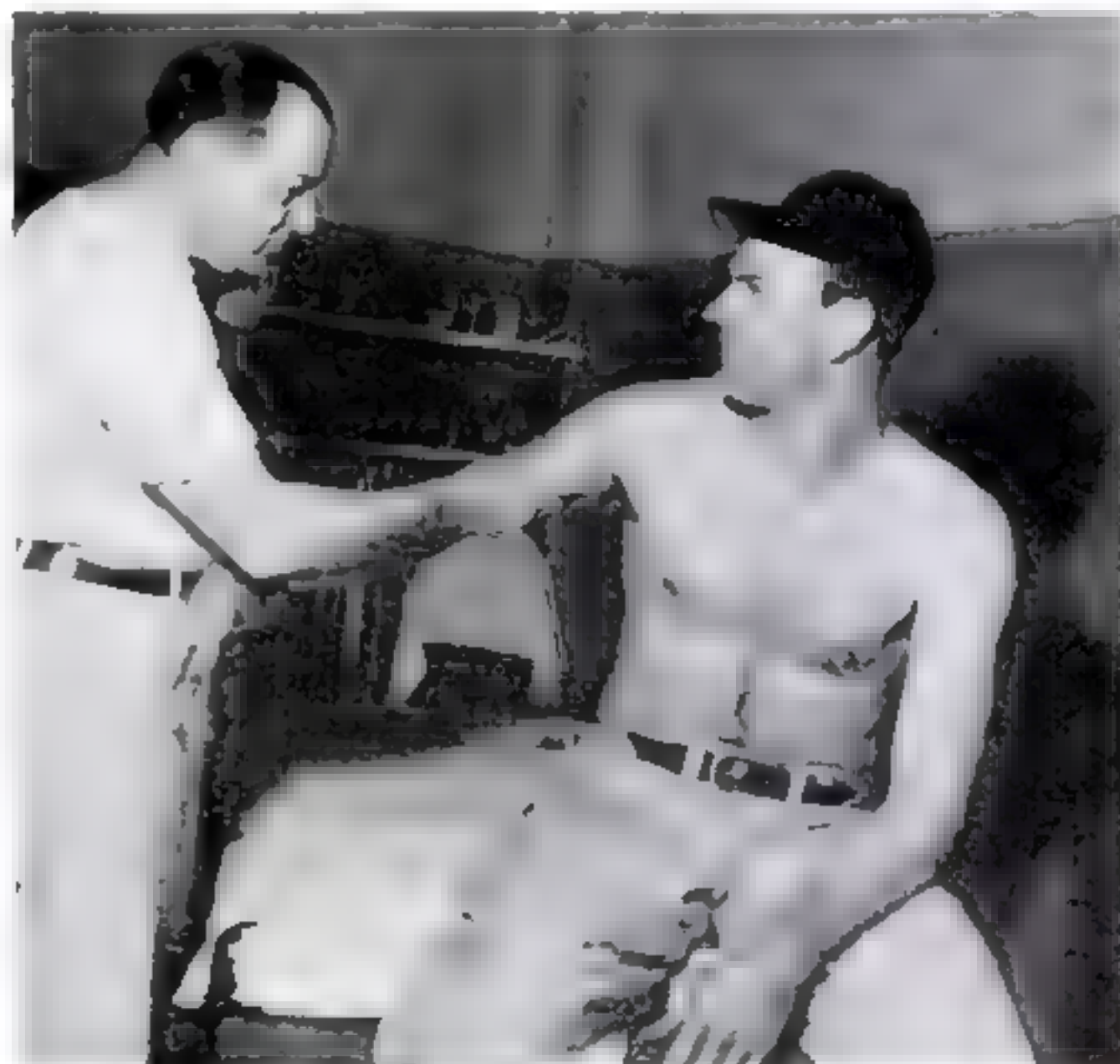
Two Ballplayers CONTINUED



Dave Ferriss stands 6 ft. 8 in. tall and weighs 208 lb. His purchase price for the Boston Red Sox was the 84¢ that they spent on telegrams asking him to play for them.

FERRISS IS STAR OF THE RED SOX

Dave Ferriss, the first good rookie to come out of the Army, pitches right-handed, bats left-handed, prefers to be called by his nickname, which is "Boo," his childhood pronunciation of "brother." In his 29 years Ferriss has played baseball in almost every position all the way from high school in Shaw, Miss. to the Louisville team in the minor leagues, where he was farmed out by the Red Sox after his discharge from Army. This spring he was moved up to the Red Sox, gave the team a big shot in the arm by winning eight straight games at the start, was not defeated until he hit wily Joe McCarthy's New York Yankees, who have given him his only two losses out of 15 games. But even then he looked good (see p. 36).



Ferriss' pitching arm gets a massage. He was discharged from the Army because of asthma, has been advised by his doctors not to play baseball but refuses to quit.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



*"The picture that
never lets go of your heart"*

She was his woman... and he was
her man! That's all they had to
fight with—against the world, the
flesh and the devil!

David L. Loew
PRESENTS

The Southernner

FROM THE NOVEL THAT WON
THE NATIONAL BOOK PRIZE

A *Jean Renoir*
PRODUCTION
STARRING

ZACHARY BETTY
SCOTT • FIELD

with J. CARROL NAISH
Beulah Bondi • Percy Kilbride

Directed by JEAN RENOIR

"It is worth any
dozen run-of-the-
studio Academy
Award winners"
—TIME



Produced by DAVID L. LOEW and ROBERT HAKIM • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



Invaders infiltrating our homes

Private homes bear the brunt of present attacks, according to reports from all sections of America. After breaking through rusty water pipes and outworn plumbing, the invaders are thrusting salients into walls and ceilings, tearing down plaster and wall paper, damaging woodwork, defacing paint . . .

Help is within reach, now that the end of the European war has released Revere copper and brass products for home defense. Naturally, the quantities available will be limited until after final victory when all of Revere's energies can be turned to peace-time production.

For real home protection use Revere copper, brass and other rustproof alloys wherever possible. Flashings, gutters, downspouts, termite shields, weather stripping, hot and cold water pipes, heating and air conditioning lines, hot water storage tanks and heaters, are a few of the places where Revere products, at little more cost than rustable substitutes, can provide lifetime service. Revere can supply you through its Distributors in all parts of the country.

REVERE

COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED

Founded by Paul Revere in 1801

*Executive Offices: 230 Park Avenue
New York 17, N.Y.*

HD 11
1947

Listen to The Human Adventure on the Mutual Network every Wednesday evening, 10 to 10:30 p. m., EST

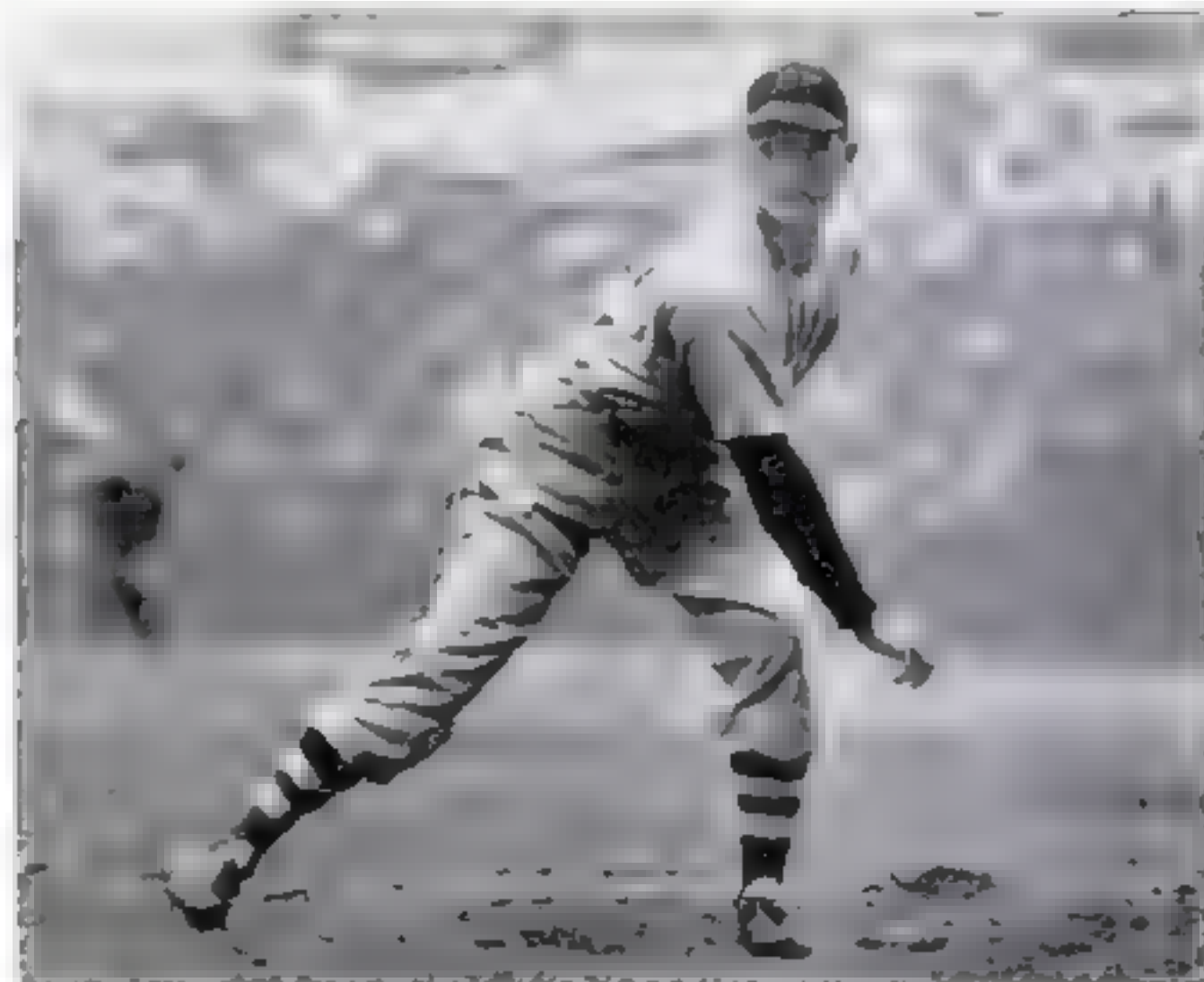
Two Ballplayers CONTINUED



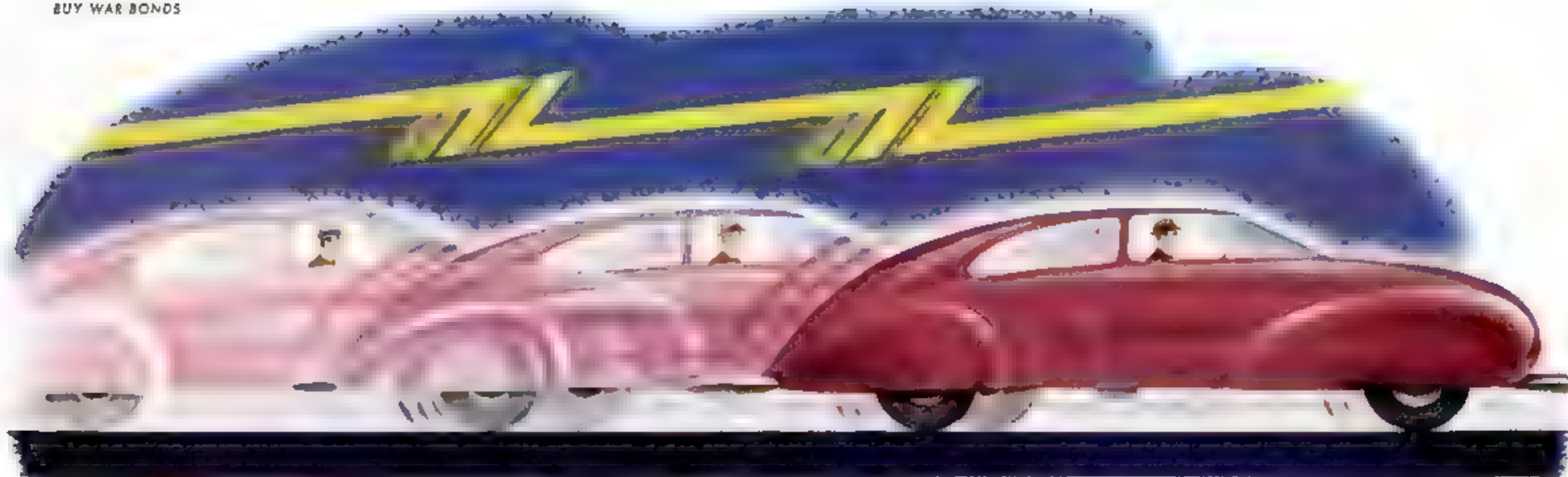
Ferriss' first loss was in this rainy game against Yankees in New York. Here he goes after a bunt by Yankee "Bud" Metheny, slips on the wet grass and misses it.



Shaking his hand in disgust after another hit, Ferriss goes back to the pitcher's mound. He walked the next batter, which put Yankee runners on all three bases.



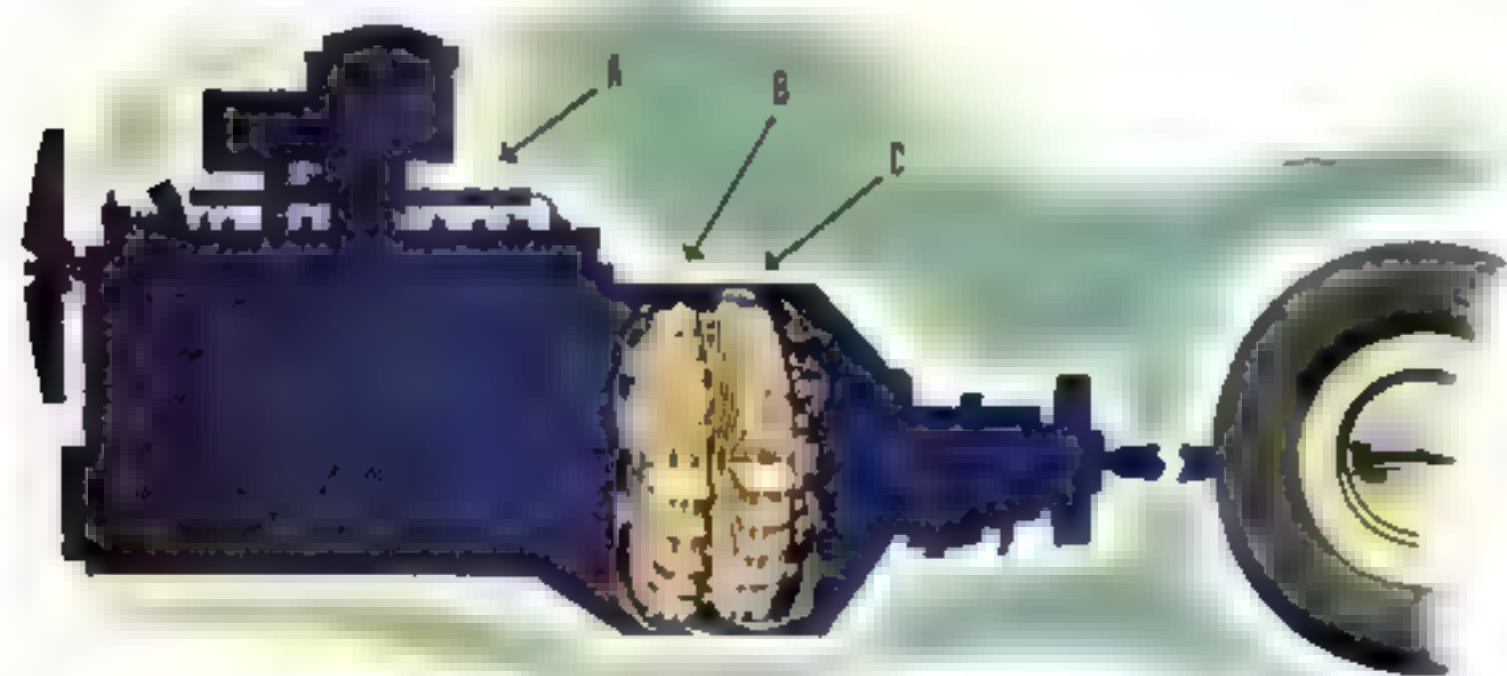
Bearing down and simmering mad, Ferriss pitches with bases full and no one out. He put two men out in a double play, pitched the next one out but lost game 3-2.



With ordinary gear shift, it is *Jerk! Jerk! Jerk!*... Hard on driver and car!



With Fluid Drive, you get easy starting, smooth pick-up, longer life for your car!



In addition, Fluid Drive eliminates the shocks and jolts of rigid mechanical drive...gives you longer lasting gears and parts. Here's how it works...

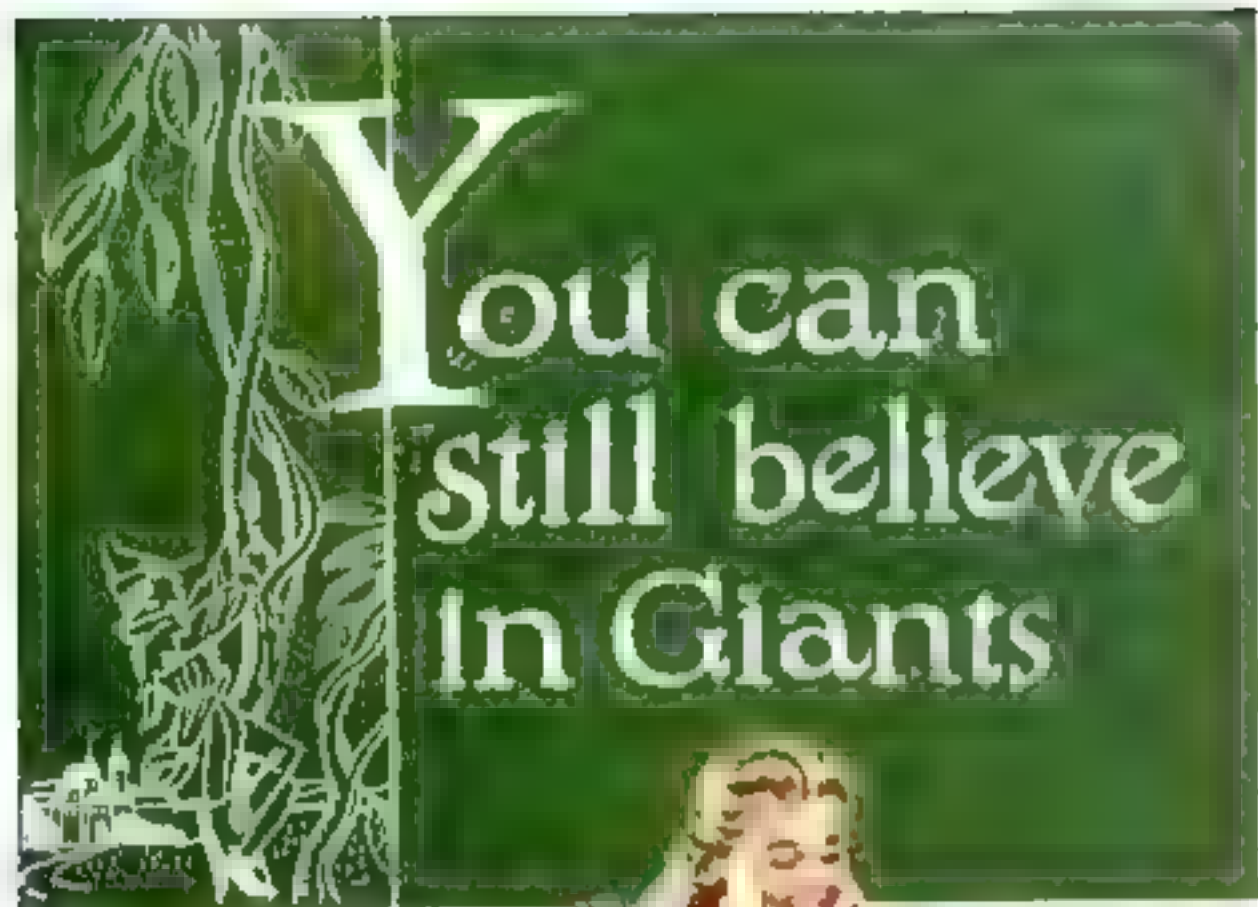
It's so simple: Chrysler engine (A) spins vaned disc (B) forcing whirling oil in sealed housing against vaned disc (C) causing it to revolve and turn rear wheels. There is no mechanical connection between the two discs...power is transmitted through oil pressure alone. This makes possible new refinements in gears and drive shaft, eliminates needless bulk and weight.



It's the greatest driving improvement since automobiles were invented...Yet it's been proved by 8 billion miles on the road. See your Chrysler dealer for Fluid Drive facts.

CHRYSLER
DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Enjoy "The Music of Morton Gould" CBS, Thursdays, 9:00 P.M., EWT.



There's no "Fee-fi-lo-fum" about this Green Giant. His song is a kindly song about his products, and it goes like this—

"Packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor"

His gold isn't laid by a goose; it is grown in tall, juicy kernels of golden corn.

His peas don't grow to the sky, but grow large while very young and tender.

His seeds are not magic beans, but exclusive breeds of peas and corn.*

If you believe in honest, tried-and-true American labels, you can still believe in giants—*Green Giants*.

Packed only by Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota; and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont. Also packers of the following brands: Niblets Mexicorn, Del Mais Cream Style Corn and Niblets Asparagus.



"GREEN GIANT" AND "NIBLETS" BRANDS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © MFCO.

Green Giant Peas • Niblets Whole Kernel Corn

BRAND
*Our exclusive breed—S-537

BRAND
*Our exclusive breed—D-138



Home air conditioning is demonstrated in an experimental room of the Carrier Corporation. Heat totaling 500 watts

AIR CONDITIONING

After the war, it will be cheap enough to put in private homes

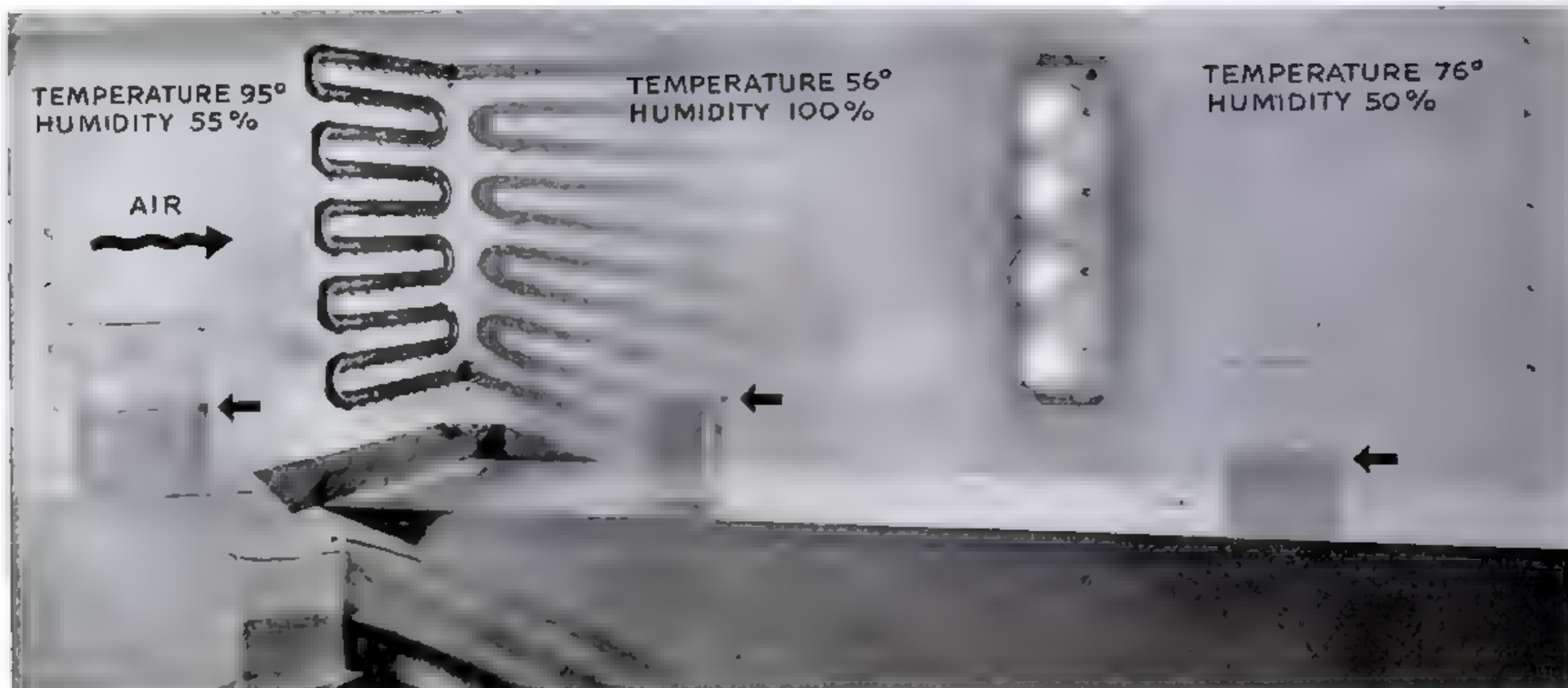
give off same amount of heat as four bridge players. Cool air is introduced at floor level, diffuses evenly through room

One of the prewar luxuries which seems most likely to come out of the luxury class and into the post-war mass market is air conditioning. Manufacturers are now working on home cooling units which, produced in quantity, can sell at moderate cost. Such a unit big enough to cool a six-room house, is expected to cost about \$700. If the house is well insulated and if all the windows are sealed it should not cost more than \$17.50 a month to run.

The human body functions most comfortably with-

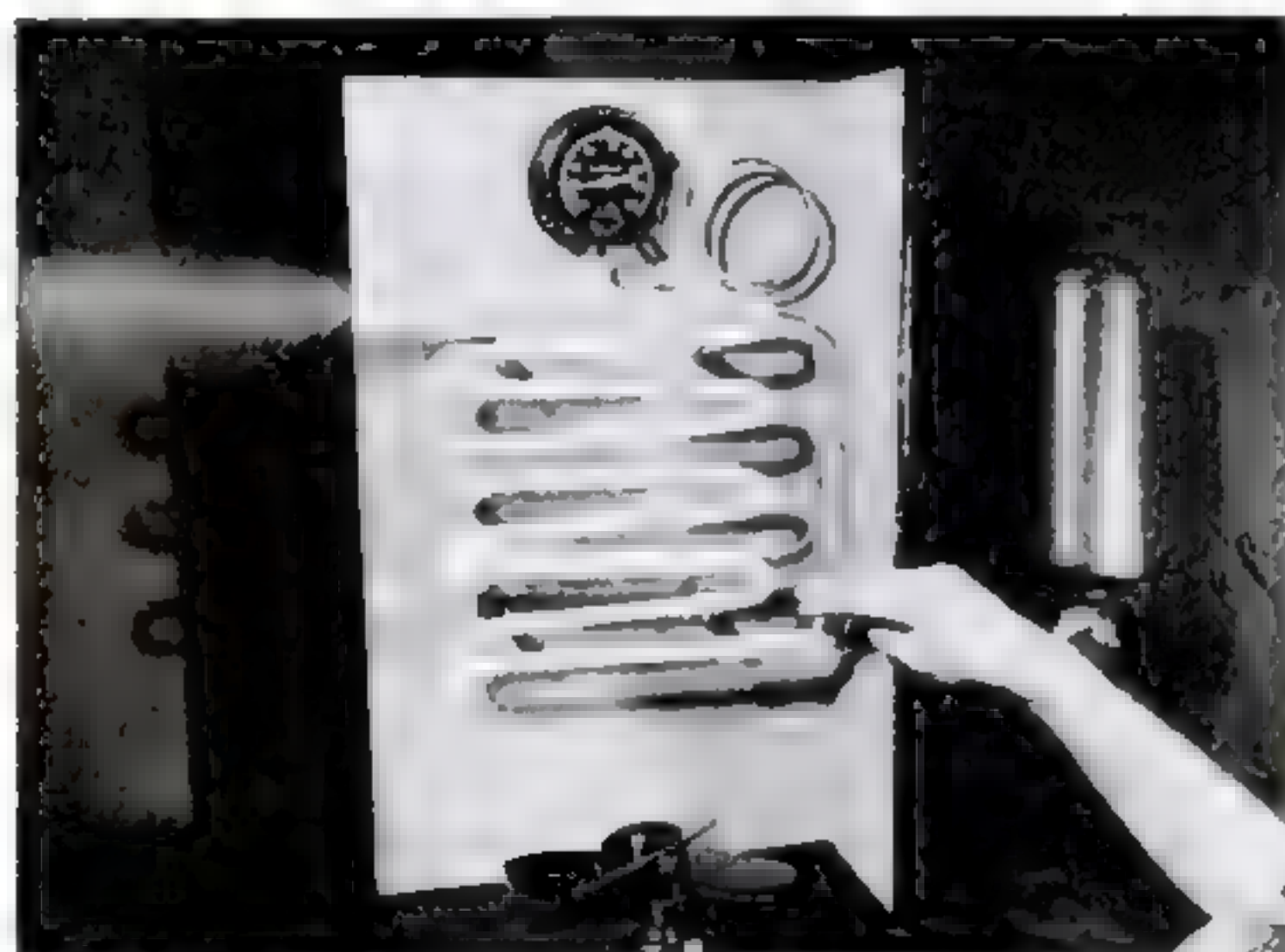
out, mixing with the warm air, begins to rise gradually. For demonstration, smoke has been used to make cool air visible,

in a fairly narrow range of temperature and humidity. This range varies from winter to summer and from one climate to another but in an average U. S. city, St. Louis, ideal conditions occur only 45 days out of a year. The object of air conditioning is to keep temperature and humidity within the ideal range, raising both in winter and lowering both in summer. On the following pages LIFE shows some of the principles of air conditioning as demonstrated in the laboratories of the Carrier Corporation at Syracuse, N. Y.



In summer every air-conditioning system follows the basic principles shown above. The camera is looking through the transparent side of a wind tunnel. Warm air laden with moisture enters at left. The temperature is 95° and relative humidity 55% — i.e., the hot air is carrying 55% of its maximum moisture load — symbolized by the beaker 55% full. The object is to lower the temperature and the moisture content. First the air is cooled to 56°. Since cool

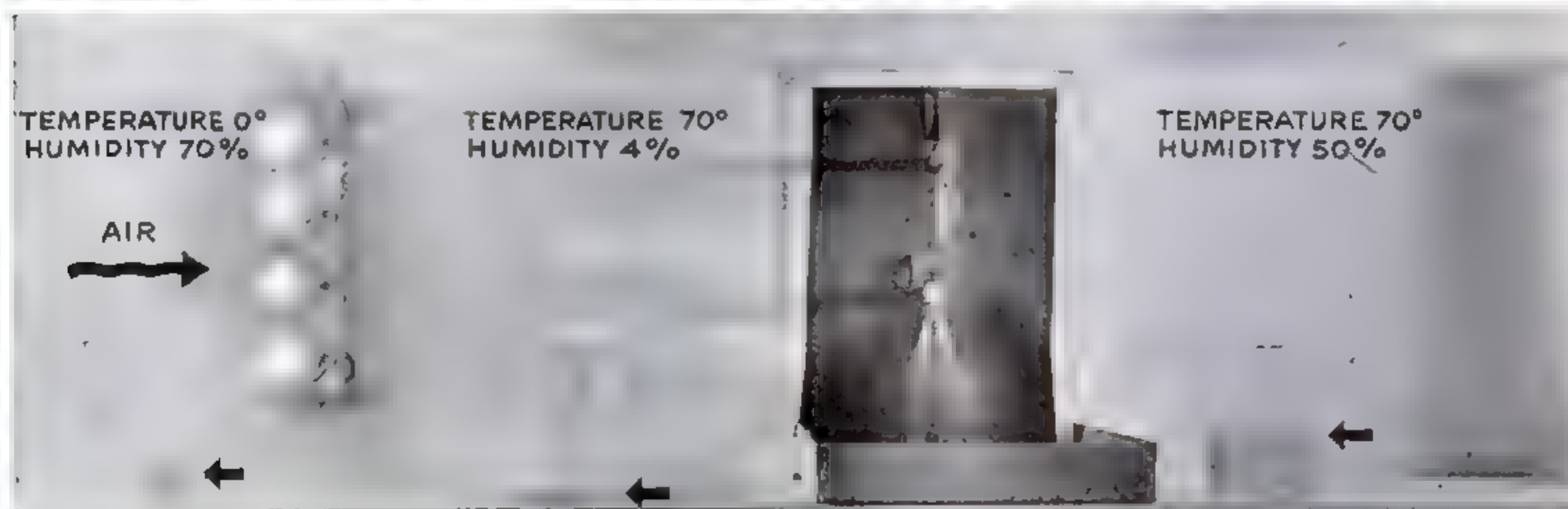
air can carry less moisture than hot, some of the moisture is lost in a beaker under cooling coil. But although the moisture content is smaller, the cold air is at 100% humidity — beaker is full — and feels cold and clammy. For comfort the air must be reheated to 76°, which brings the humidity down to 50%. This step is shown by heater in this setup. But in a private home it is accomplished simply by mixing the cool air with the warm air in the house.



Simplest cooling system is shown here in glass model. Liquid Freon, kept under high pressure in tank at right, is released at low pressure into the coils where it evaporates, absorbing heat from air around them. As it warms up the Freon is lost. However, as gas escapes at left



Practical refrigeration consists of cooling system shown in picture at left plus compressor and condensing coils — *not shown*. Freon condenses in coils. Hot gas is cooled and returned to its liquid form for reuse. The fan in front circulates the air around the coils.



In winter an air-conditioning system works like the summer system shown in picture at top, but in reverse. Cold air enters at left with relative humidity of 70% — shown in small beaker at left. Although relative humidity is high, actual moisture content is so low that when air

is heated to 70° the relative humidity falls to 4% (second beaker). Moisture is then added by warm water spray, bringing humidity up to 50% but leaving temperature the same. Ideal temperature for air-conditioned house is 70° in winter, 70° or higher in summer.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

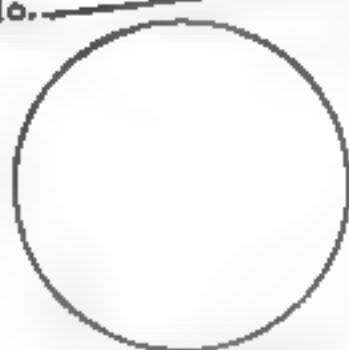
Banish GLOOM

Spread

JOY!



No. _____



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To

Pfc. Rockwell P. Harrington, 58792202
Co. "C", 165th Infantry
APO No. 308 c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, California

From

"SCRAPPY"

(Sender's name)

Beaverbrook Knoll

(Sender's address)

Piney Glen, N. Y.

June 25, 1945

(Date)

WRITE V-MAIL

Dear Master

How exciting! I hear you are in a foxhole! But mistress says it's not a bit like those tempting little burrows in the meadow that we dogs love to poke our noses into. She says it's often dreadfully dark and dangerous ... and lonely.

Oh master, you MUSTN'T be lonely. We're going to write you often ... every day we can. Maybe short letters - but happy letters. Fast-flying V-MAIL letters. And what lovely news I have today! Mistress is feeding me GAINES! Yes master - GAINES DOG MEAL - the meal that for years and years has been fed by the owners of big kennels to their fine, prize-winning dogs. I suppose you'd really have to be a dog to appreciate how good GAINES tastes and smells. There's MEAT MEAL in it - plenty of it - and lots of other tasty things that keep me happy and well. All mistress does is mix it with water. And just so I'll always love my GAINES, she mixes it sometimes with milk or soup or gravy. For variety's sake, she says.

But master - please don't think I'm tickled with GAINES just because it tastes so grand. I'm thinking mostly of the day when you come home from war. I want to hear your voice call "SCRAPPY!" - and see the surprise and joy in your eyes when you see how well I am, how glossy my coat is, and when you find me still playful as a puppy. That's why I want to keep getting GAINES right along. Doesn't it make you feel a whole lot happier in your foxhole - to think of me just full of bounce and joy?

Dearest - I'm so thankful Frank's veterinarian told us about GAINES. He says it nourishes EVERY INCH of a dog - and I sure believe it. Scrappy just feels good all over! Look for another little batch of good news in a V-Mail letter I'll be getting off to you tomorrow. Love

Jane and

SCRAPPY



CHEERFUL letters



PEPPY letters



LOTS of letters



FOR ALL DOGS

GAINES

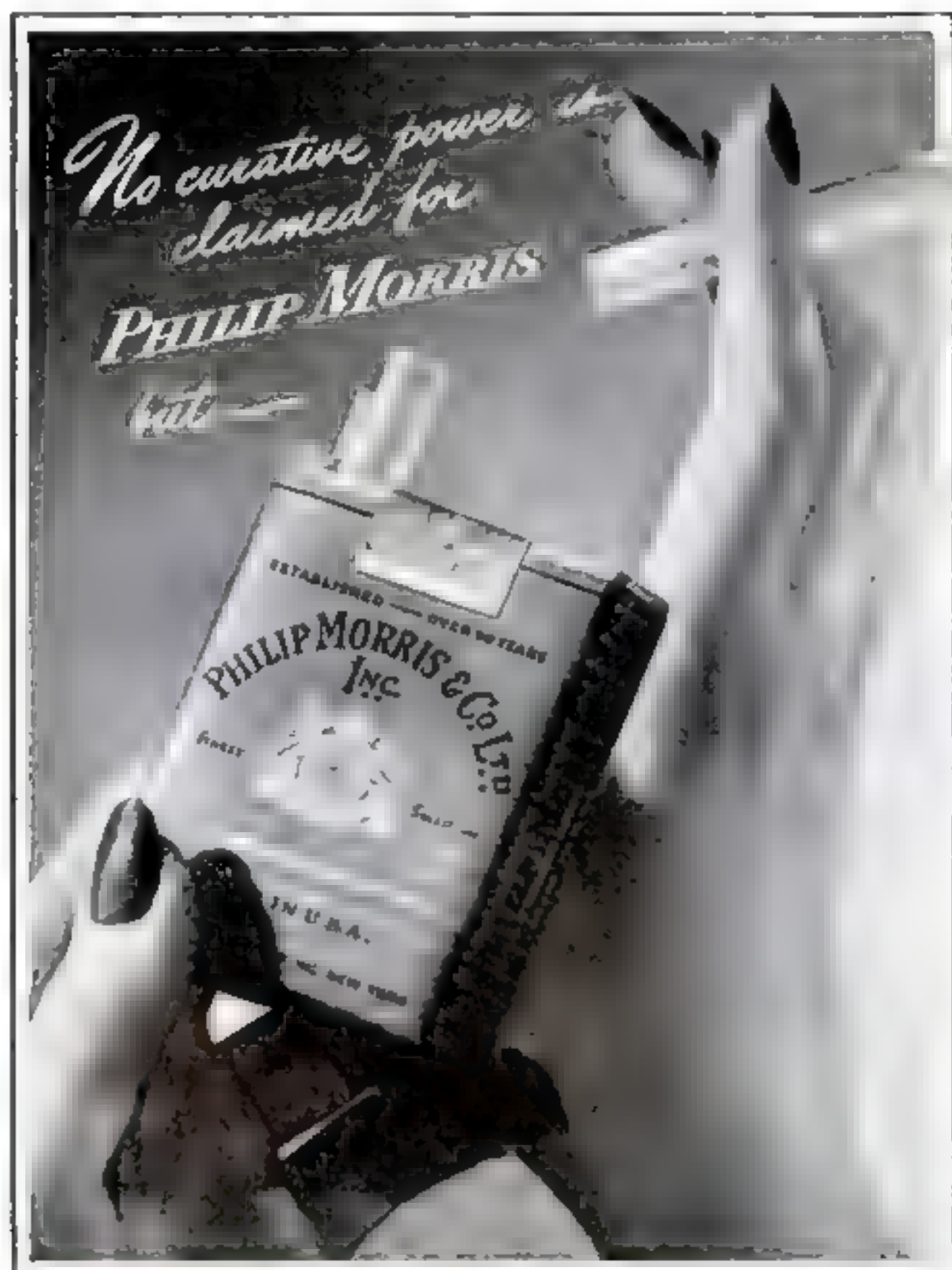
Complete Meal

"Nourishes Every Inch of Your Dog"



Copyright 1945 by Chien Feed Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

In 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb. bags and larger sizes for kennels



An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure!

PHILIP MORRIS
are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!

—findings reported in an authoritative medical journal.



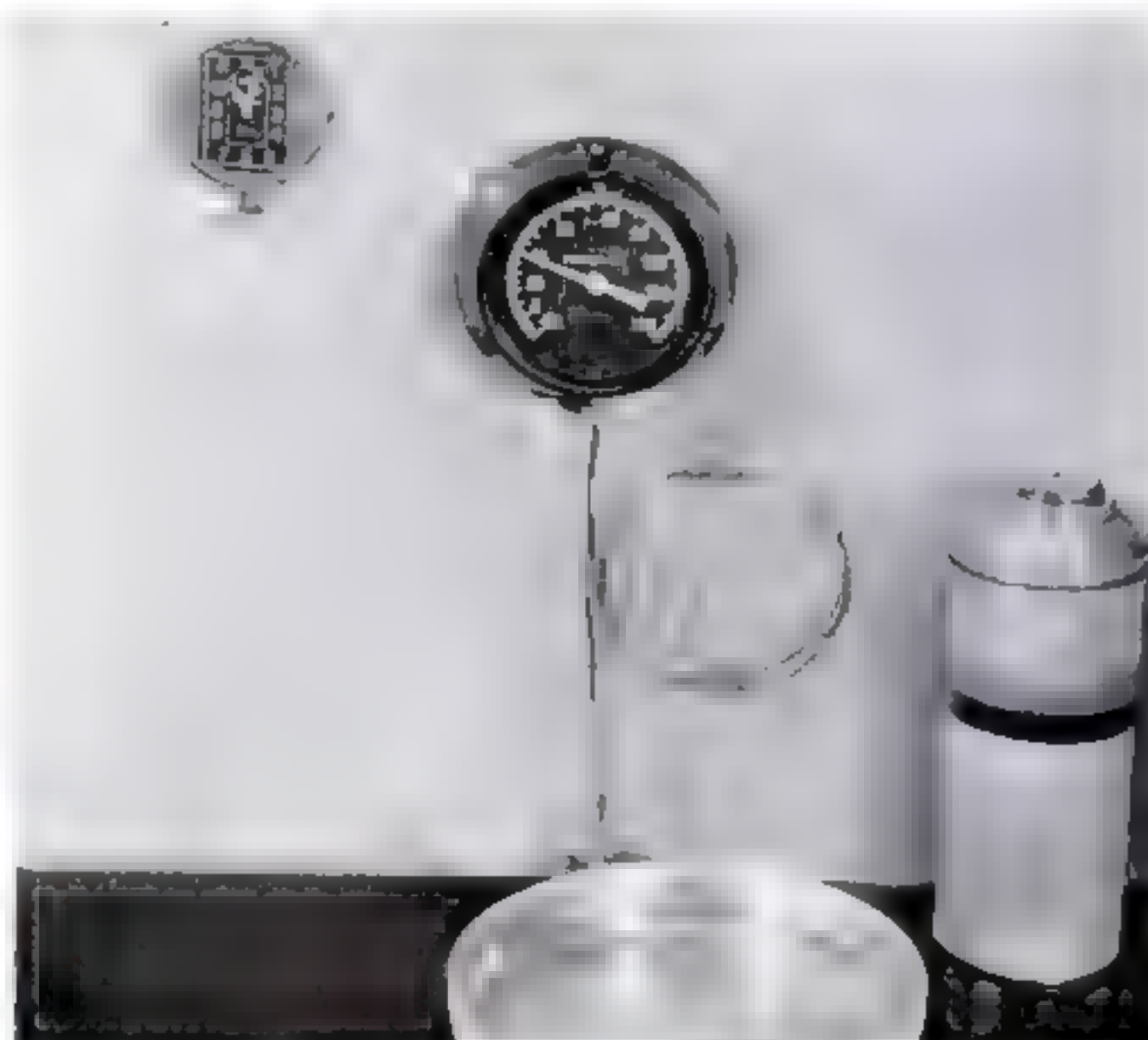
CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

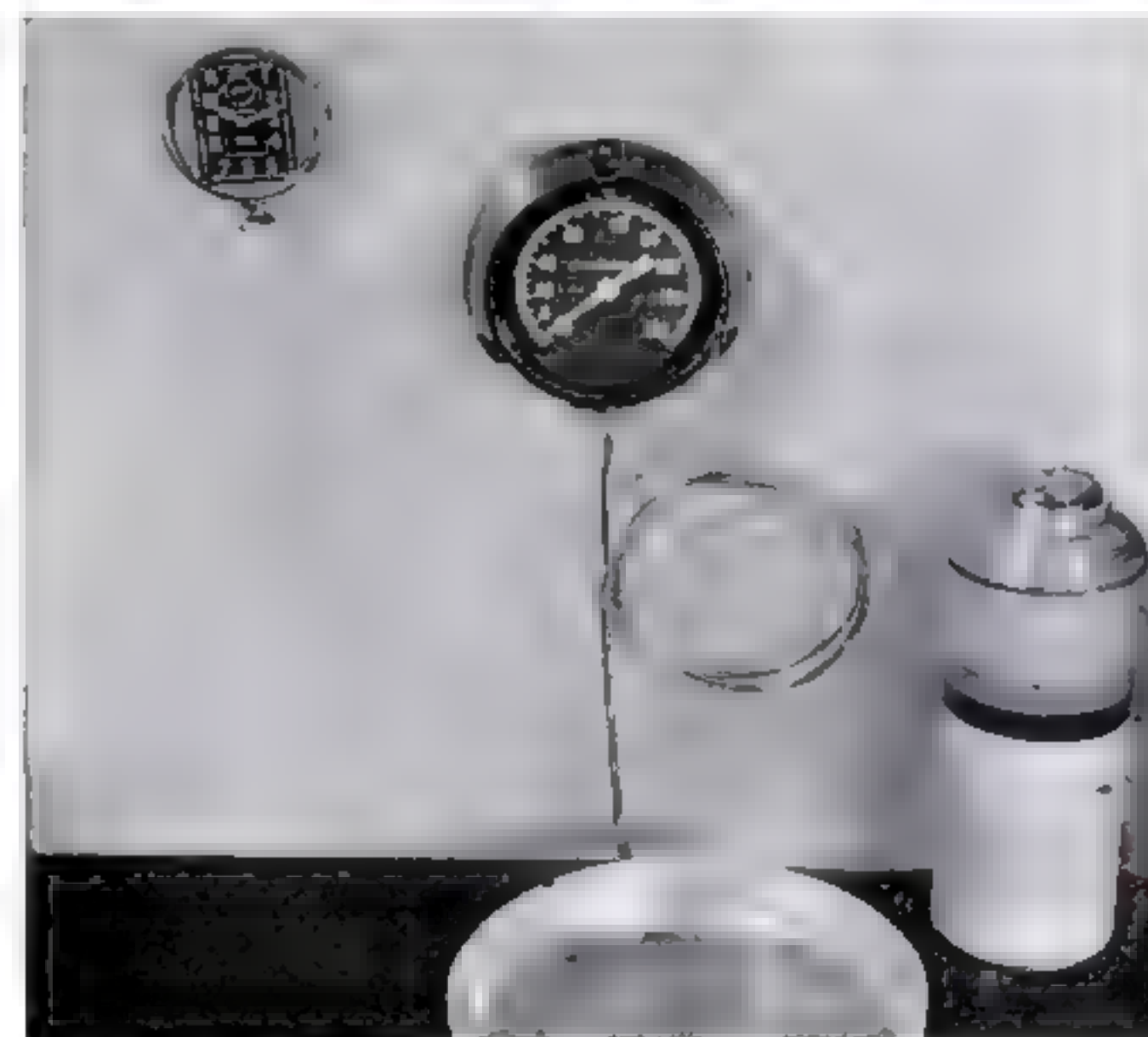
Air Conditioning CONTINUED



Evaporation is basic principle of refrigeration. Here Freon 12, a rapidly evaporating liquid, is poured into pan connected to thermometer which reads 79° at the start.



Temperature goes down as refrigerant begins to evaporate and disappear into air. Same principle is employed by body when perspiration evaporates from the skin.



Pan is frosted and temperature is -14° after 90 minutes of evaporation. Because most refrigerants evaporate at room temperature they must be kept under pressure.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44



This is the symbol of

PONTIAC

It stood for good cars before Pearl Harbor...
It will stand for good cars again

NEW WORD FOR GLAMOUR

Gabytan



Suntan safely! Enjoy the
sure allure of a gorgeous, golden
Gabytan. Just apply GABY . . .
America's popular Suntan Lotion.
Then take your place in the sun.
No fiery after-effect.
No smeary grease. No drying alcohol.
And GABY is so smooth, so
soothing to even the tenderest skin.

Three sizes . . . 25c • 50c • \$1.00
plus tax



Gaby
GREASELESS
SUNTAN LOTION

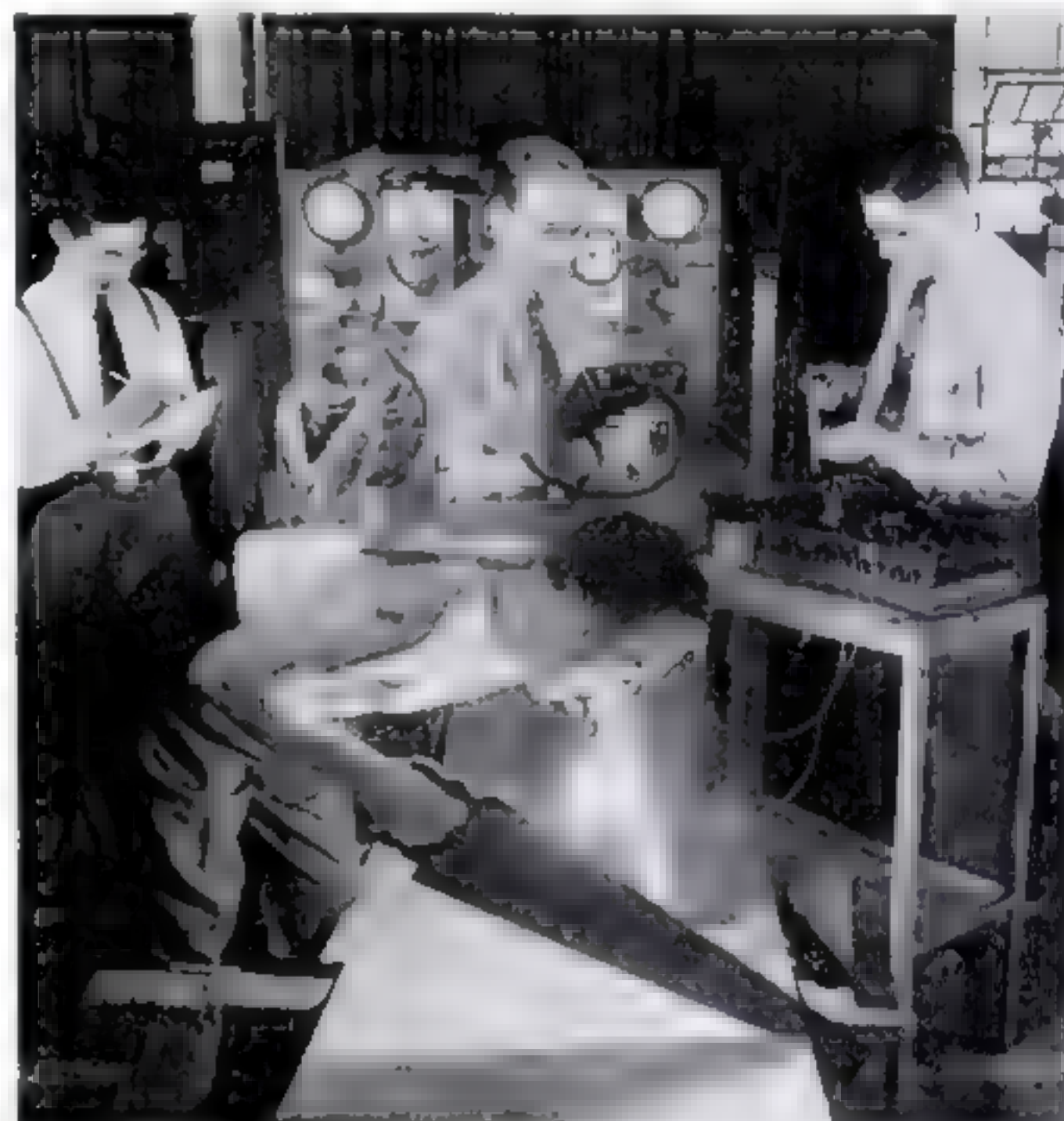
PROMOTES A BEAUTIFUL TAN

Air Conditioning CONTINUED

ENGINEERS MEASURE HEAT OF BODY

The human body constantly gives off heat and moisture. A man at rest gives off as much heat as a 75-watt electric bulb; at work or exercise he may give off six or seven times that amount. In order to get rid of this excess heat in hot weather the body perspires, losing as much as 2½ ounces of water an hour.

An air-conditioning system must neutralize the effect of the human bodies within a room as well as of the weather outside. Hence scientists have made elaborate studies of the body's behavior with regard to heat and moisture. For LIFE's benefit some junior air-conditioning engineers of Carrier Corporation presented some of these serious findings in the gag pictures below.



Man sawing wood generates 60-watt heat and has enough left over to boil 2½ lb. lobster. Instruments record heat of skin and temperature, humidity and velocity of air.



Man drops glass to show that he loses 2½ oz. of moisture every hour on a hot day. Broken glasses show he has been sweating five hours. Nose is wired to thermometers.



Over 21 Times
Funnier Than The
Play That Rocked
Broadway!

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

Irene
DUNNE

Alexander
KNOX
(Star of "WILSON")

Charles
COBURN

OVER 21

A SIDNEY BUCHMAN
Production



This picture has been
chosen for showing to our
Armed Forces overseas.

Adapted from the play by Ruth Gordon • Screenplay by Sidney Buchman • Directed by **CHARLES VIDOR**



Paris 1945

LIFE'S ARTISTS SHOW HOW THE FREED CITY HAS FARED

Paintings by FLOYD DAVIS and GLADYS ROCKMORE DAVIS



IN FRONT OF LA MADELEINE IN THE MOONLIGHT THE RUE ROYALE IS ALMOST DESERTED

July 14, 1945 is the first Bastille Day in six years which Paris is celebrating in freedom. How the once-gay city has fared during its first year of liberation is described here in paintings by two LIFE artist-correspondents, Floyd Davis and his wife, Gladys Rockmore Davis. Mrs. Davis did the paintings on pages 46 to 49, 54 and 55. Mr. Davis did those on pages 50 to 53. Accompanying the paintings is a report by Charles Christian Wertenbaker, chief of "Time" and LIFE's European staff.

PARIS

We drove past the Chamber of Deputies, which was still burning, and past a barricade on the Quai d'Orsay and across the Concorde bridge in the twilight. It was almost quiet on the bridge, but across the bridge on the Place de la Concorde the crowds were shouting and singing. There were tanks, French tanks, beside the fountains, their guns pointing toward the Crillon; the walls of the hotel were spattered with shots and one big pillar was blown off. From somewhere to the right, down the Rue de Rivoli, a couple of shots were fired. We drove up the Rue Royale toward La Madeleine. The moon was coming up.

That was the evening of Friday, Aug. 25, 1944, the day the Germans left Paris, chased out by the French, and the day the Americans came. The next day de Gaulle led the strangest parade of proud and tattered soldiers that ever passed down the Champs-Élysées. Saturday night the Germans bombed the city in revenge, then fled to the Siegfried line. Paris slowly came

out of its mood of enchantment. Before it was its first winter of freedom in five years, and the hardest.

It was not easy for Paris, or for any French city, to face the realities that lay ahead. Occupation, with all its shame and suffering and bitterness, had also been a time of excitement. For some it had been the excitement of making money in collaborationist activities and spending it on black-market living; for others, the thrill of active resistance. Now liberation meant for some the hope that the Americans would save them from punishment; for others it meant the hope of building a better France out of the strength and dignity of resistance. Neither hope was to be realized in the nine months between the liberation of Paris and the end of war in Europe.

The business of living through the first winter was a hard and exacting task. In the late summer and early autumn it was not so bad: the weather was warm and food, though scarce, was not as scarce as it later became. But there was no electricity, which meant stairs to climb and no light at night. There was so little gas that it was turned on barely long enough for Parisians to cook their meals. There were no buses or taxis and people got around the city on bicycles, on the jammed Métro or on foot. Except for those who could pay black-market prices there was not enough food to sustain health—and food could be gotten only after hours of standing in queues. For the working man there was precious little wine or tobacco. Even those who could afford black-market

CONTINUED ON PAGE 5



CHEZ SUZY is nightclub near Montmartre, very small and kept warm last winter by the body heat of the crowds which patronized it. Suzy, who is

in her 30s and yellow-haired, is proprietor, chief entertainer, and owner of a reputation for having been a considerable *femme fatale* during the occupation.



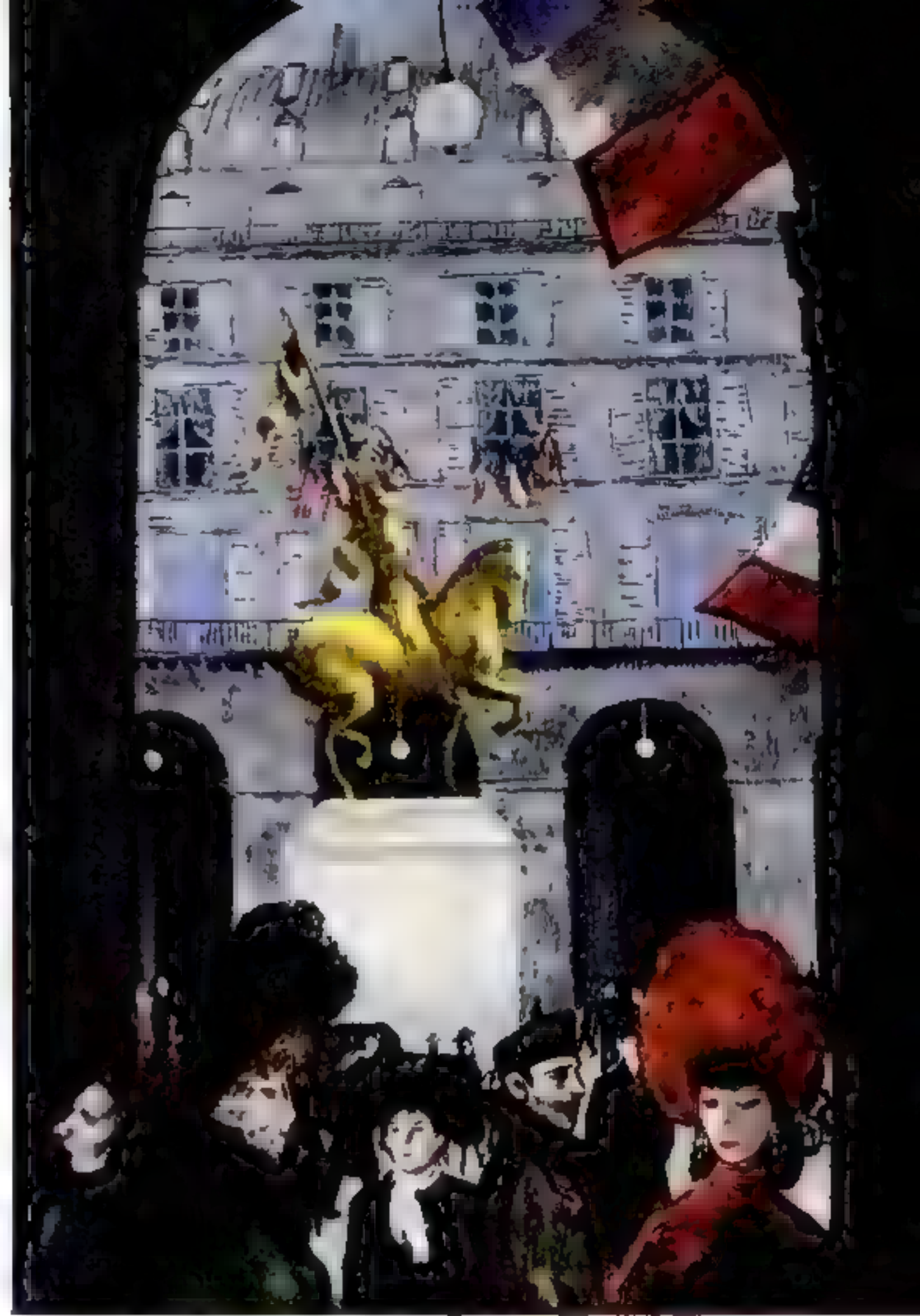
LUXEMBOURG GARDEN *above* has kept its gay air. In park Gladys Davis found children in fur jackets looking healthy, parents under-nourished.

MERRY GO-ROUNDS *below*, whirl their gaily colors, rattle cheerful tunes all over Paris. Widow *left* waits turn to let child ride on giant goose.





FLOWER STALLS brighten streets and Sunday strolling Parisians, with little else to spend their money on, still buy bouquets. This stall is near Arc de Triomphe.



JOAN OF ARC STATUE, newly gilded, flags and women's mountainous hats make triumphant scene through arch off Rue de Rivoli.



BOOKSTALLS that closed shop during the German occupation again line quays on left bank of the Seine, but there are few customers. Books, wa-

ter colors and rare prints sold here are among the few items which have not skyrocketed in price and wise buyers browsing around can still find bargains.



THE SCRIBE HOTEL BARROOM is the headquarters and the hangout of correspondents in France. Here Artist Floyd Davis found old acquaintances of the *Time* and *LIFE* European staff (standing, second from left) March of Time movies' Producer Kenneth de Rochemont, (right, with camera) Photographer

David Scherman, (center, staring starkly ahead) Will Lang, (under de Gaulle in portrait, facing right), Charles Wertenbaker, (at right, holding Nazi flag and red Noel Busch's pipe), Photographer Ralph Morse, (at bar, behind Morse. Photographer Robert Capa. At table in left foreground are Floyd and Gladys Davis,



at table in center, *The New Yorker's* Janet Flanner, Broadcaster William Shirer, novelist Ernest Hemingway, at far right, H. V. Kaltenborn. Every other day the bar served brandy and then the place was crowded with correspondents who drank the brandy, they insisted, just to keep warm. The Scribe was a

confused place, which will appear in innumerable future war books, plays, movies. Spruce correspondents rushed out to the front to get stories. Disheveled correspondents rushed back from the front to file their stories. At any time reporters could be heard complaining about censors, brass hats, editors



THE FRENCH GIRLS brought out gallantry in U.S. soldiers. This GI, parked on Rue de la Paix, appreciatively named his jeep *A Night of Love*.



PERFUME SHOPS were quickly sold out to GIs who stood in queues for Chanel and Guerlain, sometimes watered down, for about \$4 a bottle.



COLLABORATIONIST TRIALS provided Parisians with great excitement. Trial of Stéphane Lauzanne, former editor of the famous newspaper *Le Matin*, ended in one



COLLABORATIONISTS' STORES were marked with large swastika signs to warn patriots against trading with traitors. GI studies the misspelled collaborator sign



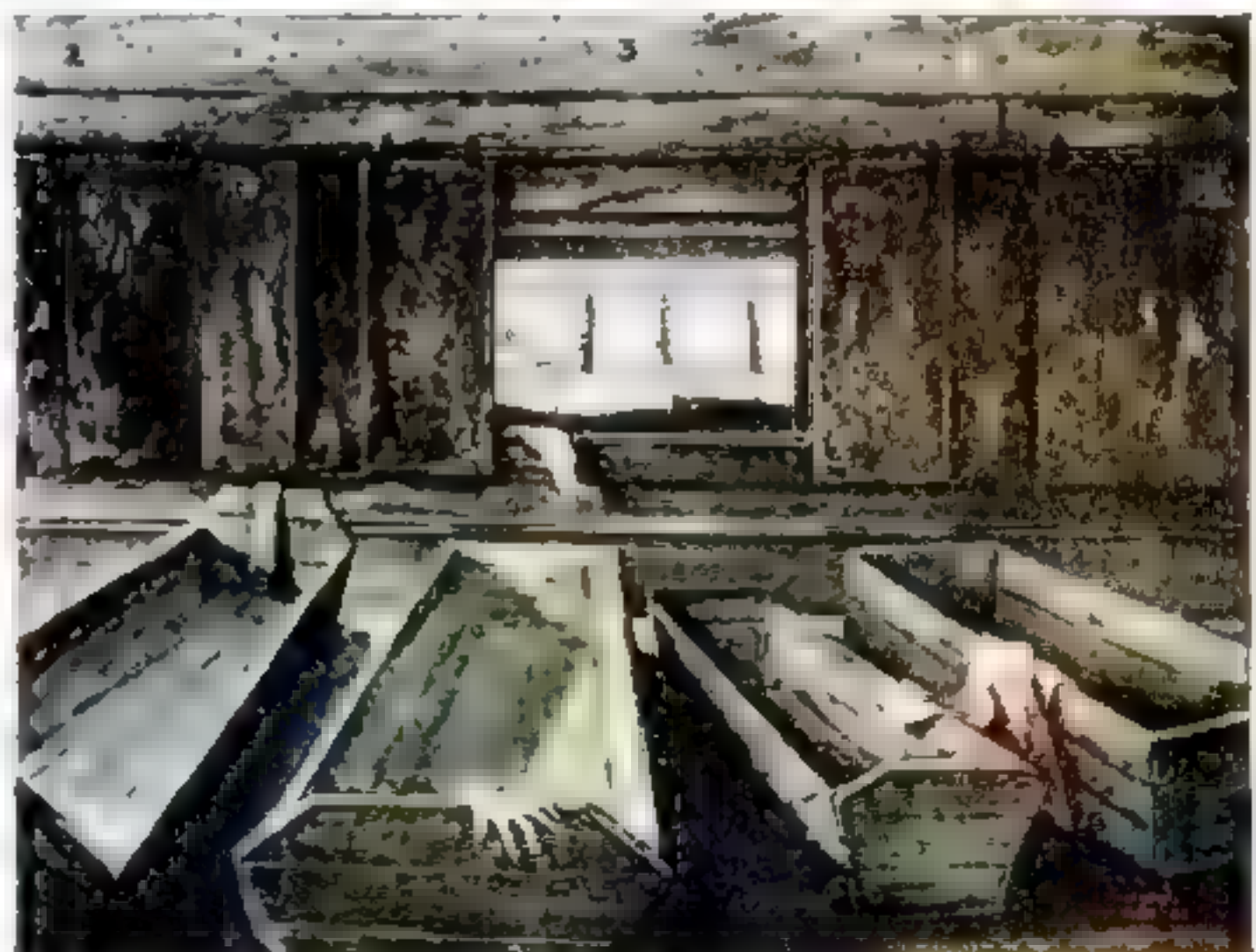
day. The 73-year-old Vichyite (*standing clutching bar*) was sentenced to life imprisonment for spread-

ing Nazi propaganda. Here the prosecution attorney points accusing finger at him while defense at-

torneys beneath the accused listen glumly. Beside jurors is judge in ermine-collared robe (*upper left*).



GERMAN PRISONERS guarded by an American Negro ride past Notre Dame. This was such a common sight Parisians did not even turn to look at captured enemies



TORTURE CHAMBER, where Nazis murdered Parisian patriots, contains coffins, victims' clothes. Victims were tied to posts (*background*), shot.



STREET OF THE FISHING CAT made famous by Elliot Paul's book *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, is the narrow alley shown here (center) leading to the left

bank of the Seine River. The street in the foreground is the Rue de la Huchette where Napoleon lived in 1795. Artist Pablo Picasso lives near by.



IN MONTMARTRE woman buys apples from pushcart and boy carries unwrapped loaf of bread under arm. Many shops are closed for lack of supplies.



EXECUTION WALL where patriots were shot by Nazis is near Champs-Élysées. Widow has placed wreath under plaque bearing dead husband's name.

cigaretts would extinguish them carefully and save the butts.

Winter came early and with it discomfort became hardship. Food became scarcer and there was practically no coal in Paris. People huddled in their offices and houses wrapped in every garment they could find and still they were cold to the bone. Girls went to work barelegged—because they had no stockings—and soon their legs were covered with chilblains. In the Salle Pleyel and other concert halls musicians played their instruments wearing gloves with the fingertips cut off. The girls in the Folies-Bergère had to get drunk before they would strip. Many a well-dressed Parisian did not take a bath for five months. All Paris caught a cold in October and coughed with it until April or May. For the really poor the winter was a fight to survive. Some survived with bent backs or tuberculosis. Some did not survive.

The American soldier in Paris saw some or none of this condition, depending on who he was. If he was a high-ranking officer he lived in a requisitioned house heated by requisitioned coal, ate special Army rations with plenty of meat, worked in a comfortable office and was driven home in a comfortable car. If he was a GI he lived in a cold billet and ate C rations. But whoever he was, if he had a little money, he could go to the movies and nightclubs (until the government closed them), buy perfume to send home, drink a little cognac and maybe get himself a girl. Even without money he could wander through the Tuileries and the Luxembourg Gardens, up through the narrow, twisting streets of Montmartre to Sacré Coeur, or along the broad Champs-Élysées and the boulevards, eying the girls. Paris itself was free to anybody who would look.

Spring came early, which was a blessing, and in the Luxembourg Gardens in February children turned their white faces to the sun and women sat on benches letting the warmth heal their chapped legs. The French have a way of forgetting their problems—or maybe only of seeming to forget them—when life is pleasant. Girls got out their bicycles, flipped their pleated skirts over the seats, showing a generous helping of thigh, and pedaled down the Champs-Élysées. Cafes rolled out their tables. The nightclubs opened and stayed open later and the gendarmes looked away. On the quays the bookstalls gradually began to pick up business in books, old maps and pretty pictures; for some reason GIs started buying pictures as they had once bought perfume. Flowers, which in the winter cost two or three thousand francs, were now to be bought for a hundred or two.

The breakup of the German armies had much to do with the happier mood of Paris. In December, when von Rundstedt had plunged through the Ardennes, many Parisians remembered that when the Germans left in August they had said they would be back for Christmas. Something like panic had come over the French people then, for all the Resistance leaders were known and there would have been no resistance

to another occupation. But now that the Allies had crossed the Rhine the end was only a matter of time.

Yet into this lighter mood came a fresh sadness. As the prisoners and deportees came home many brought news of friends who had died, and the hope that had sustained many French families for five years was succeeded by resignation. Many of those who returned were sick or aged beyond recognition. There were some heartbreaking incidents and at least one that combined heartbreak with humor. One returning prisoner's wife, having heard her husband was coming home, set the table for two, made up the bed for two, then left the house to borrow something from a neighbor. While she was gone the husband came in, took one look at the table and bed, misunderstood and went away again.

It was a tired Paris and a tired France that awaited the end of the war. Nothing seemed to be getting done and nobody seemed to care much. The returned prisoners and deportees got no clothing, so they helped themselves from department stores and everybody thought that was as good a way as any of getting clothes to those who needed them. Pétain came home and was comfortably jailed. The prewar Premiers Herriot, Reynaud and Daladier came home, took a look at the political situation and settled down to write their memoirs.

On the day war's end was finally announced Paris waited patiently for the announcement to celebrate. When the all-clear sounded for the last time at 3 o'clock that afternoon the celebrations began with restraint. Carloads and jeeploads of soldiers and young people roamed sedately through the city, cheering and singing a little. The older people walked around and looked at each other, saying, "Now that the war is over, things will be different—or will they?" There was much to be done and it would take long to do it.

But you felt that it would be done, with fortitude and dignity and faith. If there was one mood that hung over V-E night it was the mood of hope. We drove through the city that night and

everywhere it was the same. The lights were on and the people were looking at the lights. At the Place de l'Opéra there were crowds walking around in the strange glare of the bright lights and some boys and girls were having a sedate snake dance. But all the people who could get there were sitting on the steps of the Opéra and they were looking, not at the snake dance or at each other, but at the lights.

Coming home we crossed the Place de la Concorde where there had been so much wilder joy that other night nine months before, and drove across the bridge in the silence. We stopped at the quay across from the Chamber of Deputies, where someone else had stopped who had better reason to remember the day of Paris' liberation. A sprig of lilac was fastened above a small tablet set in the wall. The tablet said, "Here fell, on August 25, 1944, Claude Billand, FFI of Loiret, 21 years old."

CHARLES CHRISTIAN WERTENBAKER



STEEP STEPS LEAD TO NARROW ALLEYS IN MONTMARTRE

"This is the National Broadcasting Company."

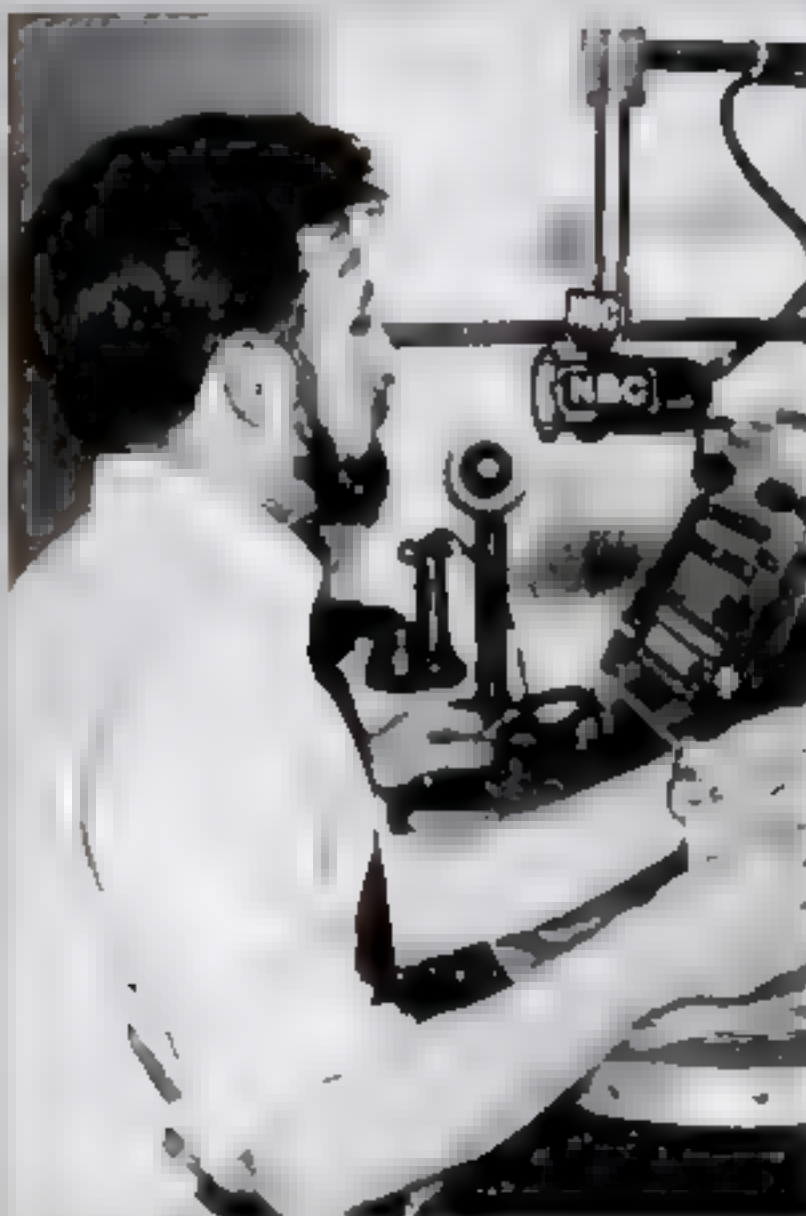
Entertainment... News... Public Service. In each—the three general classifications of radio broadcasting—NBC has long led the way among radio networks, has through 19 years built an enormous public preference for its programs.

One important part of NBC leadership is in the pace of its programming. From early morning until late at night, programs on NBC appeal to the tastes

and meet the needs of people listening at any period of time.

Proven by experience, continually tested by survey, NBC program balance is carefully maintained, and programs accurately paced for American listening. Result: NBC becomes more than America's No. 1 Network—more than the source of the greatest shows on the air. It is America—*America on the air.*

FOR RADIO'S GREAT DAYTIME AUDIENCE



NEWS



MUSIC



DRAMA

● **FROM EARLY MORNING ON** . . . reliable news intelligently presented is one listening need—and NBC schedules its famed news programs at strategic hours throughout the day, as well as at night. Dramatic shows built in short stanzas for easy listening appeal to the great majority of women audiences—and NBC provides its noted serial dramas. Innovation, too, is vital to NBC's program pattern—and NBC achieves change of pace by variation, such as the brilliant new "Fred Waring Show," a half-hour variety musical presenting morning entertainment offered in the past only at night. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 a.m. EWT)



● **LAUGH CENTER.** NBC's emphasis on the best of comedy needs no explanation; for amusement is an unquestioned necessity in American life. By furnishing the top radio comedy, NBC helps fill that need—even as the nation's preference for NBC helps build top comedy—with such laugh masters as Bob Hope, Jack Benny, "Archie" of *Duffy's*, Eddie Cantor, Kay Kyser . . . or Billie Burke, seen here as the sprightly "Gay Mrs. Featherstone." (Wednesdays, 8:30 p.m. EWT)



● **WORLD ON THE AIR.** The standard of radio broadcasting is operation in the public interest, convenience and necessity. NBC's function in public service is not only to entertain, but to inform. A large part of NBC's success is in combining these two aims—and brilliant examples are the dramatic tales of "The Pacific Story," which traces past histories and present headlines—the war roles of our friends and enemies in the Pacific and the Far East. (Sundays, 11:30 p.m. EWT)



● **AUDIENCE AT THE MIKE.** Most people enjoy observing their neighbors in the spotlight—on the spot. And so "participation" shows hold high place in popularity—led by NBC programming of such shows as "Dr. I. Q." (Mondays, 10:30 p.m. EWT), "Correction Please" (Fridays, 8:30 p.m. EWT), "Kay Kyser's College" (Wednesdays, 10 p.m. EWT) and "People Are Funny" (Fridays, 9:30 p.m. EWT) where anything can happen—even, as shown here, a sailor winning cash by resisting the charms of glamorous pinup girl Chili Williams in an actual amusement park's "Tunnel of Love."



● **FACING THE FUTURE TOGETHER.** As radio brings the nation and its leaders closely together, NBC balances time between elements of the national community. To explain individual and mutual objectives of Agriculture, Labor and Industry, NBC Public Service presents the important "America United," featuring together leaders of the CIO, AFL, Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. (Sundays, 1:15 p.m. EWT)



● **REAL PEOPLE.** In drama—the daytime stories and the longer nighttime broadcasts—one aim of NBC is to present a reflection of American life—to give the characters of radio's leading dramatic episodes a reality that mirrors the hopes, trials, laughter and dreams which are everyone's. America wants such programs, and delights in knowing and taking to heart such shows as the adventures of a teen-aged girl in "A Date With Judy." (Tuesdays, 8:30 p.m. EWT)

NBC—for reliability in news coverage



CHESTER MORRISON



WILLIAM F. BROOKS
NBC Director of News
and Special Events



W. W. CHAPLIN



JOHN MacVANE



ROBERT McCORMICK



LOWELL THOMAS



H. V. KALTENBORN



MAX HILL



JOHN VANDERCOOK



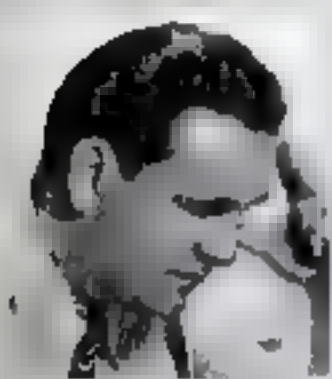
ELMER PETERSON



MERRILL MUELLER



MORGAN BEATTY



ALEX DREIER



ROY PORTER

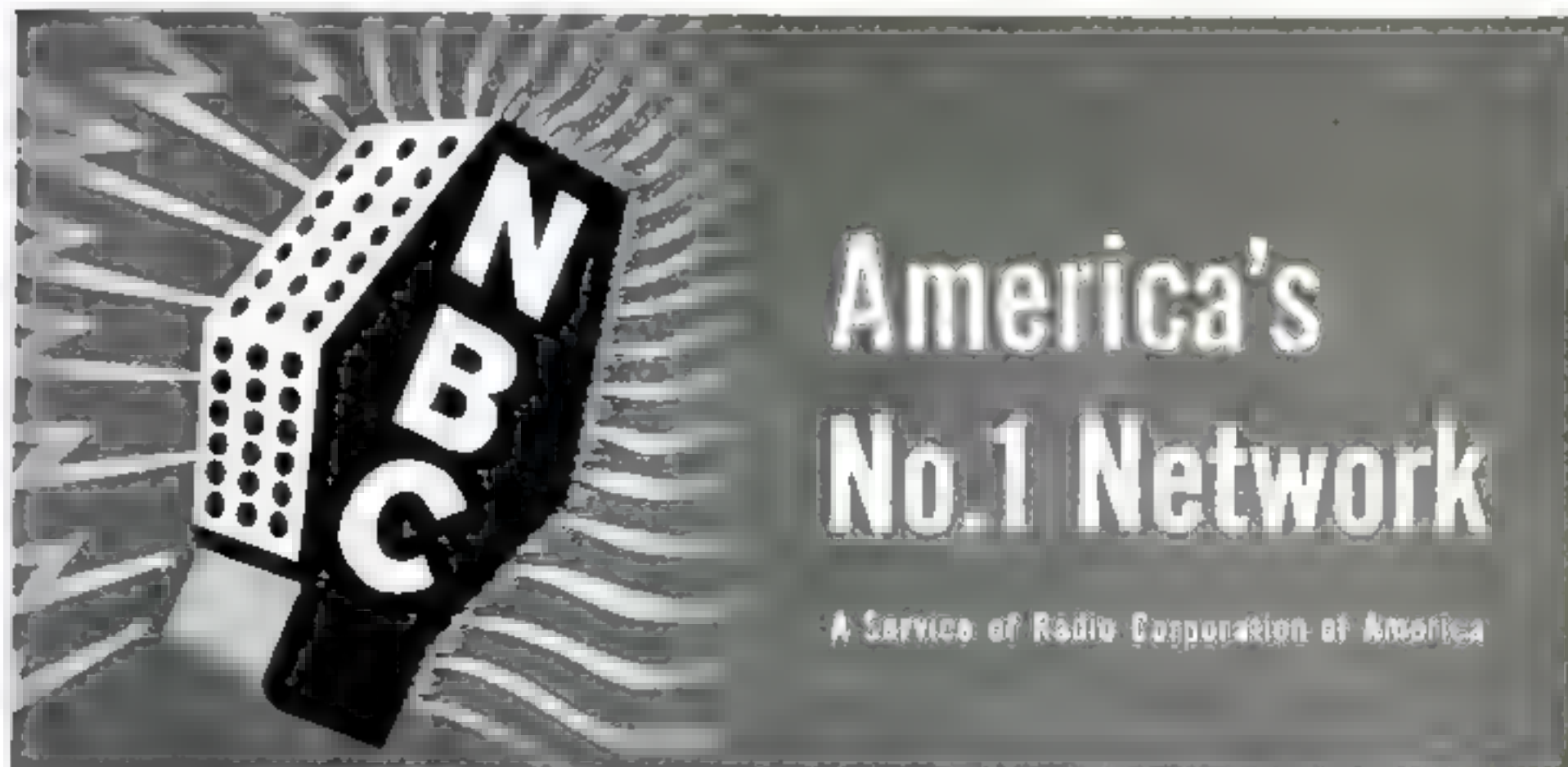


RICHARD HARKNESS



● **TELEVISION NOW.** With NBC, television is an actuality. Presented week after week by its New York station WNBT, programs of visual entertainment, news and public service are regularly being viewed. Here, Robert Sherwood's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" is being televised—a production hailed by the theatrical trade paper,

Variety, as "...Television's greatest play to date." As speedily as conditions permit, NBC will provide more and more homes with sight as well as sound programs covering the whole range of entertainment—will add in visual form still greater pleasure and service to the welcome words, "This... is the National Broadcasting Company."



1945—RADIO'S 25th ANNIVERSARY—PLEDGED TO VICTORY!

WHICH HEART HAD THE BETTER CHANCE?

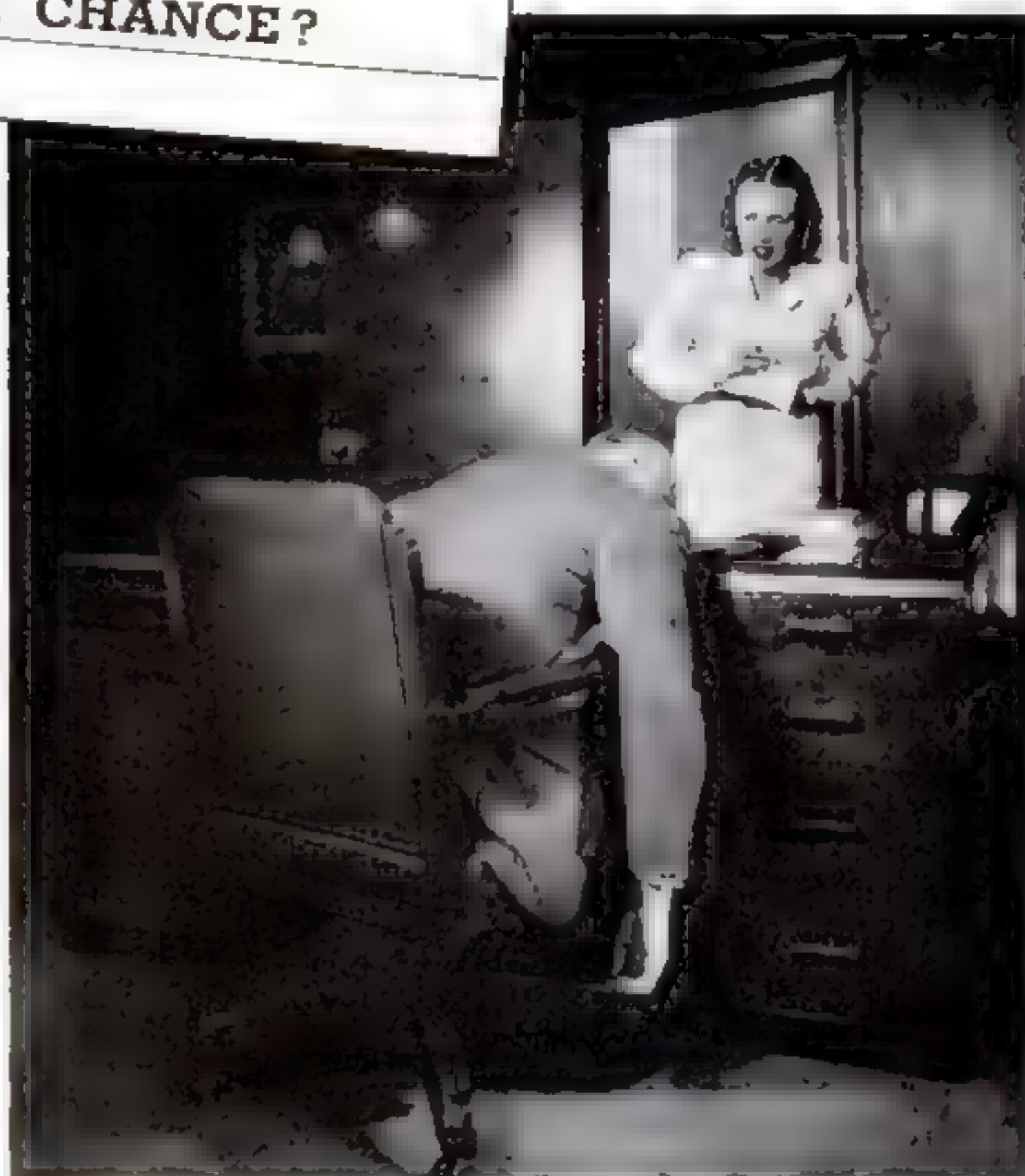


Mr. X.

Aged 55. During March, 1941, had some twinges that made him worry.

Consulted doctor, who told him that he had the beginning of heart trouble. Doctor advised him to slow down a little and told him some special things to be careful about.

Followed doctor's suggestions. Checked with him regularly. Still active on his job and getting a lot of fun out of life.



Mr. Y.

Aged 55. During March, 1941, had some twinges, but decided they were probably indigestion.

Although twinges recurred occasionally, he felt he was "too busy to do anything about it."

Kept leading a strenuous life until three months ago, when he collapsed in the office and died suddenly from heart disease.

THERE are more deaths every year from heart disease than from any other cause.

A talk with the doctor will do much to relieve anxiety. It can do more than that...

Many men and women with heart

trouble—properly cared for by a physician—live long and useful lives.

Go to see the doctor at his office, if you can. And telephone first. This will help him plan his work and serve more patients.

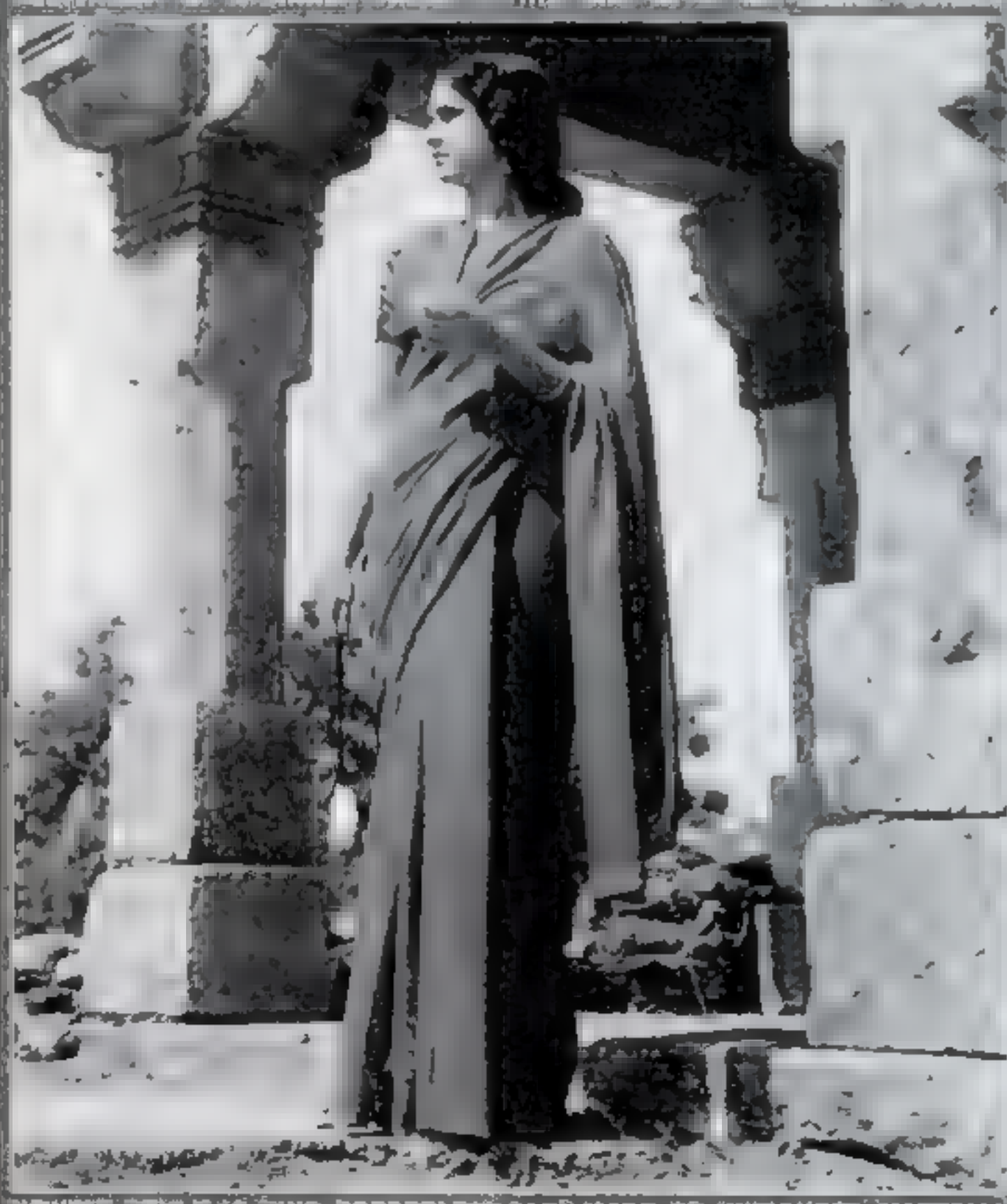
A HEALTHY NATION FIGHTS BEST—SEE YOUR DOCTOR

PHARMACEUTICALS • BIOLOGICALS • SURGICAL DRESSINGS

**PARKE, DAVIS
& COMPANY**

RESEARCH AND MANUFACTURING LABORATORIES
DETROIT 22, MICHIGAN

Advertisement No. 196 in a Parke, Davis & Co. series on the importance of prompt and proper medical care.



INDIAN SARIS

Hindu dress is made by draping length of material on the body

In India a woman can buy a new dress and never worry about the style or fit. That is because nearly all Indian women wear a garment called a sari, which looks complicated but is merely a long straight piece of material draped around the body. The two most popular ways of wearing a sari are 1) thrown over the left shoulder (*left*) or 2) thrown over the head (*right*). LIFE Photographer Jack Wilkes took these pictures of saris and how to wear them (*see following pages*)

in India for the benefit of U.S. women who have been receiving saris from soldiers in the CBI theater.

Although a sari looks like a ballroom gown, Indian women wear it with equal ease for housework or playing tennis. A well-to-do woman usually has about 100 saris ranging from \$5 cotton prints to \$300 cloth-of-gold ones. When the owner needs cash she can take one of her expensive saris to a dealer, who weighs it and buys it back for amount of silver or gold in it.

FALSE TEETH WEARERS



How YOU Can Avoid
The Danger of
DENTURE BREATH

Don't blame your son, Mister, if he shies away! He *wants* to be affectionate! But even his little nose can't take your . . . Denture Breath. Avoid offending this way. Don't trust brushing your

denture with ordinary cleansers that scratch plate material. Such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

PLAY SAFE—SOAK DENTURES IN POLIDENT DAILY

It's Easy! It's Quick!

Soak your plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or overnight . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.

NO BRUSHING



What's more . . . your plate material is 80 times softer than natural teeth, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders and soaps often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your

plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident, there's no danger. Besides, the safe Polident way is so easy and sure!



Later—Now it's real fun—for Dad and son! No offensive Denture Breath to spoil that precious partnership. He's one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sparkling clean, odor-free. If you wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe. Use Polident every day to help maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate. Costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters; 30¢, 60¢.

NEW!
Another
Polident Product
DENTU-GRIP
Fluoride Powder to
Hold Plates Tight

Use POLIDENT Daily TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES
CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!

Indian Saris CONTINUED



THIS IS A SIX-YARD-LONG, 45-INCH-WIDE SARI BEFORE IT IS DRAPED

THE SARI MUST BE ARTFULLY DRAPED

Any woman who gets a sari as a souvenir from India should know that before attempting to drape it around her body she must put on a blouse and a petticoat with a tight drawstring. The only thing which holds the sari in place is the petticoat string. By adroitly tucking the sari material in at the waist, it can be made to hug the hips tightly yet ripple at the front in loose, graceful pleats. A blouse, long or short sleeved, is needed or the wearer would be partly exposed from the waist up. The blouse usually contrasts in color with the sari. A modern note is the short, naked-midriff blouse which exposes about an inch of brown skin between the blouse and skirt. A bordered sari is easier to wear than one without a border, as the weight of the border makes it hang better. The long, flowing lines of a sari give grace to both fat and thin women when standing or walking, but when sitting the folds of material make them bulge in front.



First step is to tuck the material firmly into the drawstring of petticoat at front.



Sari is then wound around waist counterclockwise, tucked in once all around

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

LOOK TO THE LEADER FOR PROGRESS

Young America is for . . .

wilson

When one name marks vast quantities of the sports equipment that Young America is using—that's acceptance • And when the name on that equipment is "Wilson," you can accept it as the unfailing mark of what's newest and best in modern equipment for modern play. Wilson equipment is needed to serve our boys in training camps, rest areas, convalescent hospitals and rehabilitation centers, so there is little available for civilians these days. But when the war is over, you'll find plenty of new Wilson equipment. And you'll enjoy many innovations created by the Wilson staff during the war years • Wilson Sporting Goods Co., and Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

CHAMPIONSHIP
Wilson
APP. U.S. L.T.A.
100% WOOL

SQUIRE



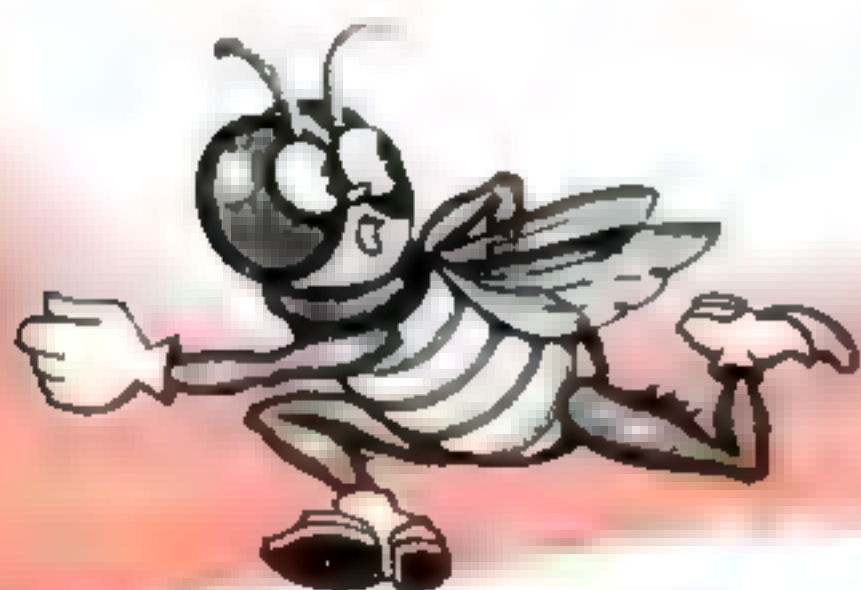
IT'S WILSON TODAY

IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

“G’BYE BOYS,
IT’S

Bug-a-boo

SUPER INSECT SPRAY”



SUPER-STRONG! SUPER-SURE!

**Bug-a-boo
Kills All 9***

The Government has pretty stiff requirements for a top-grade insect spray! But Socony-Vacuum made Bug-a-boo far more powerful—so powerful it brings sure death not to just a few pests—but to the 9 most troublesome ones! (See listing below.)

Easy to use—just spray it on. Won't stain fabrics, wallpaper, furnishings—won't harm you or your pets, when used as directed. Pleasantly scented, too. Get Bug-a-boo today—don't take chances with sprays that merely stun pests. Remember—Bug-a-boo means sure kill!

At drug, department, grocery and hardware stores



THE SIGN THE

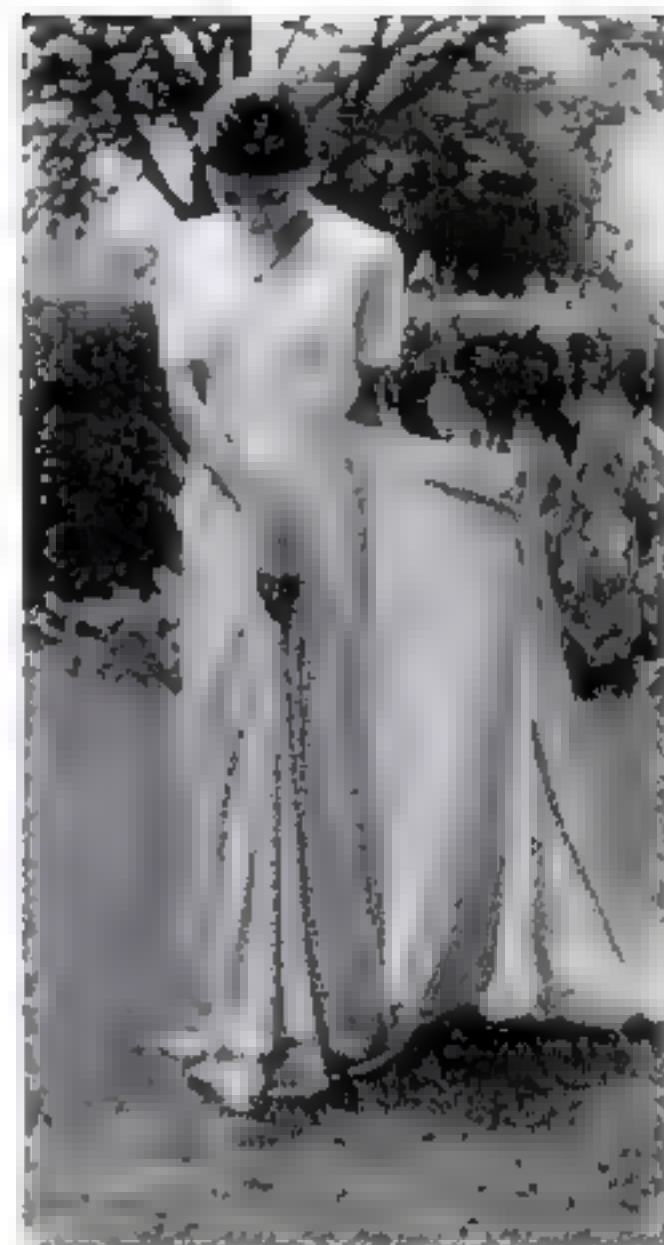


NATION KNOWS

Also: Bug-a-boo Victory Garden Spray • Bug-a-boo Moth Crystals



With the right hand a row of pleats is made across the front to give it fullness.



Pleated portion in front is then tucked tightly into waistband of the petticoat.



Remaining portion of the sari (2 to 2½ yards) is drawn across back and to right.



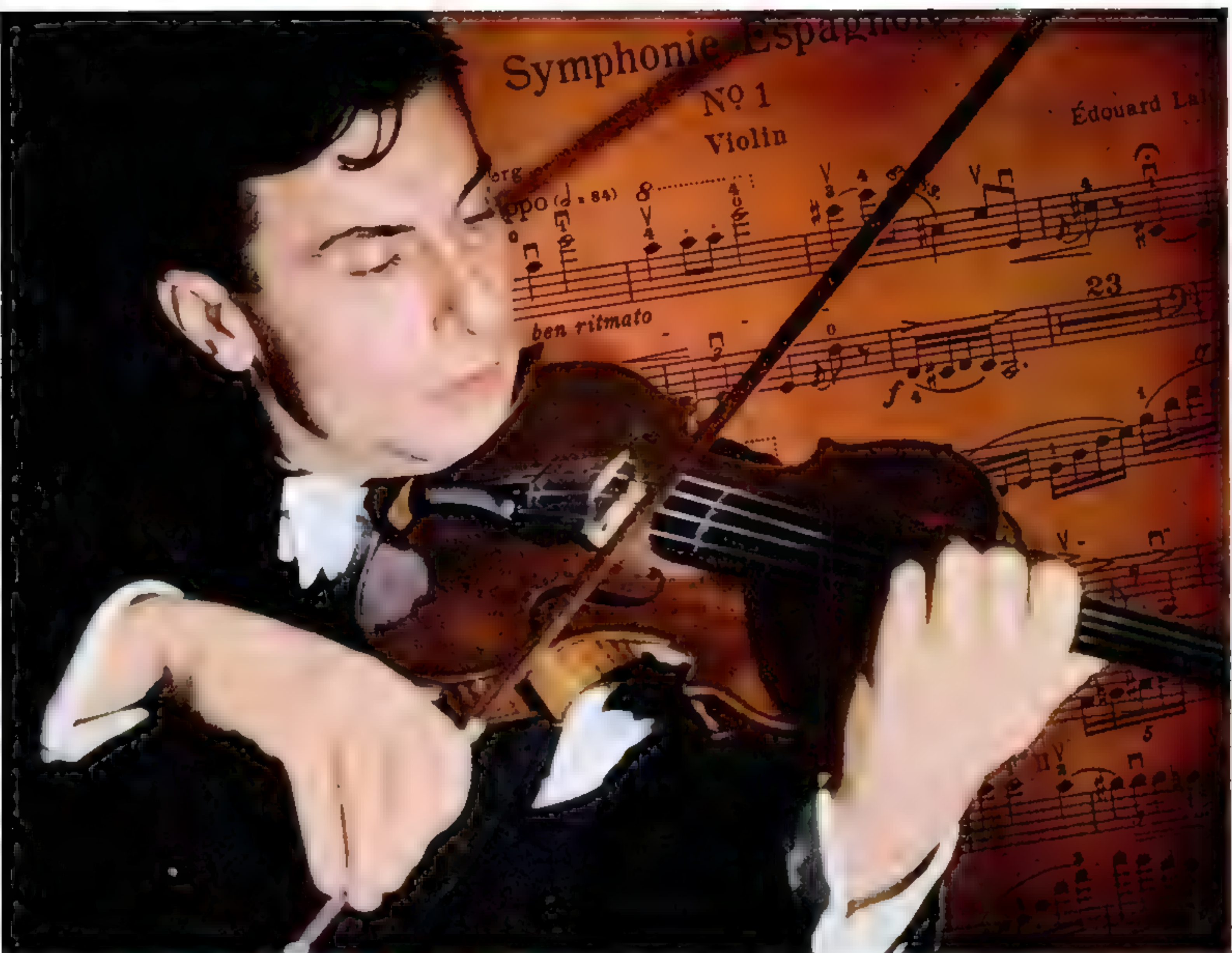
Left hand gathers up the sari, pulls it diagonally across front to the left shoulder.



Both hands next pick up the border and place it casually, gracefully over head.



Head-covering sari (above) is usual on street, is worn over the shoulder indoors.



Nathan Milstein

The Master Violin Virtuoso now records for Columbia
Édouard Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," with the great
Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy

• Édouard Lalo's melodious *Symphonie Espagnole* is, in essence, a violin virtuoso's dream. It was, in fact, composed by Lalo for the great Spanish violinist, Pablo de Sarasate. And never, in its seventy-one years' history, has it been more beautifully interpreted than in this Columbia Masterworks recording by the distinguished violinist, Nathan Milstein, and the famed Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy.

Milstein's brilliant technique and power of interpretation are expressed in other great Columbia recordings . . . in Tchaikovsky's *Concerto in D Major*, with the Chicago Symphony, conducted by Stock . . . in Bruch's *Concerto No. 1 in G Minor*, with the Philharmonic-Symphony

Orchestra of New York, conducted by Barbirolli . . . and in Wieniawski's *Scherzo Tarantelle*, Op. 16 and Suk's *Burleska*, Op. 17, with Balsam, Piano.

Like so many other great artists, Nathan Milstein and The Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy, now record exclusively on Columbia Masterworks Records. And Columbia's lamination process solves

the twin paradoxical problems of combining surface tone quality with enduring strength. A core of sturdy, durable materials is faced with layers of highly sensitized materials—to provide the exclusive Sensitone-Surface, rich in tone and amazingly free from needle noise. On Columbia Masterworks Records Great Music Is More Faithfully Yours.

COLUMBIA
Masterworks
RECORDS

Trade Marks "Columbia," "Masterworks" and Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Prices shown are subject to change.

Columbia Recording Corporation A Subsidiary of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc. Name of "Symphonie Espagnole," by courtesy of publisher, G. Schirmer, Inc.



Nelson Eddy (Baritone): *By Request*, album of eight favorite songs, with orchestra conducted by Robert Armbruster. Set M-571 . . . \$3.50
Concert Encores, with orch. cond. by Armbruster. Set M-507 . . . \$3.50



Edward Kilenyi (Piano): Chopin's *Concerto No. 1 in E Minor*, Op. 11, with the Minneapolis Symphony Orch., Mitropoulos cond. Set M-MM-515. \$4.50
Chopin's brilliant, imaginative *Etudes*, Op. 25, Set M-473 . . . \$3.50



Lily Pons (Soprano): Two famous coloratura arias: *Bell Song* from Delibes' *Lakme*; *Mad Scene* from Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Set M-MM-561. \$3.50
Four arias from Donizetti's *Daughter of the Regiment*. Set M-206 . . . \$2.50



Felix Weingartner cond. Vienna Phil. Orch.: Beethoven's *Symph. No. 9 in D Minor* ("Choral"), with Vienna State Opera Chorus. Set M-MM-227 . . . \$8.50
Beethoven's *Symph. No. 3 in E-flat Major* ("Eroica"). Set M-MM-285 . . . \$6.50



Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra in Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No. 4 in F Minor*, Op. 36. Set M-MM-468 . . . \$9.50
Bach's *Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor* (arr., Mitropoulos). Set M-MM-244. \$2.50

**"LOTS OF ROOM . . .
C'MON ALONG"**

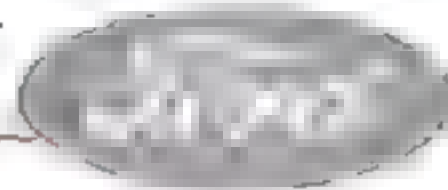


There's a *Ford* in your future!

WHEN America's biggest job is done, a smart new Ford will point the way to pleasures now denied you. And you will want to share them. . . . Here will be a handsome car. Big and roomy—rich with comfort. Behind the wheel you'll find new driving pleasure. It will be so nimble—so responsive. Difficult parking problems will yield to its easy handling.

. . . Naturally, this new car will be thrifty and reliable. All the skill and experience which Ford has gained in more than 40 years assure you this. . . . How soon? Whenever we get the "green light" we'll start our production plans. Meanwhile the full Ford resources are engaged in speeding final Victory. **FORD MOTOR COMPANY**

"THE FORD SHOW", Brilliant singing stars, orchestra and chorus. Every Sunday, NBC network. 2:00 P. M., E. W. T., 1:00 P. M., C. W. T., 12:00 M., M. W. T., 11:00 A. M., P. W. T.





A 5-HOUR-OLD KARAKUL, CLAD IN GLOSSY BLACK THAT AN HEIRESS MIGHT ENVY, CALMLY SURVEYS A WORLD WHICH FOR HIM WILL PROBABLY END IN A WEEK

KARAKUL SHEEP

Their pelts' changing figurations
bring early death but good profit

Most karakul lambs born in the U.S. lead short and not noticeably merry lives. This is because their pelts undergo curious, almost hourly changes that affect their value as future fur coats. The pelt of a prematurely born karakul produces costly Broadtail. When it curls tightly, two to five days after normal birth, it becomes Persian Lamb. Soon after, the curls open and it is Caracul (see p. 66).

Karakul sheep originated in the Karakul Valley of Russia, near the Caspian Sea. Until recent years all

karakul pelts were imported—about 4,000,000 each year. But experiments have proved the sheep thrive in the U.S. and now about 8,000 pelts are produced here annually, from Texas to Minnesota. Karakuls are harder than many types of sheep, their broad, fatty tails supplying an energy reserve when grazing is scant. Three out of four lambs are killed, the remainder being kept for breeding. Though not a delicacy, their meat is wholesome, their milk makes cheese, and their coarse wool makes fine rugs and blankets.



"You measure up to my ideal, too,
since you got rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'!"

MAKE THE BEST OF YOURSELF!

Keep face-nea longer by shaving with genuine Gem Blades. Sturdy super-keen Gems positively prevent "5 o'clock Shadow"—give you the utmost in face comfort at little cost. Try a pack of Gem Blades today!

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH



GEM
RAZORS and BLADES



LISTEN TO
THE
FALCON



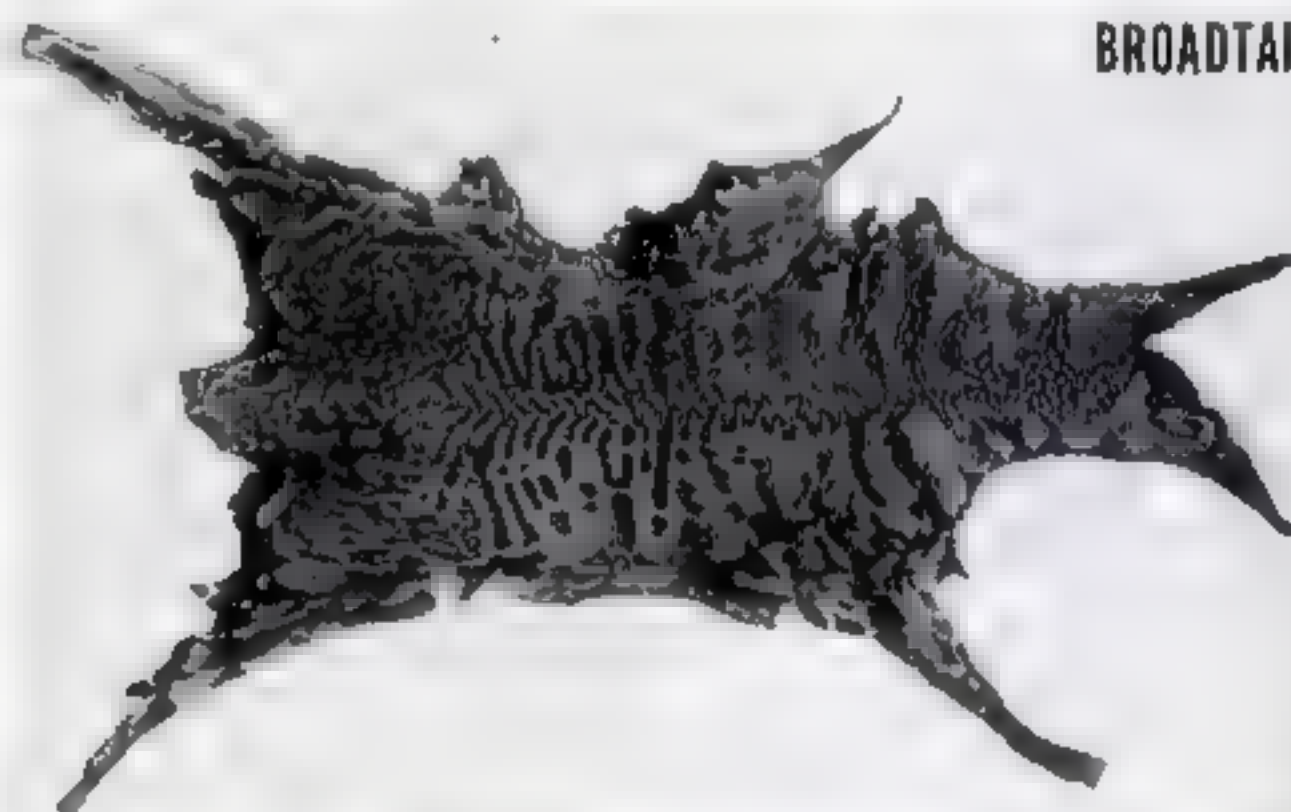
EVERY TUESDAY
EVENING OVER
MUTUAL NETWORK

Karakul Sheep CONTINUED



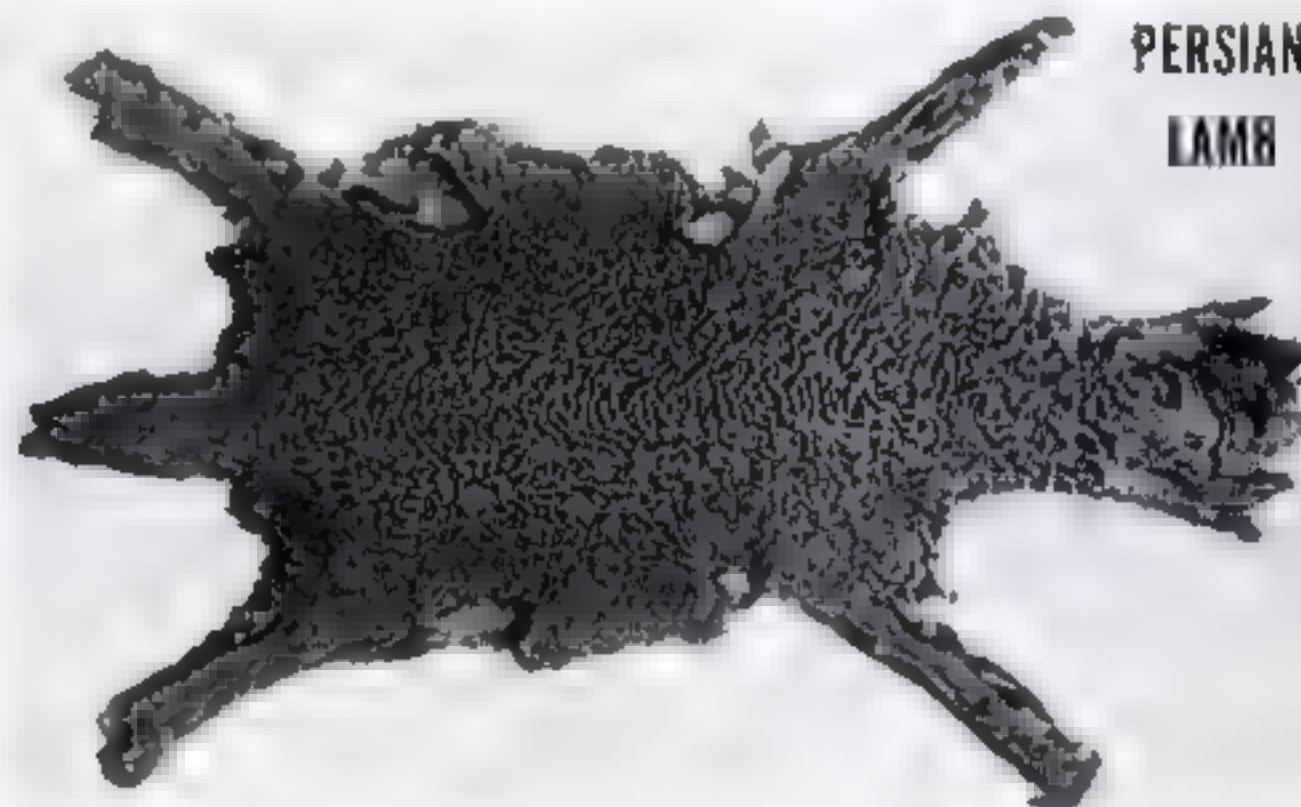
Fur samples are compared with newborn lamb's coat by experts in Department of Agriculture's Research Center, Beltsville, Md. Result decides how long he lives.

BROADTAIL



Flat, lightweight fur of the prematurely born lamb, which is always very rare, has a water-wave pattern and high luster. A Broadtail coat retails at \$1,500 to \$3,500.

PERSIAN LAMB



Tight curls begin opening rapidly after fifth day of a lamb's life, hence require careful watching for well-timed killing. A Persian Lamb coat costs from \$400 to \$1,500.

KARACUL



Wavy pattern replaces tight curls in about two weeks after birth. A few months later the black pelts begin turning gray or brown. A Karacul coat costs \$400 to \$1,250.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

Major and M
of Stonybr
annou
of

Later!

HIS ORDERS RECEIVED
Patricia Hicks Weds
Lt. William Michael Miller
Service Orders brought a quick change of
wedding date for Patricia and Bill—as
for so many engaged couples right now.

Patricia
to
William Michael Miller
11th M.C.R.



COME AND HELP! Patricia puts in as much work on her college farm as an accelerated course of studies allows time for. Victory Gardens are more important than ever this year, and farms need workers to help raise and harvest vital crops. Perhaps this is a war job you can do. Ask the Women's Land Army in your locality where you can help this summer.



Patricia Hicks—shining red-gold hair, brown eyes, translucently clear complexion!

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

"Bill was introduced to me at the Biltmore a year ago last October, and our engagement was announced this January when he was training at Quantico," Patricia told us.

She is very young and very lovely—another darling girl with a charming soft-smooth Pond's look about her exquisitely cared-for skin.

"I'm ever so grateful to Pond's Cold Cream," she confided. "It has such a nice way of giving my face a clean, fresh, smooth look. I try never to miss my twice-a-day creamings with Pond's."

How Patricia uses Pond's...

She slips Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream all over her face and throat, patting gently to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

She rinses with more luscious Pond's Cold Cream, sending cream-tipped fingers quickly round and round her face. "This double Pond's creaming makes all the difference," Patricia says. "Leaves my skin feeling ever so much cleaner and softer."



You'll love a big, luxury-size jar!

Use Pond's her way—every night and morning, for clean-ups during the day, too. It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Ask for a luxurious big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll enjoy dipping the fingers of both hands in the wide-topped big Pond's jar.



HER RING—on Christmas Eve, Bill gave Patricia this beautiful ring—a round diamond in a platinum setting.

A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
Lady Edward Montagu
Miss Theodora Roosevelt
Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.
Joyce, Countess Howe
Miss Evelyn Byrd LaPrade

Even faces
as rough as this



feel almost as
smooth as hers



after a cool,
cool Ingram
shave...



● Soothing as a cool, white hand and quick as a minute...that's wonderful, latherful Ingram! Helps condition your skin for the blade while it wits your wiry whiskers. Cools burning nicks and stings while you shave. And ...leaves your face cool as a morning in May! Treat your face to Ingram tomorrow! Get Ingram today!



INGRAM

SHAVING CREAM

Product of Bristol-Myers

Karakul Sheep CONTINUED



A lamb dies painlessly by having his windpipe slit when close observation reveals that his pelt has grown as large as is consistent with the degree of curliness desired.



A single pelt is modeled by worker in the Agriculture Department, which does extensive experimenting with karakuls at Beltsville. Single pelts sell for \$8 to \$35.

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!



YOU NEED SHINOLA

● Even your best friends don't hesitate to put you on the spot when you slip up on your grooming. But aside from the appearance of your shoes, the care you give shoes has a lot to do with the wear you get from them. It will pay you to KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA.

Summer note: For the care of white shoes, remember to ask for SHINOLA WHITE. It's easy to put on, but hard to rub off.



IN CANADA IT'S 2 IN 1



A CANARY entrances JOAN BENNETT

Starring in William Goetz's production "WOMAN IN THE WINDOW." And you, too, will thrill to the joy a Canary brings in these trying days. Buy a Canary and keep a song in your home! Be sure to feed your Canary FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Biscuit...the 4 to 1 favorite in Hollywood, and the largest-selling brand in the U.S.



OWN A CANARY... THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS!

Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 16 of a series, Navy Amphibious Command.



Traffic Cop of Invasion—that's the Navy Beachmaster! He comes ashore with one of the first waves of fighters to direct the landing of troops, weapons and supplies. One of his crew "broadcasts" his commands over a powerful loudspeaker. Keeping order in the midst of seeming chaos, he speeds the taking of another stepping stone to Victory.

Until the war is won, Western Electric will continue to supply vast quantities of "battle talk" equipment to our armed forces. Then—and only then—can we return fully to our primary job of producing equipment for the Bell Telephone System.



Western Electric

IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.



**You've got a part
in his job!**

He works for days at a stretch getting guns, tanks, ammunition, gasoline, food, medical stores and countless other supplies ashore. Our fighters must have more and more of these things. *Buy more War Bonds—and keep all you buy!*





A new summer dress? Yes, sirree!
Hope you think it's becoming on me;
Expensive? I'll say!
But I saved for it each day
By shopping at our A&P!

Both Molly and Polly agree
They adore iced A&P tea —
For there's fragrance and flavor
And thrift in its favor,
Not counting its coolness, you see!

Warm weather's no worry to me,
My marketing's cool and carefree;
I shop every day,
The quick, easy way;
One stop at my big A&P!

No wonder women agree

It's time to turn to A&P...



Don't let wartime shortages limit variety in your menus! Shop at your A&P Super Market... where you'll find hundreds upon hundreds of fine foods to help you plan delicious meals. You'll enjoy plenty of savings, too, for A&P prices are really attractive.

Yes, marketing from A&P's shelves, bins, and displays, planning menus as you market, is your

guarantee of good meals and big savings.

Visit your nearby A&P Super Market next time you shop. See the variety... compare the prices... check the quality... and we're sure you'll agree... *It's Time To Turn To A&P!*

A&P SUPER MARKETS



• Mayfair, Nectar and Our Own Teas
• White House Evaporated Milk

• Eight O'clock, Red Circle and Baker Coffees
• 33 Ann Page Foods
• Sunnybrook Eggs

• Marvel Enriched Bread and Rolls
• Mel-O-Bit Cheese

• Jane Parker Cakes and Donuts
• Sunnyfield Butter and many other fine, exclusive foods.





FROM A NICHE IN ROCKEFELLER CHAPEL TOWER ST. THOMAS AQUINAS GAZES DOWN UPON THE GOTHIC TOWERS AND GABLES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

University of Chicago

Amid clashing intellects it forms a new pattern for U. S. education

On the South Side of Chicago, along the Midway where Little Egypt danced the hootchy-kootchy at the 1893 World's Fair, sits the University of Chicago. It is Gothic, grassy and tree shaded, populated by unhatted boys and short-skirted girls. In appearance it differs little from any large, privately endowed American university. But in purpose and spirit the difference is great. Its purpose is to shorten and put to better use the time a student spends getting a college degree. Its spirit is beligerent and has turned the university into a battleground between advocates and opponents of "practical" education. In a time when most American universities have been too weighed down by war to move resolutely in any direction, the University of Chicago has been charging toward a new kind of higher education.

Chicago starts out being different the day it admits students. When a prospective Chicago stu-

dent thinks he—or she—is ready for college, he may apply whether he has had two or three or four years of high school education. If tests prove him ready, he enters and studies for four, three or two years, the idea being to have him spend a total of six years in high school and college instead of the usual eight. When he finishes the Chicago College course, he gets a standard bachelor of arts degree.

At college the Chicago student joins in the raging battle of educational theories. The university chancellor, Robert Maynard Hutchins, is against the "practical" education aimed at helping a student in a specific career. He believes ideas are more important than facts in the creation of a successful society or happy man, that the great writings of the past should be the basis of education. He is an advocate of the theory that a man will be better equipped to live and work successfully in a democ-

racy if he reads Plato's *Republic* than if he knows how to build an internal combustion engine. This belief is certainly open to modification and question, and many Chicago professors have questioned it apoplectically. Nor have students taken Mr. Hutchins' word that Plato and St. Thomas Aquinas are more useful reading than Brookings Institution reports. They have read both to find out.

At present Chicago's summer school, oldest in America, is in full swing. Even before the war year-round study was the rule for a large number of undergraduates. This does not mean that Chicago students are intrinsically smarter or more thoughtful than other Americans their age. But they do lead livelier intellectual lives. The shorter educational span releases them earlier into the world to work and marry. Therefore, they are less restless at college and, at graduation, even the youngest know at least as much as any of their contemporaries.



ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS, Yale '21, used to be called the "boy wonder of U.S. education." Chicago's president since 1929, he has just been named chancellor.

The chancellor and faculty are its greatest assets

Spirit and purpose can generate educational energy in a university but the device which harnesses and directs it is the university's faculty. On these pages are pictured members of Chicago's faculty, one of the most awesome collections of brains ever set before the camera. Opinions on college faculties vary but most experts agree that Harvard and Chicago have the two best in America. Since Chicago is 54 years old and Harvard 309, this equality is surprising. The reason is that Chicago's first president, William Rainey Harper, combed campuses of the U.S. and Europe for professors, offering them high pay. The money was provided by John D. Rockefeller, who risked an initial \$600,000 on Harper, gave \$35,000,000 more before he died. His foundations have added about \$45,000,000 more. When singing the doxology in Rockefeller Chapel, students sometimes intone, "Praise John, from whom oil blessings flow."

Chicago's first great faculty included such giants as Physicist Albert Michelson, winner of America's first scientific Nobel Prize for measuring the speed of light, Orientalist James Henry Breasted and Philosopher John Dewey, father of progressive education and now the great opponent of Robert Hutchins' educational theories. On the present faculty are two Nobel Prize men, Franck and Compton, and authorities on everything from the mathematical niceties of genetics (Wright) to prostate cancer (Huggins), to the American class system (Warner), to the intellectual complications of logical positivism (Carnap). Eminent scholars like these are more important to a university's well-being than grounds, buildings and money lumped into one. "A college teaches; a university both teaches and learns," Chancellor Hutchins has said. Though some of these men teach no students and spend all their time studying, their knowledge and thirst for knowledge influence the smallest freshman, for they are the university's lifeblood. The bitterest opposition to Hutchins has come from within his own faculty, but he has taken it in his stride. Only last week he put into effect a reorganization of the university whereby he ascends to the newly created post of chancellor, leaving administrative routine in the hands of a new president, Ernest C. Colwell. Thus Hutchins will be free to devote his full time and effort to making Chicago an even more effective educational force.



FIFTY OF CHICAGO'S MOST BRILLIANT PROFESSORS, clad in full academic regalia, sit for a group portrait in Hutchinson Commons. Reading from left to right, the scholars and their fields of study are as follows:

Bottom row: Mortimer J. Adler (philosophy of law) (see pp 74-75); Thomas Verner Smith (philosophy); James Franck (physical chemistry, photosynthesis); Arthur Holly Compton (physics, cosmic rays); Anton J. Carlson (physiology); Charles E. Merriam (political science); Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins; Robert Redfield (anthropology); Emory T. Filbey (educational administration); Rudolf Carnap (philosophy); A. Eustace Haydon (comparative religion); Heinrich Klüver (psychology).

Second row: William H. Taliaferro (parasitology); William Zachariasen (physics);



Frank Knight (social sciences); Edith Abbott (social service administration); Robert Mulliken (physics); M. Edward Davis (obstetrics and gynecology); Ralph Tyler (education); William D. Harkins (chemistry); William Bloom (anatomy); Ernest C. Colwell (New Testament), who has recently been appointed president of the university; Arthur Dempster (physics); Stephen Polyak (anatomy); Wilber G. Katz (law).

Third row: Earl Evans Jr. (biochemistry); R. Wendell Harrison (bacteriology); Alfred Emerson (zoology); G. A. Borgese (Italian literature); Frank Lillie (embryology); Ezra Kraus (botany); John Wilson (Egyptology); Charles Huggins (surgery); Sewall Wright (genetics); Clarence Faust (English); Sophonisba Breckinridge (social service administration); Oscar Lange (economics); Gilbert Bliss (mathematics).

Top row: W. Lloyd Warner (anthropology); Fred Adair (obstetrics and gynecology); Eugene M. K. Geiling (pharmacology); Louis Thurstone (psychology and intelligence testing); Fred Koch (biochemistry); Sheldon Tefft (law); William F. Ogburn (sociology); Arnold B. Luckhardt (physiology); Melvin Kniscly (anatomy); T. O. Yntema (statistics); Norman L. Bowen (geology and paleontology); Carl R. Moore (zoology).

Above and behind the gentlemen of the faculty hang portraits of William Rainey Harper, the "steam engine in pants" who was first president of the University of Chicago (*left*); Martin Ryerson, steel magnate and early trustee (*right*), and between them John D. Rockefeller (portrait painted in 1894), university's greatest financial benefactor.

Its most famous course is one on the "great books"

The educational ideas of Chancellor Robert Hutchins are most intensely expressed in the College's most famous course on the so-called "great books." This is a seminar, conducted by Mortimer J. Adler, which is based entirely on the reading and discussion of classic writings. The great books course is one of Chicago's hardest. There are long assignments in Greek and Roman authors and philosophers of the pre-Christian era. Once every week for two hours some 20 students meet around a large table and pick each other's brains dry on the assignment. The discussions, directed by a man who has written best sellers on such sweeping topics as *How to Read a Book* and *How to Think About War and Peace*, are searching, involved, frequently violent. Chancellor Hutchins used to co-conduct with Adler but he has become too busy and his place has been taken by Milton Mayer, a sharp-tongued layman who tries (often in vain) to keep the discussion down to earth. After sitting in for one session of this course, Westbrook Pegler remarked, "I fell off at the first turn."



PROFESSOR ADLER opens the discussion. Assignment was on Plato. Adler is placing before class the philosophical question: Is punishment an important part of education?



HE ENLARGES HIS VIEWS and explains the particular points which Plato made. The students are listening to him, taking notes and preparing to argue back at him.



FINISHED WITH PRELIMINARIES, Adler asks boy at left what he thinks. Milton Mayer (center) is listening, ready to call a halt if students or Adler get too abstruse.



GREAT BOOKS COURSE MEETS around an enormous table. Co-instructors Milton Mayer and Mortimer J. Adler sit at far end of table and lead discussion while students



GIRL LISTENS attentively to the boy's answer. He has the same opinion as she, but leaves out certain points. She looks annoyed at him and prepares to speak for herself.



listen, write, argue or twiddle their thumbs. In addition to Plato and Aristotle, students read Sophocles, Euripides, Herodotus, Thucydides, Euclid, Nicomachus, Galen and Plu-

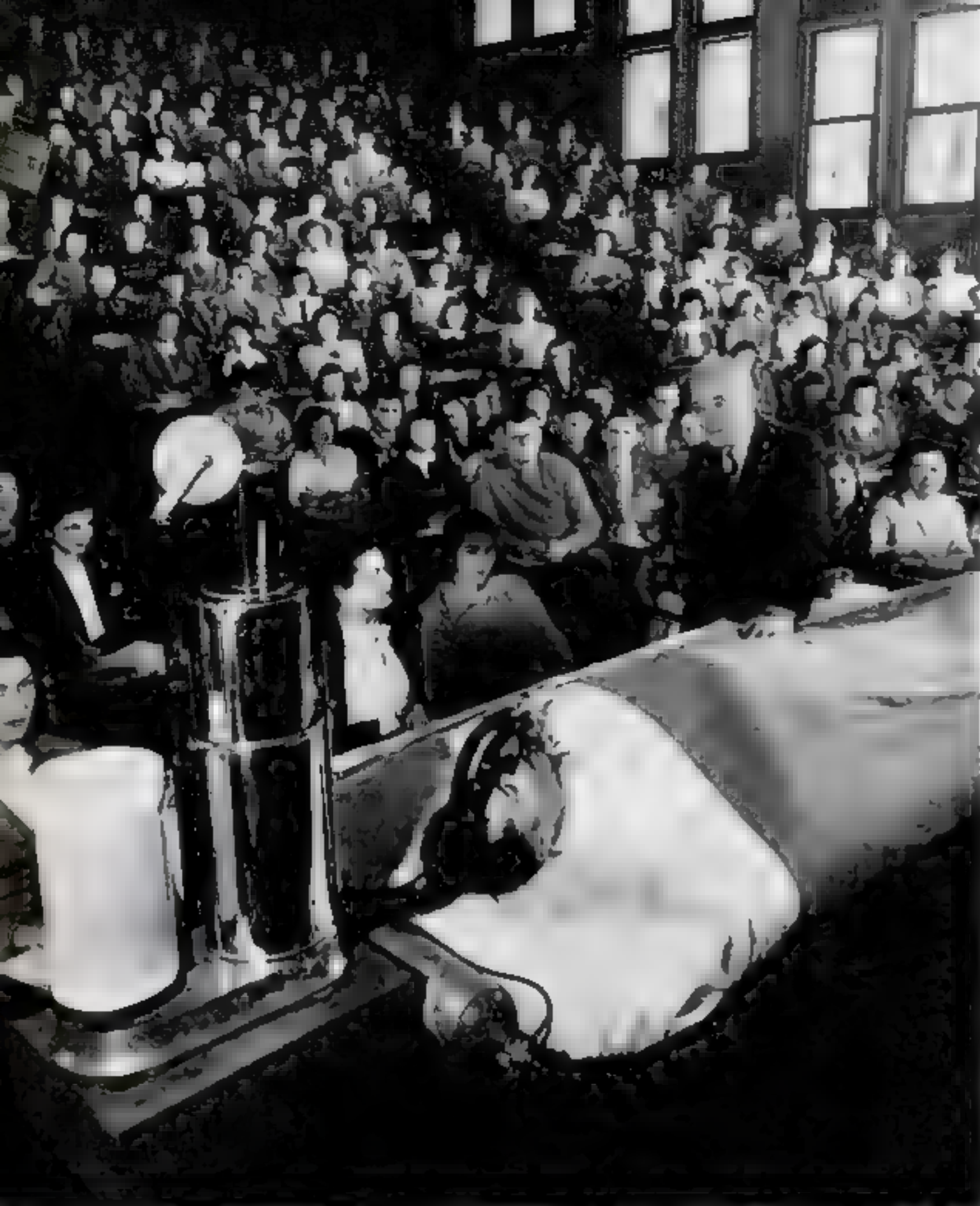
tarch's *Tires*. Books under discussion were Plato's *Allegory* and *Protagoras*. The class is not held during the summer session because Law Professor Adler teaches other courses.



ONCE RECOGNIZED, girl says she has little faith in punishment. In her experience caring for children, punishment is less successful than other methods of persuasion.



ANOTHER GIRL KNITS placidly through it all, with her face and mind undisturbed by argument. When someone tells her the wrong way, she will spring into action.



BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES LECTURE has Professor Anton J. Carlson discussing the body's metabolic needs as students watch lab assistant undergo a basal metabolism test.



PHYSICAL SCIENCES LECTURE has instructor conducting the air-pressure experiments of Magdeburg hemispheres (left), crumpling of tin can, balance in vacuum (right).

University of Chicago CONTINUED

"Survey" courses complete its pattern for education

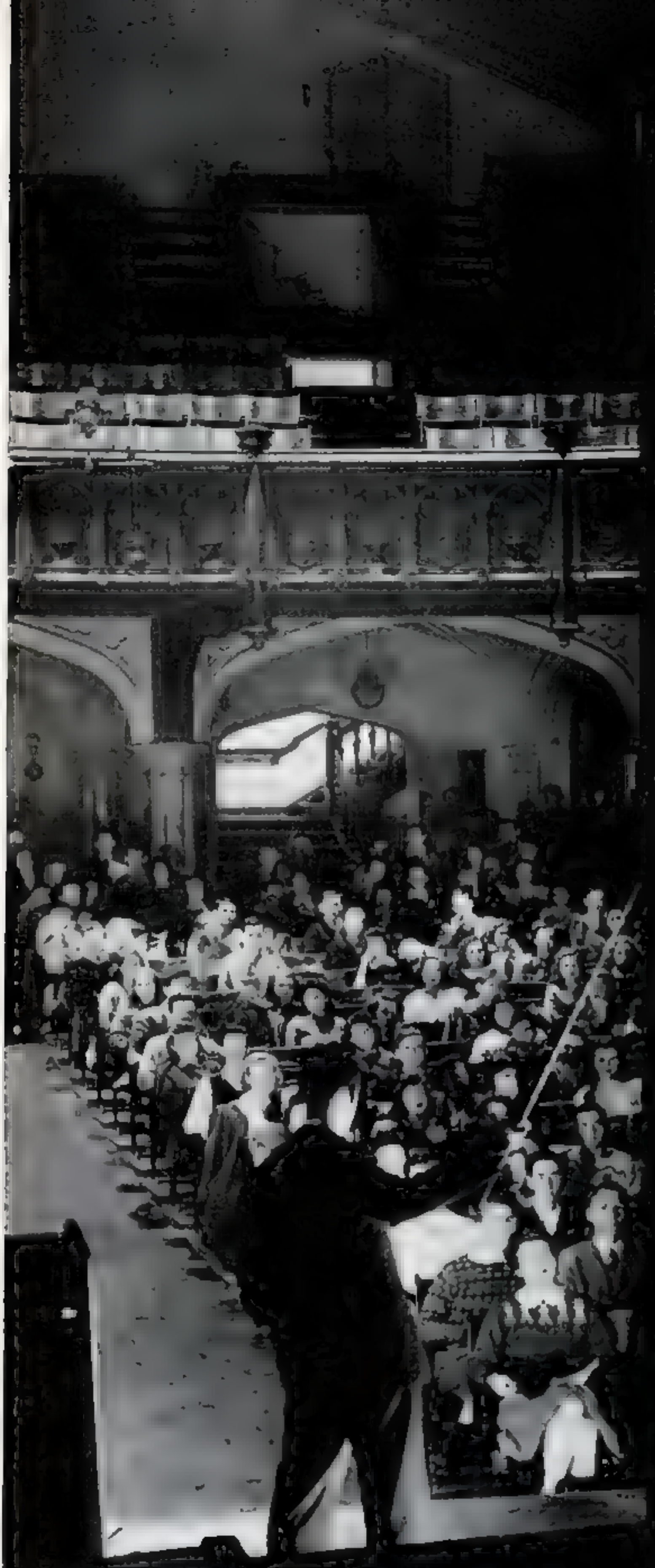
A basic feature of Chicago's College curriculum is a set of general, or "survey," courses in the four main branches of liberal learning—the physical, biological and social sciences and the humanities. They serve to give students a wide background in special fields of interest while assuring that different bits of knowledge are set in the pattern of the students' final needs. A future chemical engineer, for example, would take physical sciences course, study physics, chemistry, mathematics, geology all in the one course. A student of U. S. history would take the social sciences, study economics, sociology, anthropology and literature for background. If the student does not wish to go on to graduate school after college, the survey course has given him a good framework in the field of his chief interest and he can build on that framework at leisure. If the student wishes to earn an M.A. or Ph.D., he can begin specialized study immediately because the foundation has been laid. Hutchins believes that such courses may remedy two outstanding defects among U. S. college alumni—not enough educated B.A.'s and too many uneducated Ph.D.'s.

If the Chicago plan for a college education is to become widespread, it will involve a complete revamping of U. S. high schools and undergraduate schools so that the process of acquiring knowledge which now takes eight years may be cut to five or six. If college could be completed at 19 or 20, instead of 22, more people would go to college. This is Hutchins' great end and he believes that his university is showing how to achieve it.

The fact which may gainsay him is that few colleges have faculty, equipment, money or devotion to learning which enrich Chicago. But although Hutchins' plan has worked only under most favorable conditions, once proved it may impose a new pattern for U. S. education—the first since the 1870s when President Eliot overthrew prescribed curricula to establish free election of courses at Harvard. Then Chicago and Hutchins, with their plans and ferments, may take over leadership of U. S. education.



SOCIAL SCIENCES CLASS goes to Chicago's flophouse district with instructor to observe varied present-day living conditions firsthand. Students take many field trips.



Humanities class listens to a slide lecture on classical sculpture

PU YI



The last head of the 300-year-old Manchu dynasty is "Henry" Pu Yi, shy, unhappy puppet of Japan . . . as the Emperor Kang Te of "Manchukuo," he sits on the Orchid Throne and surveys a future as sad as his past

by BEN BRUCE BLAKENEY

The Emperor Kang Te of Manchukuo, better known outside his realm as Henry Pu Yi, has been sitting on one throne or another as long as he can remember, the Orchid Throne which he occupies at present being the third. He cannot, in fact, remember the first time that he became an emperor but, being an earnest student of history, he has read about it. It occurred at midnight on Nov. 14, 1908. The weather was bitter cold and an unseasonal sandstorm raged over Peiping; the Hall of Enthronement was drafty and the yellow lantern light flickered eerily in the dim, dusty vastness, lending an air of furtiveness to the proceedings. The infant boy was dressed in an Imperial yellow robe embroidered with double dragons of gold, a hat adorned with the Flaming Pearl, the world's finest, and a scintillating peacock feather taller than its wearer. It didn't matter to him that he was being placed on the fabulous Dragon Throne of the Manchus, that he was thenceforward no longer a boy but the 2-year-old Son of Heaven, Lord of Ten Thousand Years, Grand Khan of Tatar and Emperor of the Great Pure Realm of China. What mattered to him was that his sleep had been disturbed at an unwonted hour and he was cold and unhappy. So he wailed lustily and most unceasingly; uncomfited by his father's assurances that "It will all soon be ended, son."

Thus did China get her last emperor, Hsuan Tung ("Harbinger of Universality"). The words of his father were prophetic—it was soon ended, in just over three years that time. His second Imperial seat was occupied even more briefly, and the third, though it has supported him for 11 years, is in imminent danger of crumbling.

The Emperor's present throne has this in common with the previous ones, that nobody asked his opinion—they just put him on it for ends of their own, told him to sit there and act like an emperor. Today he is perhaps the world's most disillusioned man. He thought, when he came to this throne, that he was returning to rule in the land of his ancestors, and with modest confidence he hoped to prove himself competent to rule. Instead, as Kang Te he has found that he is only a puppet, a prisoner in his empire, a pathetic, self-effacing nonentity of an emperor, with an empire that is a fake. First and most appealing of the shadow rulers begot by ambitious Nippon, he is the chief pillar of Japan's Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.

His 1908 enthronement was engineered by that formidable old woman, the Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi, disrespectfully known to Peiping as "Old Buddha." This remarkable character, surviving concubine of the Emperor Hsien Feng—who died, probably poisoned by her wish, in 1862—had contrived by a series of incredible machinations to keep a firm grasp on the powers of government for

more than 45 years, making emperors as the need arose, disposing of them when they showed signs of developing independence. Her son, the Emperor Tung Chih, mysteriously died "of smallpox" in 1875; then in 1908 she had to do away with the Emperor Kuang Hsu. In accordance with her practice she hastily selected as successor an infant of 2, which would give her another 14 years of power. Choice of an emperor had to be made from within the Imperial clan, and she picked her grandnephew Pu Yi. But Old Buddha didn't live to enjoy the power which, as her last caprice, she had arranged to exercise; she died on Nov. 15, 1908, the day following Pu Yi's enthronement.

For 16 years thereafter, as infant, boy and young man, he ruled his little empire of the Forbidden City. Peiping, glamorous city of seven names and a thousand hues, dating from around 1000 B.C., was laid out as China's capital by Kublai Khan in the 13th Century and Kublai's city planning has sufficed to the present day. Peiping is composed of the southern Chinese City and the northern Tatar or Manchu City. Within the Tatar City, enclosed by a red-plastered wall, is the square Imperial City, containing residences of Manchu noblemen of the Imperial clan, the Imperial Sea Palaces, lakes fed by canal from the Jade Fountain in the Western Hills and scores of temples—Lamaist, Buddhist, Taoist, even a Catholic cathedral. But, center of centers, within the Imperial City lies the sacrosanct half square mile of the Forbidden City—

Ta Nei, "the Great Within," the sumptuous Imperial residence, built in Ming times on the site of Kublai's original palace, where lived, loved and died that godlike race, the Manchu Emperors of the Great Pure Realm. The Forbidden City is a congeries of palaces, fancifully named, set apart each to its function: the Emperor's Palace of Heavenly Purity, the Palace of Treasured Beauty of the Empress, the Imperial Concubines' Palace of Long Springtime, the Palace of Established Happiness. These are interspersed with innumerable courtyards, pavilions, pagodas, gardens and lakes testifying to vast antiquity, to luxury untold. Within the 25-foot crenelated violet wall of the Great Within, enclosing the population of a sizable town, the Emperor Hsuan Tung was the one male—except for the many eunuchs of the Manchu court—who passed the night.

He can hardly be said to have had a boyhood. From the age of 2 he had been at his studies—the beginnings of the intensive, never-ending education of the Imperial Manchu. Even what playing he did in the marble courts was dull; a little boy has no fun watched by eunuchs telling him that his great ancestor, the Emperor Chien Lung, would have been more decorous, the Emperor Tung Chih less noisy. Nor does it help to have to play wearing a heavy golden chain and padlock about the neck to prevent one's escaping by death from earth to heaven. Worst of all was that the



HENRY PU YI, EMPEROR OF "MANCHUKUO"

Emperor had to take orders from his weakling father, from the "Young" Empress Dowager, from the concubine of his predecessor, Kuang Hsu, as well as from the two surviving concubines of the Emperor Tung Chih, the one who died of smallpox a generation before Pu Yi was born.

In 1911 the republican revolution flamed over China, and the Manchu dynasty, effete, vacillating, corrupt, was quickly swept away. As a result of dickering between the court and the new Chinese Republic's president, Sun Yat-sen, Pu Yi emerged briefly from the nursery to sign the decree of abdication on Feb. 12, 1912. The abdication was only of the right to rule the state. He retained his title of Emperor of the Manchus, the Ch'ing Emperor; he was allowed occupancy of part of the Forbidden City and the right to maintain his court therein and was guaranteed a pension of about \$2,000,000 annually.

Within the purple wall nothing was changed by the revolution, for the next 12 years the punctilio of the Manchu court was observed in miniature and life in the Great Wutun went on with disdainful disregard for the world's realities. Year after year, through the changing seasons of North China, the Boy Emperor moved in the rounds appointed by the centuries of custom: in the springs' dry, crisp days strolling in gardens fragrant with lilac and mimosa, picnicking by the lotus-covered lakes where the air was alive with the tiny music of pigeons flying about with little pipes on their tails, being rowed in a purple boat under the marble bridges; in autumns, when leaves showered on the yellow-tiled roofs of the palaces, viewing the late-blooming chrysanthemum, making the offerings of the late Autumn Moon Festival on the 15th day of the eighth moon. Other seasons were less beatific: the summers hot and humid, winters in the dank, gloomy palaces depressing and endless. In February and March came the dust storms from the Gobi, covering the city with a yellow pall through which vaguely loomed the unmoving gargoyles of the palaces, the pale-skinned, spectral Manchus still feebly bestirring themselves in the Emperor's service. To an active, inquisitive boy it was a great chore, the stylized, symbol-burdened life where propriety in observance of antique forms and concealment of emotion were the highest virtues, where etiquette was all.



There were diversions. In 1917, when the Emperor was 11, came the restoration so long awaited by the court. But it was on the *opéra-bouffe* level; no sooner were the hopes apparently realized than they were again dashed. Chang Hsun, fat little pig-tailed ex-general of the Manchus who had turned bandit leader and made himself a war lord, had managed to capture Peiping and set himself up as military governor. One hot July night, intoxicated by wine and by plays showing the grandeur of the Men of Han, those great warriors of China's remote past, Chang burst into the Forbidden City in the small hours, dragged the Emperor half awake to the throne room, vested him with Imperial regalia and declared Hsuan Tung restored to the throne of his forefathers. However, none but his own mercenaries supported Chang; in a dozen days he was driven out by Republican troops and life in the Forbidden City slipped back into its accustomed routine.

A couple of years after the "restoration" the boy's guardians yielded to progress to the extent of securing for him an English tutor, Sir Reginald F. Johnston, who was destined to have the chief role in molding the Imperial mind. Sir Reginald, an old China hand, later professor of Chinese and authority on Buddhism at the University of London, found the Emperor intelligent, quick, intellectually curious, unwilling to be stultified by the tyrannical conservatism and superstition of his court, an apt pupil. The Western culture to which Johnston introduced him fascinated the boy. He followed all proceedings of the Versailles Peace Conference, shortly after Johnston's arrival, with maps. Johnston's efforts to cultivate the Emperor's liberal bent were always hampered by reactionary opposition from the court, who came to hate the Englishman for his "domination" of the Emperor. Thus, when he discovered that the boy couldn't see the clock on his desk before him and insisted on an examination by oculists, he was met with the assertion that spectacles would not be suitable to the Son of Heaven.

Gaining his point by threats to resign, he was gratified to find that the spectacles cured the Emperor of his headaches and stomach troubles. Another year the Emperor discovered that modern miracle, the bicycle, and was determined to have one. This time the objection was that it might be injurious to his manhood but again progress, with assistance from Johnston, won out and the Emperor might be seen happily cycling about the courts of the Forbidden City. In time he got his

own telephone—on which he used to call the philosopher Hu Shih, lately ambassador to the U.S., for long chats—and even a motor car, which he learned to drive. (Old Buddha had had her car, but was never able to use it owing to the problem of how the chauffeur would operate it standing, as of course he would have been obliged to do in her presence.)

Every phase of Western life appealed strongly to Pu Yi. He studied English, which he spoke fluently at one time and wrote in a neat, copybook hand. He wore Western clothes, became an ardent photographer, learned skating and tennis. He built his tennis court, scandalizing the reactionaries, on the site of the Palace of Established Happiness, destroyed by fire. For signing letters in English, written to Johnston for practice, he adopted the name "Henry." This was in admiration of Henry VIII of England; a number of other youthful admirations, some of whom didn't turn out well, included Mussolini, the Prince of Wales, Charlie Chaplin and Lindbergh. This enchantment with Westernism didn't mean that the Chinese culture was neglected; his talents for drawing, calligraphy (a fine art with Orientals) and poetry were developed. The Emperor's poems were published for a number of years in Chinese journals under the nom de plume of Teng Chiung-lin (Luminous Unicorn).



At the time of the Emperor's marriage the Forbidden City saw the last flicker of the splendor that once had been. Shortly before his 16th birthday his advisers set about preparations for him to take an empress and the concubines which were by custom taken at the same time. They were appalled to learn that the Emperor had already selected his empress—he was even generally credited with having chosen her from the photographs in a marriage broker's catalog. Worse, if possible, than this display of initiative by an emperor was the girl herself. Although she was of noble family, her father had committed the sin of becoming a successful businessman. She was a Manchu beauty, tall and slender, almond-eyed and golden-skinned, with heavy braids of silken black hair. She was the Emperor's own age and "modern" like him, with an education (from the Philadelphia missionary sisters, Miriam and Isabel Ingram) parallel to his.

The conclusive objection to Kuo Chia, Pu Yi's beloved (she had adopted the name "Elizabeth" for herself) was that she had ideas about monogamy. Since the Emperor quite concurred, it looked for a while like a complete impasse, finally some concessions were made on each side and arrangements were completed for the Emperor's marriage to one empress and one concubine. The court gazette for March 11, 1922 announced the creation of the Empress Kuo Chia and the *shu fei*, or Imperial Concubine, a girl bearing the Manchu name E-erh-te-te, later known as Princess Wen. The Imperial Concubine, too—"the Empress of the Eastern Court" as she was euphemistically known—was a noble girl, suited to be united with a Dragon Emperor. But she was, though she didn't know it, destined to be a concubine in name only, for the Emperor had accepted a second consort only to preserve a semblance of peace with his court, and then and later he would have none of her.

Henry and Elizabeth have had no children—his brother, Prince Pu Chieh, is heir presumptive to the throne of Manchukuo—which is quite in the best recent Manchu tradition. The ninth Ch'ing emperor, Kuang Hsu, Pu Yi's predecessor, was also childless, for certain reasons of masculinity; his predecessor, Tung Chih, died leaving his widow pregnant, but she committed suicide at the suggestion of Old Buddha, who would have been displaced as Empress Dowager by the birth of an heir to the throne. Even Old Buddha's husband, Hsien Feng, was childless according to persistent rumor, and her "son" Tung Chih had been obtained from a Chinese woman and foisted upon him to further her own position. Despite their childless state, Pu Yi and his new Empress were supremely happy together and have continued so.

They had not long to remain in the Forbidden City, but their modern ideas immediately began to change it beyond recognition. Two days after the wedding there was an informal reception, the first of its kind ever witnessed at the court. Distinguished visitors, Chinese and foreign, were entertained by an Emperor in a morning coat who didn't go near a throne but circulated with his Empress among them, being affable. When all had arrived, the Emperor mounted on a dais and welcomed them in English. "It is a great pleasure to us to see here today so many distinguished visitors from all parts of the world. We thank you for coming and wish you all health and prosperity." So saying, he drank their health in a glass of champagne.

In the same year the Emperor decided to cut off

THE WAR AND HENRY PU YI

Emperor Hirohito of Japan is a familiar enemy to Americans. There is another emperor, however, who will become familiar as the war goes into its later stages. He is the emperor Kang Te of "Manchukuo," better known abroad by his family name of Pu Yi. This shy, frustrated and extraordinary figure was installed on his present throne by the Japanese in 1934 and has no power of his own. But he is "legally" still the dynastic ruler of China as well as "Manchukuo" and as such he has supplied the false front for Japan's most ambitious designs in East Asia. Under Japanese dominance his realm has become an arsenal defended by an army of some 1,000,000 men, and here the Japanese say they are moving many of their key industries from the home islands to save them from B-29 attacks. It is possible that Pu Yi's "Manchukuo" will be scene of last, decisive battles of the war.



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THE EMPRESS PENG CHI, stepdaughter of a Manchu princess, educated by missionaries, has the fine bone structure and wide, pointed eyes of a noble Manchu

PU YI CONTINUED

his queue. His eunuch barber couldn't be persuaded to commit this sacrilege, so the Emperor hacked it off himself. Simultaneously he resumed the use of his personal name, becoming "Mr. Pu Yi" instead of the Lord of Ten Thousand Years. Soon afterward he and Elizabeth decided that the palace eunuchs were an anachronism and the Emperor himself conceived and carried out a bold stratagem to effect their expulsion. The eunuchs of the Manchu court had exercised a fantastic control over their precious, degenerate lords. It was a career so lucrative, by reason of the "squeeze" which was the eunuch's prerogative and the other grafts which were his opportunity, that many an ambitious young Chinese emasculated himself to secure a place as a palace flunky. Their power was tremendous, discipline was difficult to enforce and it was feared that a public order of dismissal would result in their looting the Forbidden City. The Emperor made arrangements on his own, using his telephone, for a detachment of soldiers to be sent into the palace. The eunuchs were then assembled and told to leave instantly, being allowed to return in pairs, under guard, to retrieve their belongings. The 3,000 eunuchs of Hsien Feng's day had dwindled to only 1,100 by 1923, and now all except 50 were turned out. The 50 were kept to serve the dowagers, who unanimously threatened suicide if forced to do without them.

The year 1924 was the last in the Great Within. In November Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian general," came as victor to Peiping in one of China's endless civil wars, and with magnificent disregard for treaty or amenity evicted the court from the Forbidden City. Soldiers were sent to clear them out. The Emperor and Elizabeth were hustled off to the house of his father, leaving behind his personal property in the form of jewels, furs, objects of art worth millions. To the soldiers the Emperor said, as he later confided, "I want only peace for China; I gladly abdicate my authority, I give my people to you. May there always be peace!" "But," he added, "I am afraid that they have not found happiness. Even in the old days, before 1912, China was very poor—but at least she was one nation. But now . . ." Despite the regret of all decent Chinese at Feng's high-handed action, Pu Yi was barred from returning to the Forbidden City and his pension, which had always been in arrears, was cut to \$250,000—and even as reduced was paid only spasmodically.

After a few days at Prince Chun's house Pu Yi and his wives found a haven in the Japanese Embassy and shortly afterward escaped to the Japanese Concession at Tientsin, where for nearly seven years was lived the happiest part of his life. He and Elizabeth (Princess

Wen figured no more than ever in his plans) skated on the winter lakes, took prizes for their dancing, drove about the Concession in his car (he has always been captivated by motor cars and today as Emperor has a dozen Packards, painted and upholstered in vermillion). Both were highly popular with the foreign residents and they made many friends, Japanese, British, American. The men liked the Emperor for his democratic informality and approachability, the boyish enthusiasm with which he took them on at tennis and bridge. He had matured into a tall, slight young man with pale complexion and an unnaturally solemn mien because of his tinted, thick-lensed spectacles. As he talked an easy smile came, but when silent he relapsed into the shy seriousness which is natural to him. Elizabeth's beauty and charm won all hearts, male and female. Fragile as a doll though she seemed, with her slenderness, her dainty hands and feet, yet the lustrous brown eyes under the ebony hair, the high color of the cheeks, her quick movements, her smile, spoke of the warmth within. They were devoted to each other.



Their only worry was finances. There was an ironic poverty, for the Chinese government had confiscated millions of dollars' worth of the Emperor's own property—his collections of jades, jewels, sables, ivories and paintings were "on loan" to the Republic pending their purchase after a deal to sell part of them to J. P. Morgan had fallen through. The last sables and pearls that he had saved he gave, in 1930, for the relief of sufferers from the great famine in North China. In after years he took advice of counsel concerning the possibility of bringing an action of replevin against the Republic for his property—but that was when he no longer needed the money. Now he considered a variety of schemes for making a living, including that of capitalizing on his pleasant singing voice by making a career as opera singer in the U. S. In the end, however, they pulled through with the help of the Japanese.

In keeping Pu Yi in comfort the Japanese were not moved by altruism. They had long planned that they would one day move in on Manchuria and take it over, and when that day should come an ex-Manchu emperor was fairly sure to be useful, so they were glad to have him in their debt. Pu Yi, for his part, was understandably grateful to the Japanese for protection and subsistence when his own subjects had turned on him—and the Japanese didn't explain why they were kind. In September 1931, when they struck in Manchuria and told him that the time had come, he was happy enough to believe that indeed he was coming into a part of his inheritance, that he would now be able to prove himself as a ruler. There are variorum stories of his journey to Manchuria. According to his own story he went, voluntarily and eagerly, for two simple purposes: to restore Manchu sovereignty and end the exploitation of the people by the war-lord dynasty of the Changs (Tso-lin and his son Hsueh-liang) and to vindicate himself after every term of his abdication agreement had been violated or disregarded by the Republic.

He went to Manchuria late in 1931. The Chinese, upon learning of it, denounced him as a traitor and ordered his arrest, but he was beyond reach. As a matter of fact, it was possible to make a pretty good legal case for his right to be in Manchuria, it goes, as a lawyer would put it, something like this: the Treaty of Abdication, by which the Emperor gave up his right to rule in return for certain considerations (occupancy of the Forbidden City, a fixed income, respect for his private property), is a contract and it was so regarded by the parties. The money has never been paid, the right of residence has been denied him since 1924. In addition, the Chinese government has confiscated private property of the Emperor's of a value far beyond the amount of the pension. The consideration for the contract having failed, the Emperor exercised his right to rescind it and has the right to resume his previous status if he can.



Before long, however, Pu Yi began to have serious doubts about the new nation which had called him to rule, to wonder whether indeed there was any genuine independence sentiment except that of the Japanese. A great pretense of Manchurian enthusiasm for independence was being put up, the trouble was, the Japanese seemed to be running the show. Of course, it was too late to back out; he had to go on, but it was with increasing misgivings. Early proof of his lack of importance in the scheme of things was given by the selection of his capital. He had naturally expected, and had begged it of the Japanese, that Manchukuo's capital would be at Mukden, historical metropolis of Manchuria, origin in the 12th Century of the Kin Tatars' Golden Horde which stormed across Asia and battered at War-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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PU YI CONTINUED

saw's gates, Manchu capital whence had come Pu Yi's ancestors in 1644 to establish the Manchu dynasty in China. Mukden still had the palace of the Manchu emperors—unoccupied by Ch'ings in 300 years—and was the seat of the existing government of Manchuria. But a capital at Mukden didn't suit the Japanese. It was decreed that the capital of Manchukuo should be at the sleepy little railroad-junction town of Changchun, far in the interior, renamed for the occasion Hsingking (New Capital). It was, explained the new premier, "inappropriate" that the Son of Heaven should sleep where the Changs, Old and Young Marshal, had resided; and Changchun had other advantages, which were not spoken. It was the junction of Japan's South Manchuria Railway, the Chinese Eastern Railway and the line to Korea, but it had no direct rail connection with China.

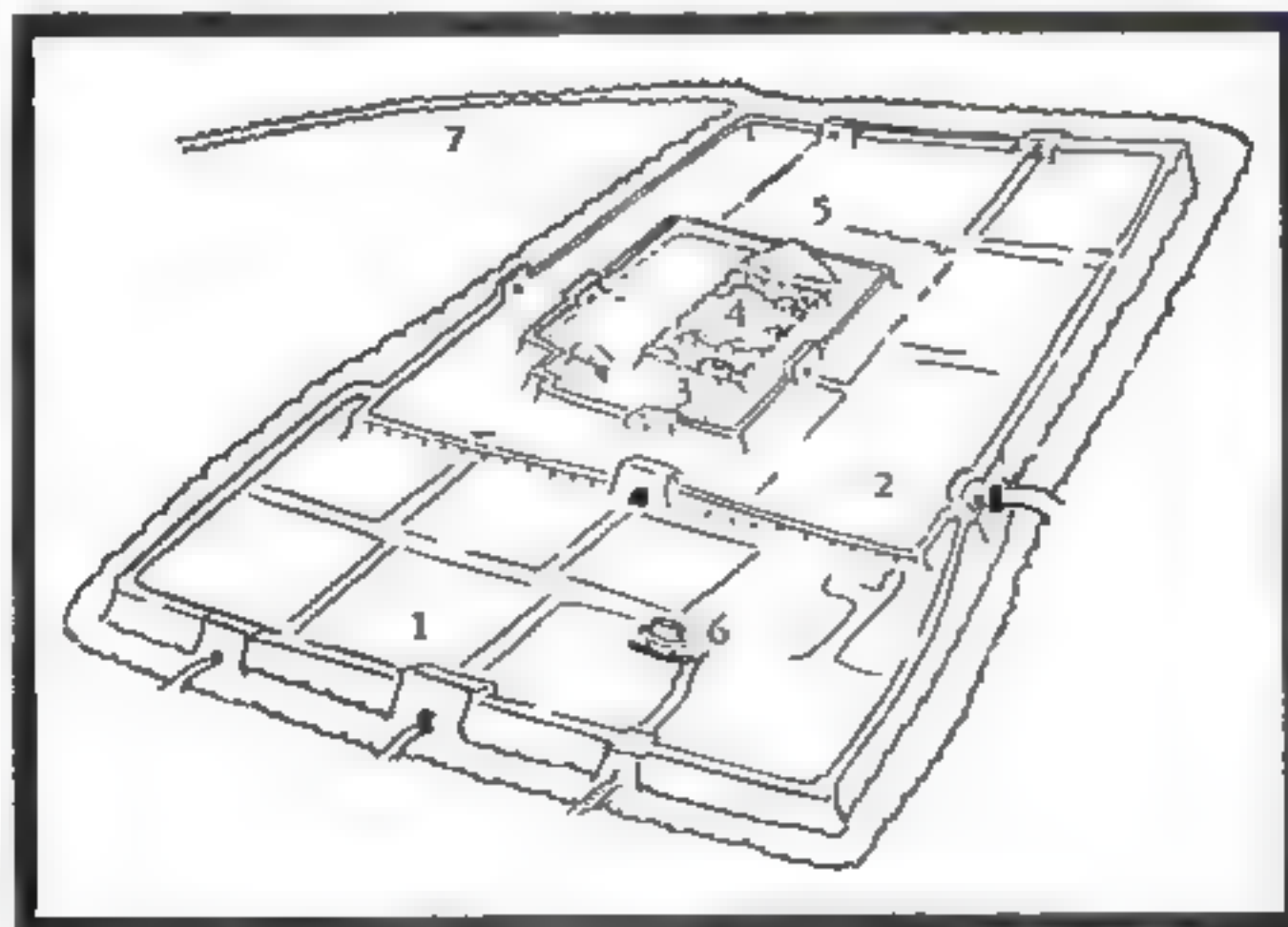


So it was that Pu Yi and Elizabeth stepped from the train at Hsingking on the morning of March 9, 1932 to be received by high Japanese military officials and what few Manchus could be unearthed in the short time available for search. It was not yet clear—and never became so—whether Manchukuo was republic, empire or hybrid. This left it unclear whether Pu Yi's new title of Chih Cheng (approximately "chief executive") made him president, emperor, regent, chancellor or Pooah-Bah. Taking no chances, the Manchu subjects greeting him on his arrival prostrated themselves in the kowtow which was his due if he was the emperor. Major General Mori, the Japanese officer in charge of proceedings, knew better and contented himself with bowing very slightly—once—to the Chih Cheng and his consort.

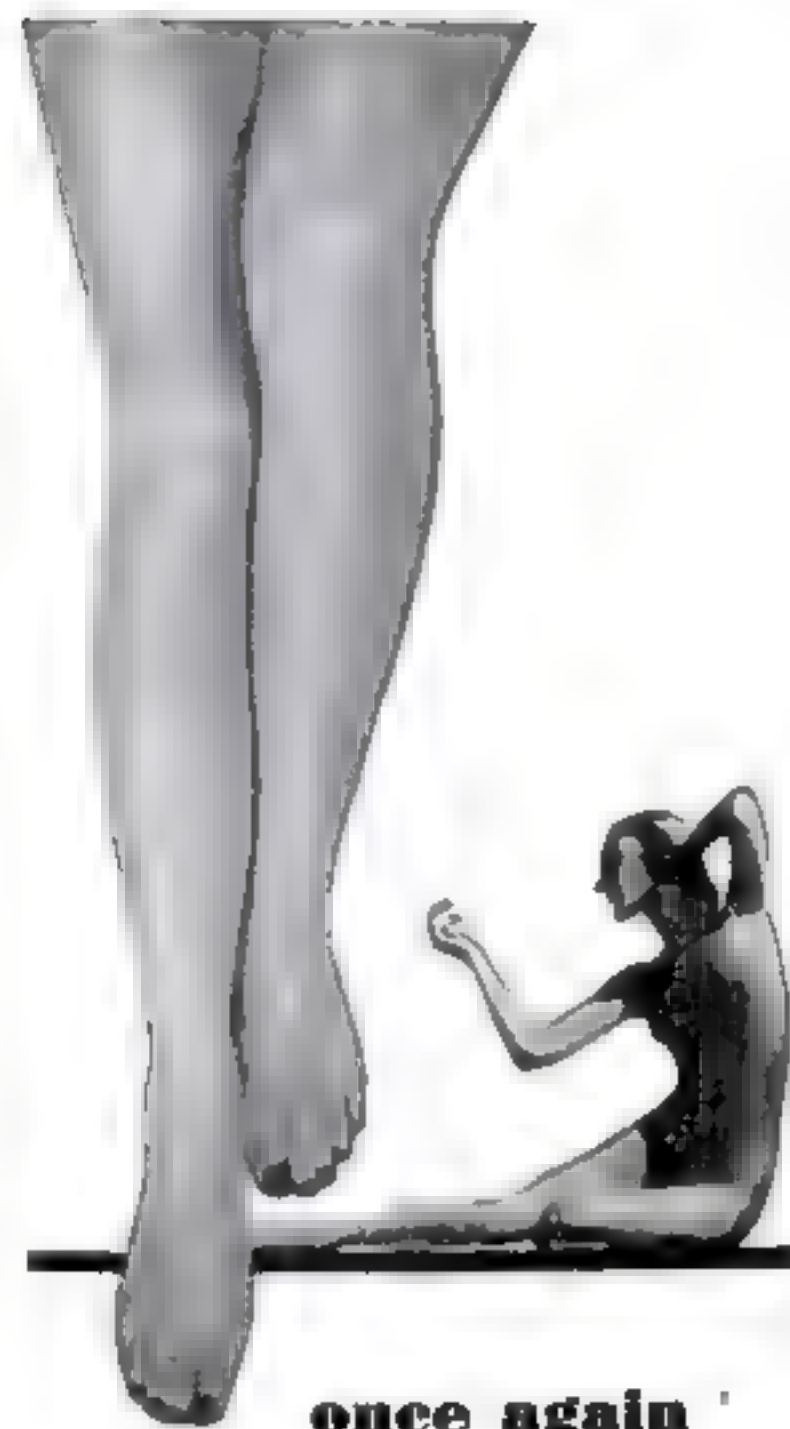
The party then mounted into limousines and was driven to the chief executive's residence where the inauguration took place. Since the Japanese hadn't yet decided what Pu Yi's status was, the ceremony was kept simple, ambiguous. Several wearers of the queue and a few Manchukuoan officials were salted among the crowd of Japanese press photographers, officers and visitors. Pu Yi in full morning dress occupied the only chair, placed before an imposingly large, gorgeous yellow screen, sole ornament of the drab chamber. Flanking him were Lieut. General Honjo, commander in chief of Japanese forces in Manchuria, and Count Uchida, president of the South Manchuria Railway Company. The Japanese and the Manchukuoan ministers of state gave utterance to their prepared statements announcing the inauguration, after which the Chih Cheng, seeming in such company more meek, more mildly genteel than ever, responded briefly. The foundations of his government, he said earnestly, would be "morality, benevolence, love"; and with unconscious truth, forgetting the Japanese faces surrounding him, he concluded, "I am determined to rule well, with the kindly aid and wise advice of you all."

The flight from Tientsin had given rise to one amusing contretemps. His Japanese protectors had been unable to see the utility to the ruler of Manchukuo of more than one wife. They might have preferred that Princess Wen be taken along as consort, for she was of noble birth (it was pretended that the Empress wasn't, that since her father had gone into business, successfully, she was bourgeoisie), and she might have proved more fecund than the Empress had done, could they have persuaded Pu Yi to any connubial relations with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



PEIPING is divided into 1) the Chinese City; 2) the Tatar City; 3) the Imperial City, in which lie 4) the Purple Forbidden City and 5) Coal Hill, built to keep off evil influences from the north; 6) the Temple of Heaven and 7) the canal leading to the Summer Palace in the Western Hills. Pu Yi ruled for 16 years over the Forbidden City.



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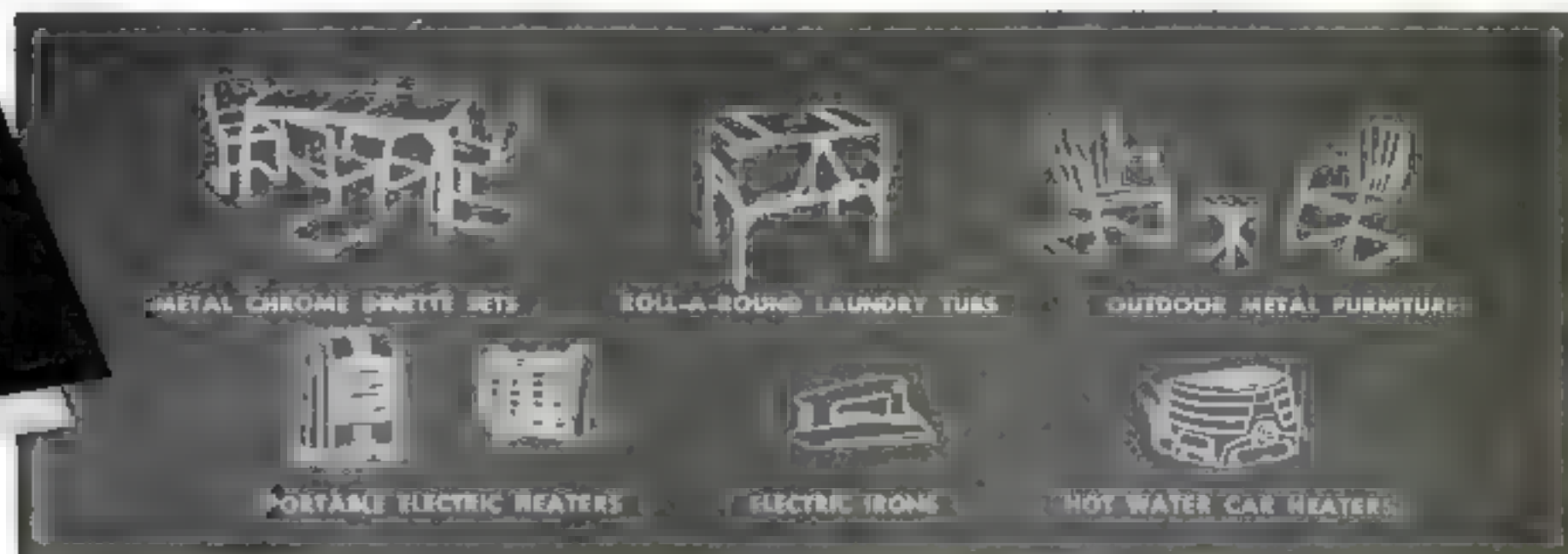
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PU YI CONTINUED

her. But, after all, she wasn't the empress and Pu Yi was adamant. Elizabeth went along and Wen stayed. There seeming to be no future in the life of an abandoned concubine of an ex-Dragon emperor, she decided to sue for divorce and alimony. This had all China agog. Divorcing a Son of Heaven sounded, even to many a loyal republican ear, something akin to blasphemy. The test case never went to trial. Pu Yi, recognizing that after all the poor girl *had* had a thin time of it, did the gentlemanly thing and the action was settled by giving Princess Wen a house in Peiping and \$300,000 alimony—provided by the Japanese, who naturally had to maintain their imperial puppet's prestige. Presumably she is still married to Pu Yi and is a sort of Empress of the Eastern Court of Manchukuo *in absentia*, but she hasn't been heard of in a good many years.

If Pu Yi had any remaining illusions about being the big noise in Manchukuo, they were dispelled when he saw the "palace" which the Japanese provided for him. It is the building which had housed the Salt Gabelle, the salt monopoly office of prewar days, a ramshackle, shoddy old structure in Western style, dirty and rat-infested, recalling the Palace of Heavenly Purity only in being hot in summer and cold in winter (the extremes of climate in Hsingking are violent). Despite grandiose schemes repeatedly announced by the Japanese, Pu Yi is still, in 1945, in the Salt Gabelle Palace, though the Japanese army and the South Manchuria Railway Company occupy imposing new buildings of brick and stone.



The worst of life in Hsingking was, to Pu Yi, that he had nothing to do. With the elaborate false front of government he was not permitted to meddle, the state officials (most of them Japanese, though masquerading under Chinese names) attended to that. He was to exist as a symbol, one who, it was hoped, would win the submission of the people to the yoke of independence, Japanese style. Insulated as he was from all practical affairs, he could not concern himself with the merciless exploitation of Manchuria for the Japanese, if indeed he knew of it. Surrounded by Japanese—servants, soldiers, guards, spies to watch him, his family and his few faithful retainers—he was helpless. He signed the papers, he graced state functions.

One thing more he might do, give audiences to distinguished visitors and correspondents, and at first he gave many, talking freely of his hopes and plans. A Japanese interpreter was always present to prevent indiscretions, sometimes to answer the questions himself. After Pu Yi developed the habit of by-passing the interpreter and answering the English questions in English the talk was cut out, but correspondents were still received and long silent audiences became the rule. His pro-Japanese feelings have long since evaporated ("He hates the Japanese," said one of his servants, "as much as I do—but he gets paid more for it"). This, however, doesn't keep the Chinese from hating him. There have been numerous attempts on his life, by bomb, poison, stabbing, even by typhus bacillus; for a time his life was despaired of after he was stabbed by a palace servant in June 1937.

The old, favorite pursuits were mostly out of reach, too; the Japanese had his dignity to think of. Tennis, except as played privately with Japanese officers, was *infra dig*, playing bridge with Europeans was unthinkable. He can, and does, drive about Hsingking (grown, now, to a city of half a million) with Elizabeth, play with his beloved mastiff Mr. Ponto, indulge his passions for cinema and ham and eggs. There is a weekly history lecture at the palace, and before the war the *Illustrated London News* was read regularly. Now, perhaps, the *Greater East Asia War Pictorial Magazine*, in Japanese, replaces it.

Everything in Manchukuo must be a faithful copy of the Japanese. On the second anniversary of its establishment, March 1, 1934, Manchukuo became an empire and Pu Yi became the Emperor Kang Te (Tranquil Virtue). Rumors of the happy event had been abroad for several months, bringing about a scramble in the bazaars of Peiping for the dragon robes, hats with jeweled buttons and other court frippery which had been scrapped after the 1924 breakup of the court. There was also a wholesale exodus to Manchukuo of hopeful Manchus with plans for the reconstruction of the nobility and downy couches for themselves.

A notable absentee from the affair was Elizabeth, whom the Japanese had excluded from all participation. The viewpoint was that she, "not being of noble birth," could not be "empress" but was only "the Emperor's consort," hence not entitled to be enthroned. Elizabeth repaid them in her own quiet and royal way; on the following day she gave an elaborate tea at the palace, to which were invited all the noble Manchu and Mongol ladies in Hsingking but

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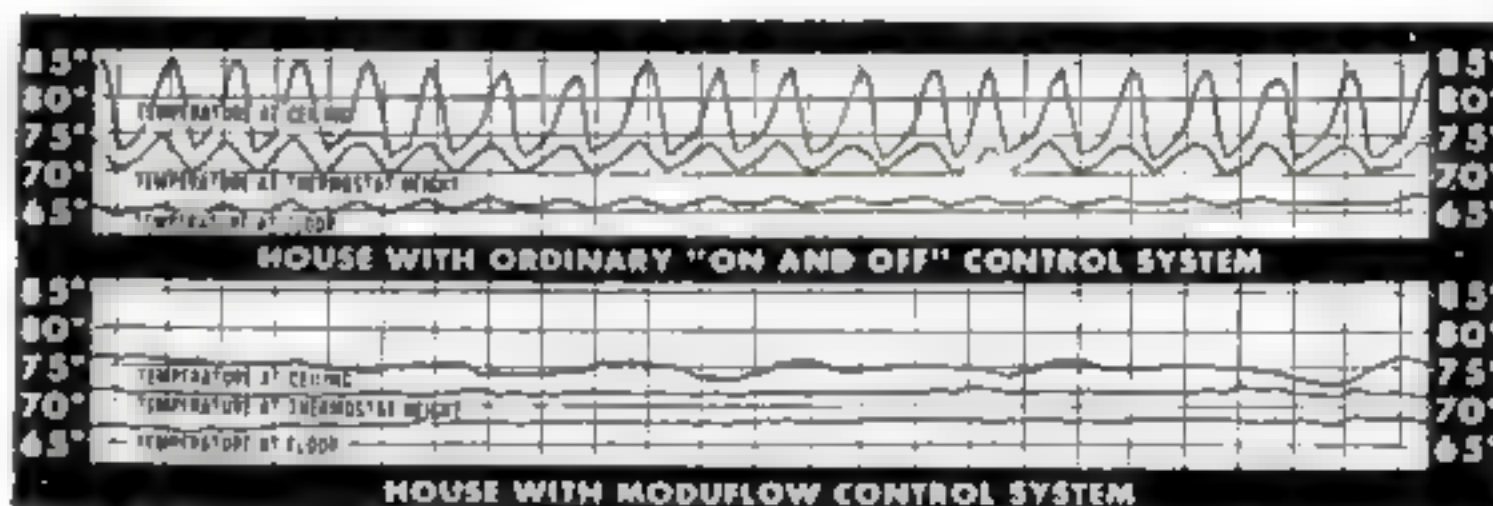
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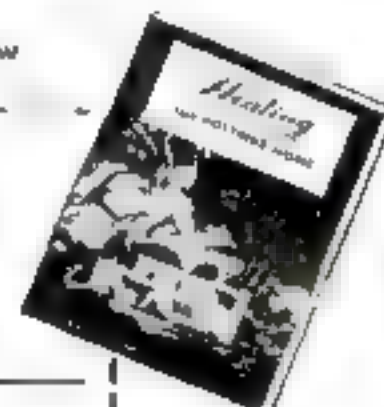
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PU YI CONTINUED

not one of the avidly expectant Japanese wives. The real grievance against Elizabeth was, of course, not her birth but her failure to produce offspring, for the Japanese were determined that the dynasty should have an heir. Later they made resolute efforts to force Pu Yi to divorce her in favor of a more fecund consort, or at the least to take a concubine. Every kind of pressure was tried, even down to spreading rumors that he was looking for a young Manchu girl. But there is a point beyond which Pu Yi won't yield, and he showed unexpected firmness in this matter. He remains monogamously devoted to Elizabeth, childless; Hsingking knows no Imperial concubines, and the Japanese today refer casually to "Her Majesty, the Empress Peng Chi."



As Kang Te he has had even less to do than he had as Pu Yi. He tries hard to keep busy, to convince himself that he is not a figurehead. He arises at 7 (awakened now by the prosaic alarm clock rather than the singing of eight eunuchs which used to fall on Pu Yi's ear), works in his office from 9 to 2. This work, say his Japanese advisors, consists of attending to "affairs relating to the actions of his Privy Council and the welfare of his nation." The welfare of his nation can give him little comfort. Up to the outbreak of the Pacific war he still saw visitors occasionally, receiving them in a sack suit (with a sweater when it was cold), rarely in the more formal dress of a marshal or an admiral, shaking hands like the "Hank" of Tientsin days rather than appreciating reverence Japanese style. He was less jaunty now, he smiled less often, he smoked more cigarets, he chatted with visitors (when he talked) in English that was rusty from disuse. Americans were especially welcomed, would always be welcome, he told the first to call—a representative of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce—in Manchukuo.

Kang Te, as a monarch the least consequential on earth, would like to be a real ruler, and a good one. The welfare of "his" people is of very real concern to him. His chief hope is that one day, the rapacious Japanese expelled, the inhabitants of Manchuria may have a chance at freedom, a chance to live. He once guardedly expressed something of this hope, illustrating with two glasses of water, one clear, the other muddy. "If the mud were removed from this glass," he said, lifting one, "the water in the two glasses would be equally clear. And so it is with men: if you remove the selfish motives from men's hearts, the peace and welfare of the world will be assured."

Each morning nowadays, before turning to other affairs, Kang Te prays at the shrine in the palace grounds for a successful conclusion to the Greater East Asia War, but inevitably he wonders what possible conclusion could be successful for him. He has always liked Americans and admired America. Now, the Japanese tell him, he is at war with America and he must pray for its downfall. If he were a fool or a rogue he would deserve our contempt. But he is neither rogue nor fool. He is a man who has never had a chance to be a man, who throughout life has danced on a puppet's strings, the dupe of others, a man whose destiny has eluded him. We may pity him. His only possible future is to lose his third throne and, quite probably this time, his life as well. Whatever justice he may see in his own course, to millions of Chinese he is an unparalleled traitor. We may pity him, but we should not try to save him.



THE ORCHID THRONE OF MANCHUKUO in Hsingking is of bourgeois plush, in contrast to Peiping's Dragon Throne, a huge lacquered and gilded structure



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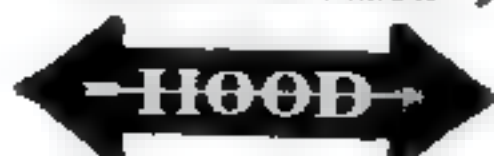
"Where there's smoke, there's 50 people lined up to buy cigarettes."

Achilles was the first guy to appreciate a good heel. If he'd lived in these times, I reckon he'd be in the shop asking for Hood Suprez Rubber Heels.

Yep, and you don't have to know who Achilles was to appreciate the long-wearing qualities of Hood Suprez Heels in these days of shoe rationing. Just look for the Hood Arrow.



LOOK FOR THIS ARROW



HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
A Division of
B. F. Goodrich

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SILEX COFFEE-MAKER



*is in the delicious,
clear coffee it makes*

The Silex "Flavor-Guard" filter insures perfect coffee every time—full-flavored, clear, free of bitter sediment. Exclusive in the



SILEX
Trademark reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
COFFEE MAKER

No other Iron Kite is it's another Silex "First." Watch for the
SILEX STEAM IRON



"Rhapsody in Blue" CONTINUED

GERSHWIN'S REAL LIFE WAS AN EPIC



A sang plunger at 18, Gershwin had risen from the Lower East Side to Tin Pan Alley.



First successes were *La, La, Lucille*, *Lady, Be Good*, *Oh, Kay* (above). Before



Fred and Adele Astaire danced in the revue *Funny Face*, Gershwin's hit of 1927.



Clark & McCullough were memorable comedy team of *Strike Up the Band*.



For Walter Damrosch he wrote one of his most ambitious works, the *Concerto in F*.



At the height of his success luxury-loving Gershwin lived in a Riverside



His constant collaborator was brother Ira, who wrote lyrics for him. Here Ira helps on *Damsel in Distress*.



Most memorable movie for which Gershwin wrote

CLIMB FROM POVERTY TO SUCCESS



Writing music for them Gershwin had played the piano in vaudeville theaters.



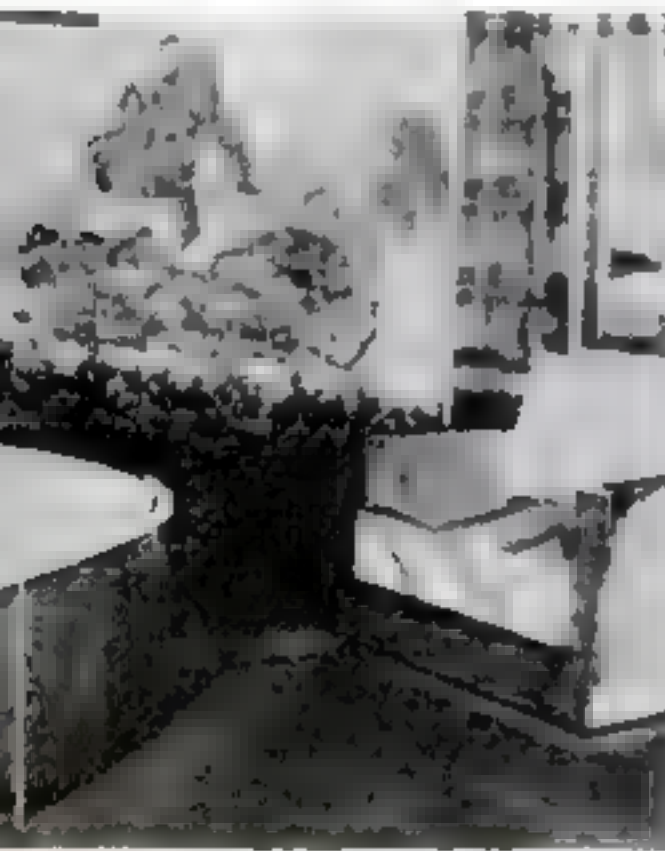
Gertrude Lawrence warbled *Someone to Watch over Me* and *Do, Do, Do*, in *Oh, Kay*.



Ginger Rogers was the pert, snapperish star in Gershwin's *Girl Crazy* in 1930.



Victor Moore was Throttlebottom, William Gaxton, Wintergreen in *Of This I Sing*.



Drive penthouse, slept in an enormous bed surrounded by elegant bric-a-brac.



"Porgy & Bess," Gershwin's opera (1935), is regarded by many as his finest work.



Music was *Goldwyn Follies*, starring Vera Zorina.



Few photographers ever caught Gershwin's smile. Here he is grinning broadly at quip by Actor Frank Morgan.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



When I
grow up..

When you grow up...

When you grow up...

Pretty things for you, baby

Golden days for you, baby.

Rings on your fingers and stars in your eyes.

Fabulous furs that a princess would prize.

Magic of music, of moonlight-lit dreams.

People looking at you, loving you, forever and ever.

A beautiful world done up in pink tissue paper.

All for you... all for you...

When you grow up.

It's a wonderful world when your own mirror make-believe turns out to be you—in a fur as lovely as Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat. And just remember that any fur by Hollander will keep its loveliness longer. Your favorite fur retailer has Hollander furs.

HOLLANDER FURS



keep their beauty longer

Next to WAR BONDS... the best-loved gift, FURS



A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

**It Needs No Brush
Not Greasy or Sticky**

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin*.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube or jar from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, we'll send a generous Guest-Size tube for a dime. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

Send your name and address with ten cents to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. HG-12, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

"Rhapsody in Blue" CONTINUED

GERSHWIN'S LIFE WAS A LONELY ONE

The story of George Gershwin, as told in *Rhapsody in Blue*, is that of a lonely genius who never married the women he loved and whose insatiable ambition drove him to the overwork that led to his death at 38. Aggressive, luxury-loving Gershwin might easily have rested on his laurels as one of the most successful composers of Broadway hits. But show business failed to satisfy his creative urge. While turning out such hit tunes as *Embraceable You*, *The Man I Love* and *Lady Be Good*, he worked continuously at ambitious symphonic compositions. In his *Rhapsody in Blue*, *Concerto in F* and his grand opera *Porgy and Bess* he succeeded in creating a truly American type of symphonic music. In the picture Gershwin is played by Robert Alda, a dark, handsome newcomer to the screen. Gershwin's brother, the famous lyric-writer Ira, is played by Herbert Rudley, who closely resembles the real Ira (see p. 90). Many of picture's most convincing scenes are provided by the dry, humptious wit and excellent piano playing of Oscar Levant, who plays his own real-life role as Gershwin's friend.



First woman in Gershwin's life is Julie Adams (Joan Leslie), a Broadway singer whom he meets while working as song plugger in Remick's music publishing house.



Second woman in his life is Christine Gilbert (Alexis Smith) shown here with Oscar Levant. Christine, whom he meets in Paris, is an artist who loves him but leaves him.



Tragic end of the picture comes as Gershwin, working on the movie *Goldwyn Follies*, feels first symptoms of fatal brain tumor. His brother Ira tries to console him.

ANCO RAIN-MASTER "Dead-Locker"

WINDSHIELD WIPER
ARMS and BLADES

BLADE SNAPS ON...
STAYS PUT



CAN'T FALL OFF
CAN'T BLOW OFF

(A war-born invention—by ANCO—first
for military aircraft—now for your car.)

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GAS-PUMP MAN!**

He's doing the best he can. Sure, he knows how dangerous it is for you to drive your car... in stormy weather... with your dull old windshield wipers that smear and smear. He'd gladly put on for you quickly a pair of keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Wiper Blades and Arms. He has them. But he forgets to remind you? Too busy? It's the war! You can't shoot him for that.



PATENTS
MAKE JOBS

After all, it's your car to protect. So you remind him. Get RAIN-MASTERS... patented features... original equipment on many makes of high grade peace-time cars... used on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too... because ANCO RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner... last longer. May save you a costly smashup.

Ask for RAIN-MASTER Windshield Wiper Arms and Blades next time you buy gas.

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Established 1918
GARY, INDIANA

Your WASTE PAPER Isn't WASTE PAPER

UNLESS YOU WASTE IT!

THE WAR in the Pacific has increased the need of waste paper.

When you save it and turn it in on collection day, your waste paper can be used to make paper containers for blood plasma, medical dressings, food, ammunition and thousands of other essential war items, which must be double and triple-wrapped for protection against the long sea journey, heat, cold, moisture, contamination and storage hazard.

Though all U. S. magazines use but 4% of the paper supply, they offer you a double opportunity to help ease the paper shortage:

- 1) By sharing your copies
- 2) Then, by putting them into paper salvage.

Hot, Sore Feet Cry Out For Fast Relief

When your feet burn, smart, chafe, perspire excessively or are odorous, you want the fastest relief you can get. That's why you should always have soothing, refreshing Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder handy to dust on your feet and into your shoes and stockings. Its effect is immediate in the way it comforts your feet in new or tight shoes, reduces excessive perspiration and helps dispel foot odor. Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder also guards against Athlete's Foot by helping to keep feet d. v. Helps heal cracked skin between toes from perspiration. Costs but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toiletary Counters.

"Your America"



OREGON

... From the beginning, Oregon was destined to have a bright future. It is one of Nature's "treasure chests." Its bountiful soil is blessed with moisture; soil that mothersthetall timber, the abundant orchards, the many products of farm and ranch.

Oregon's high yield of lumber, its fruits, vegetables, grains, livestock, wool, seafood and valuable ores fill trainloads of precious wartime freight shipped over Union Pacific's Strategic Middle Route, uniting Oregon with the East.

The state's industrious citizens... endowed with the pioneering spirit of individual enterprise... confidently look forward to prosperous

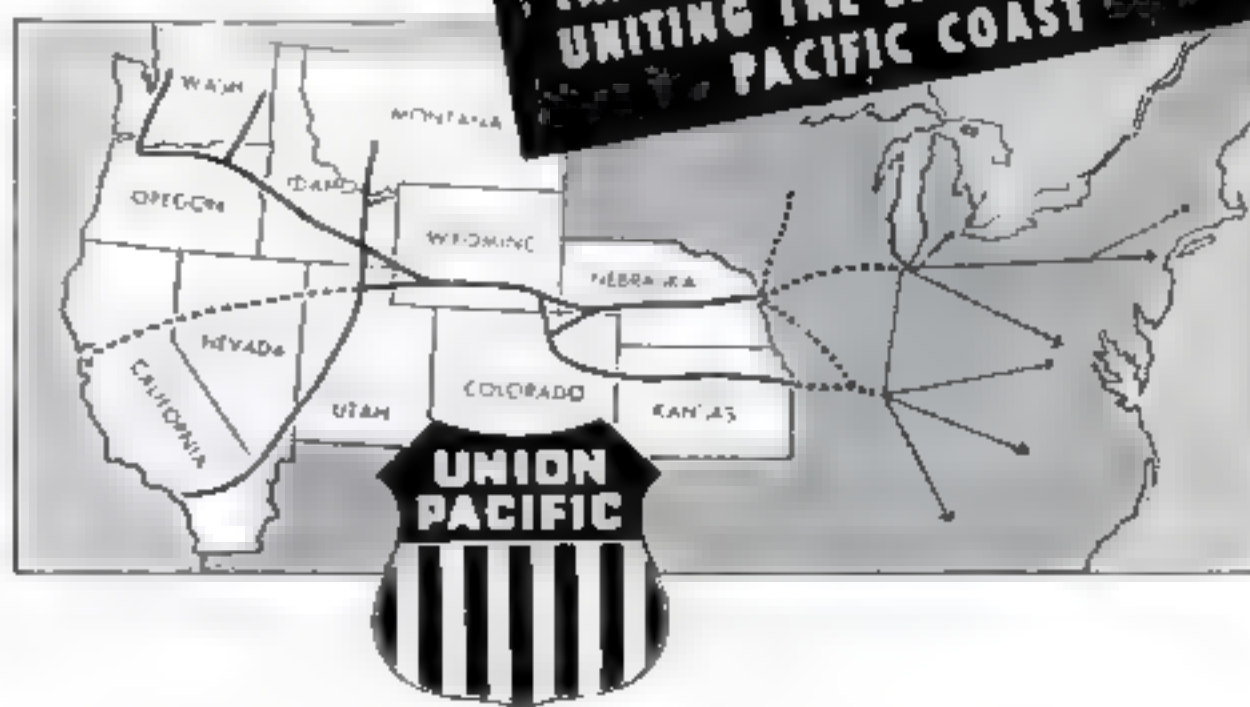
postwar development. They point to the raw materials for industry, the power provided by Bonneville Dam, the coastline shipping ports and the convenient rail transportation.

And, in peacetime, Oregon's healthful climate, pleasant living conditions and remarkable scenic beauty will attract, not only vacationists, but many present-day "pioneers" who seek future security and contentment in the vast western area of *your America*.

NOTE: Write Union Pacific, Omaha, Neb., for information regarding industrial or business sites in Oregon or other western states.

THE PROGRESSIVE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

● Listen to "YOUR AMERICA"—Mutual network—every Sunday afternoon, 4 pm, E. W. T.





Audie's sister, 13-year-old Nadine, gets a look at a German rifle, one of her brother's trophies. To get it Audie tracked a

sniper, dropped him with one bullet between the eyes. For such exploits he won his commission while he was overseas.



AUDIE TALKS WITH LOCAL CITIZEN LESTER HARRIS

Life Visits *Audie Murphy* Most decorated soldier comes home to the little town of Farmersville, Texas

First Lieut. Audie Murphy came home last month covered with ribbons. He fought through the campaigns of Africa, Sicily, Italy and France. He got the DSC for capturing an entire German garrison and the Congressional Medal of Honor for stopping a German advance singlehanded (see p. 8). Altogether he has 14 medals, which made him the most decorated combat infantryman in the Army. It also made it the greatest thing that ever happened to Farmersville, Texas, his home town. When he arrived all the stores closed for a local holiday and crowds stood in the street to cheer while he made a bashful speech.

Then Farmersville's hero, who had done odd jobs around town before enlisting at 18, visited some old clients, had a 21st-birthday party with his orphaned brothers and sisters, finally went to Dallas to see his girl. Lieutenant Murphy, whose Medal of Honor entitles him to get out of Army, thinks he will stay in.



Audie's medals and decorations are Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, Legion of Honor, Silver Star (twice), Bronze Star, Purple Heart (four times), Good Conduct Medal, Distinguished Unit Badge, Combat Infantryman Badge and Expert Infantryman Badge. Besides these Audie has the French Fourragère, which he wears on shoulder (see page 7).



Audie has a haircut in the Greer Barbershop by Mrs. J. C. Greer, who cut his hair before he went off to the wars. This was Audie's first haircut since coming back from Europe. He had to

get it because he was going down to Dallas to see a special girl named Mary (see next page). The little boy (foreground), like everybody else in Farmersville, was glad to wait for Audie.



Audie has a soft drink while an old Farmersville friend, Mrs. G. C. Nix, writes a letter to his 28-year-old brother in Germany. She wrote Audie gossip letters all the time he was overseas.



Audie has a chat on the front stoop with Miss Hattie Neathery, gives her dog a home-coming pat. Audie used to deliver papers to Miss Neathery when he was a newsboy before the war.



Life Insurance...by the quart

YOU'VE probably got accident insurance on your car. But have you insured it for *longer life*, too?

There's one best way to do this: insist on the best possible lubrication.

For the lifespan of your car is its lubricating system, guarding vital moving parts against friction and undue wear. To get the maximum in such protection—to keep your car running smoother, *longer*—use Quaker State Motor Oil.

Quaker State, you see, is made from pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil, acknowledged the world's finest. And special Quaker State processing brings this choice crude to an all-time high in lubricating perfection.

It's an old story to millions of wise motorists. More than a quarter of a century old, in fact. For that's how long Quaker State has remained a quality leader, unexcelled by any other motor oil.

No wonder so many motorists have been changing to Quaker State to protect their cars under wartime operating conditions!

Is it not a good policy to insure longer life for *your* car with Quaker State Motor Oil and Quaker State Superfine Lubricants? Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY



Audie Murphy CONTINUED



Audie's 21st birthday was celebrated with his married sister and her husband, Poland Burns (left and right of Audie). Rest of the party, left to right from Burns, are

The special girl is Mary Lee, 16, who goes to school in Commerce, Texas. She and Audie went to visit friends in Dallas. Audie hopes she is his own girl but he isn't





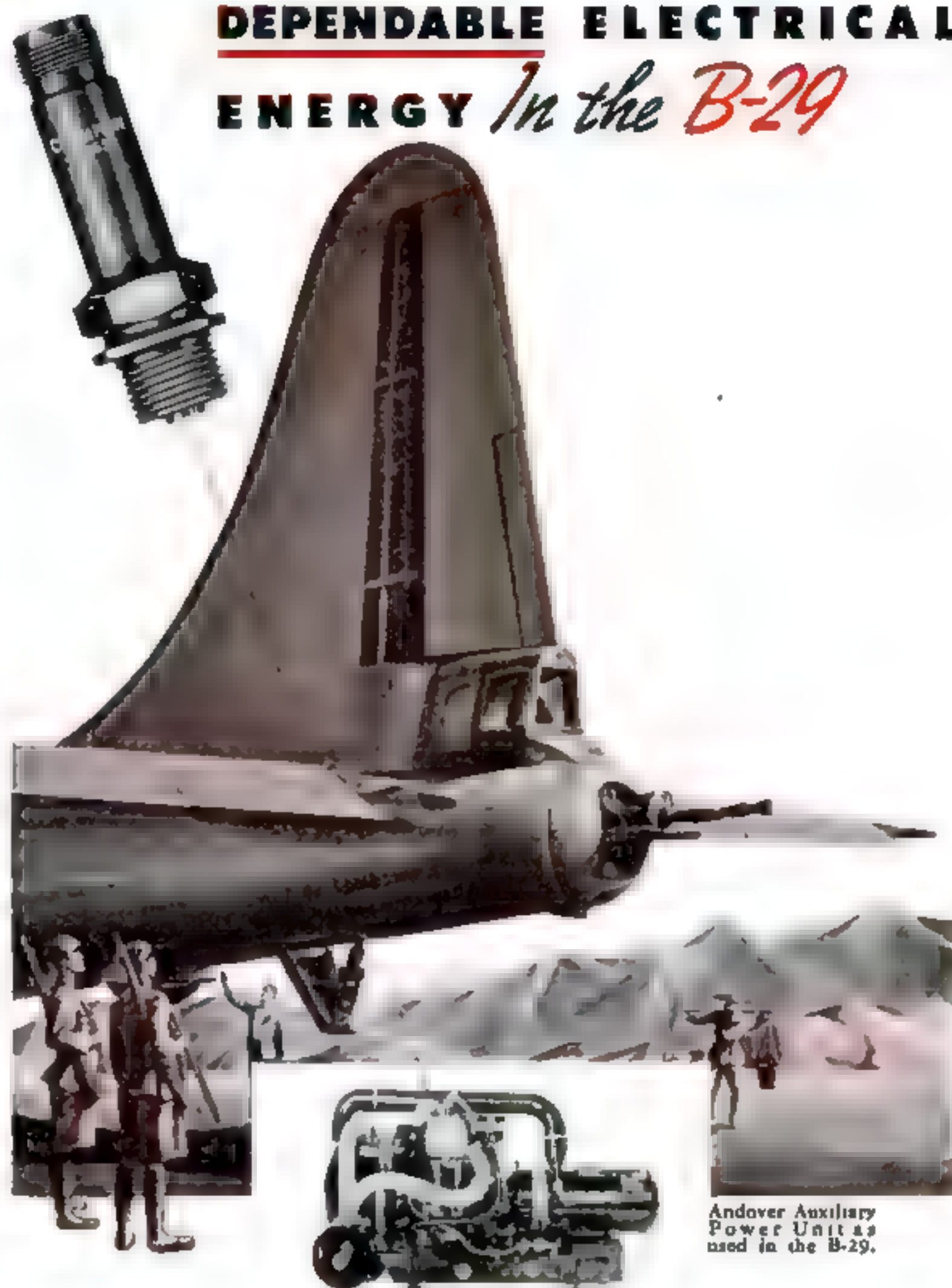
Poland Burns Jr., brother Joe Murphy, sister Billie Murphy, sister Nadine. The kid behind door is brother Weldon Murphy, who was afraid of LIFE's photographer.

quite sure yet because he usually blushes when he gets within ten feet of any girl. After Mary straightened his tie they both went out and proceeded to do the town.



CHAMPION

**SPARK PLUGS INSURE
DEPENDABLE ELECTRICAL
ENERGY *In the B-29***



Andover Auxiliary Power Unit as used in the B-29.

Far back in the tail of the mighty Boeing B-29 is an Andover Auxiliary Power Unit equipped with Champion Spark Plugs, for generating electrical energy for the more than 140 electric motors which perform a great multiplicity of vital functions in this ship. On a combat mission this is what the power from this engine does: It starts the main engines... changes the propeller pitch... raises and lowers the giant dual wheels and landing gear... opens and closes bomb bay doors... operates the flaps and brakes which slip out of the airfoil...

runs the bomb sights... releases the bombs... turns the gun turrets... computes the gunner's sighting... fires the guns... and detects ground units... plus providing light and heat for the crews... and power for radio and intercom phones. Dependable ignition is paramount in this small but most vital engine. Dependable Champion Spark Plugs here, as in hundreds of other vital wartime assignments, are adding new prestige to their reputation for better performance, economy and greater dependability, in every engine.



TO SAVE GASOLINE—
KEEP SPARK PLUGS
CLEAN

Buy More War Bonds
Until the Day of Victory



CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO



Melon colic!

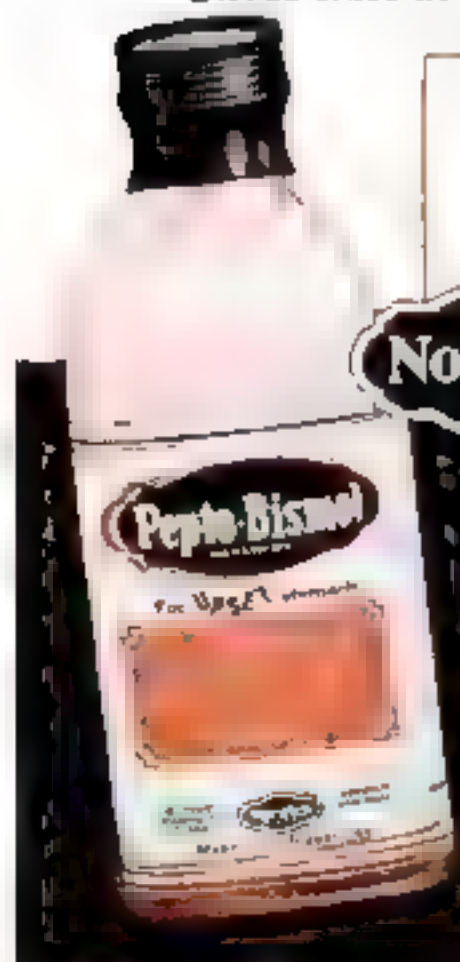
By sad experience we learn that the spirit may be willing, but the stomach is often weak. When too much of something good gives you an upset stomach, be gentle with it . . . take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

Never Upset an Upset Stomach!

Don't add to the upset of any upset stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics! Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL! This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Recommended for children as well as adults.

Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at his fountain.



Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL to relieve queasy uneasy, upset stomach, distress after over-indulgence, nervous indigestion, heartburn. And to retard intestinal fermentation, gas formation, simple diarrhea. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

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Norwich

Pepto-Bismol

for UPSET Stomach



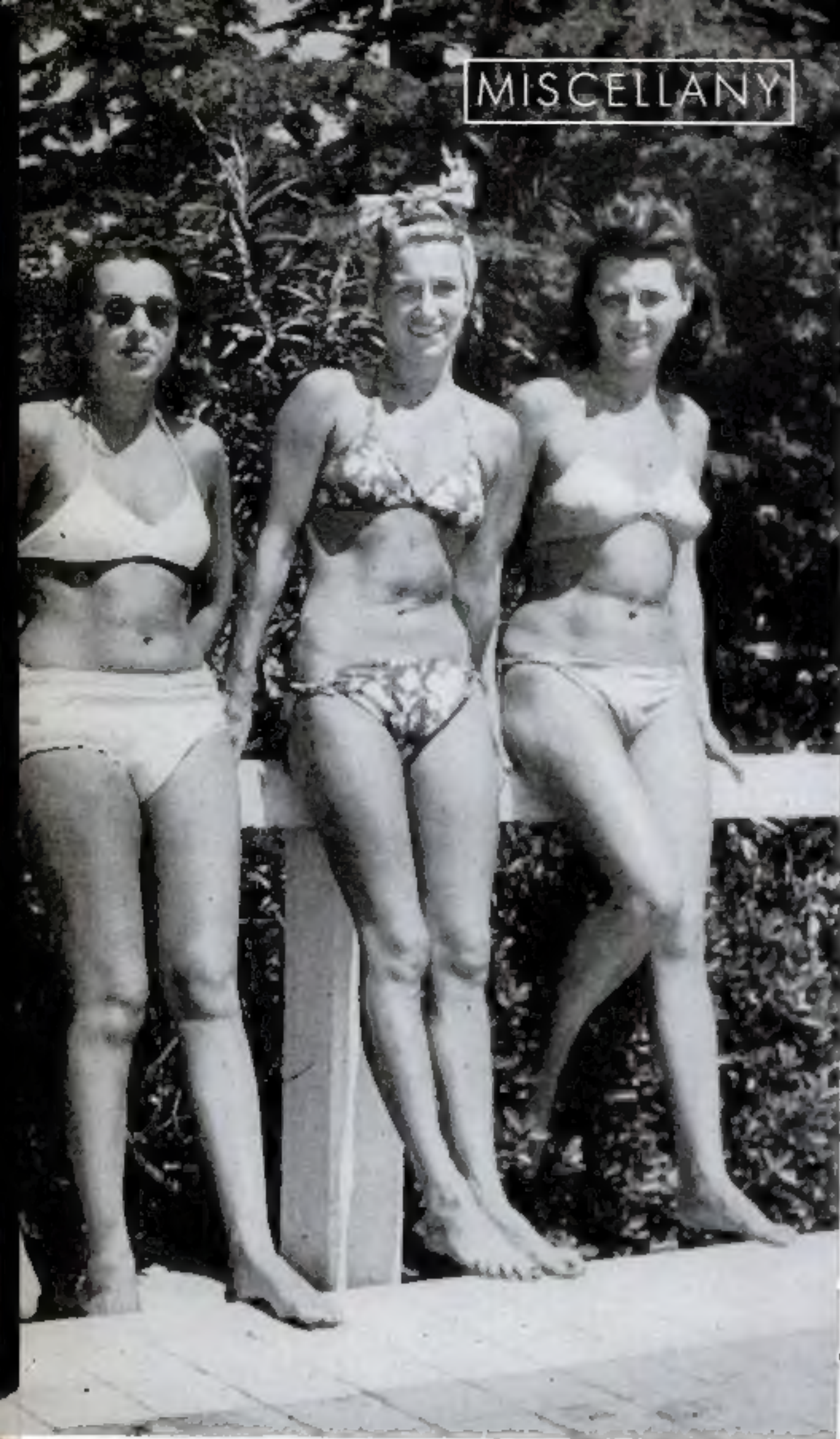
THESE SIX PARISIAN BATHING SUITS COST FROM \$25 TO \$40, EXCEPT FOR

FRENCH BATHING SUITS

Fashionable ladies of Paris achieve the bare minimum in body covering at Racing Club pool

Brassiere cups, rolled to a further narrowness, are connected by a metal ring on Mlle. Juliette Sequer, whose red wool suit carries club colors over appendix area.





HOMEMADE ONE AT FAR RIGHT. MATERIALS ARE COTTON, PIQUÉ, WOOL

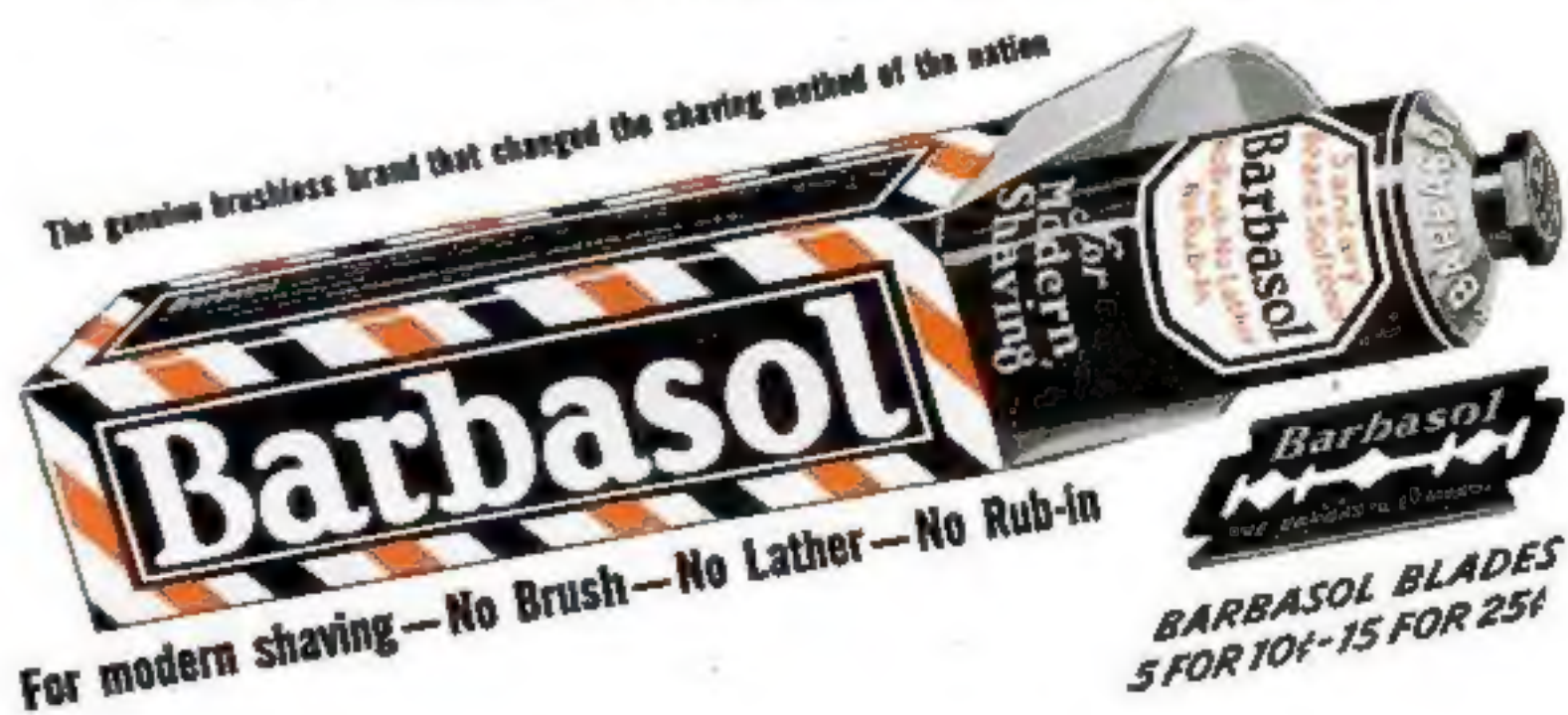
Last week, in reporting on brief U. S. bathing suits, LIFE said, "There is—**L** or seems to be—nothing more to cut off." LIFE was promptly proved wrong by these pictures of French bathing suits, taken at the semiexclusive Racing Club de France. Here the tanning of human skin has reached a new high. The fashionable ladies of Paris wear expensive little wisps of material which they roll down until only a strip across the bosom and a G-string over the loins come between them and the sun. The women are not there for fun or to show off. They are solely and grimly intent on getting brown. When they are unable to stand it any longer they arise and consume a cool drink or a cold, fresh peach, and then return to the furnace of the sun.

Cotton trunks at left are radically high, almost covering the umbilicus, but Odette Plante (right) rolls down yellow and brown piqué trunks to expose upper groin.



CONCERNING A SMOOTH RIDE AND A BARBASOL SHAVE

Yes, where moving parts are concerned, **SMOOTHNESS** makes for **SPEED**. And comfort, too. That's why Barbasol means a faster, finer, sweeter shave. Its **SUPERFINE** ingredients give your blade a smooth ride through your whiskers and **PREVENT FRICTION** between your skin and razor. Try Barbasol and get yourself a smoother Barbasol Face—the kind a **LADY** likes to keep in touch with! Try Barbasol and see how entirely superior it is for **BETTER SHAVING**. Tubes or jars. Large size, 25¢. Giant size, 50¢. Family size, 75¢.



The best brushes have
**DU PONT NYLON
BRISTLES**



Nylon stockings are new to no one. But did you know about Du Pont nylon bristles? Standard on better toothbrushes, they're better in many ways. They wear longer (save your pocketbook!). Clean better (save your teeth and your smile!). Dry faster. And they're more hygienic. They come hard, medium, or soft—whichever your dentist recommends. They never fray. Never split. Never become brittle. Try nylon bristles once: you'll want them again and again! Right now, though—

Our No. 1 nylon customer is Uncle Sam. And only a limited amount is allowed for toothbrush bristles. So you'll help yourself and all of us if you'll take good

care of your present brush. Come peace, there'll be miles of Du Pont nylon bristles. Not only for toothbrushes, but, in the future, for better paint, household, industrial and hair brushes.

When you need a new toothbrush, be wise and say, "Make sure it has Du Pont nylon bristles." (The best brushes do!) E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Dept., Arlington, N. J.



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... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

PAPER PACKS A WAR PUNCH...SAVE IT!

A Product of Du Pont Plastics

French Bathing Suits CONTINUED



An even chocolate covers the well-sunned frame of Mlle. Gourcerol, barely interrupted by the printed cotton fragments devised by her own "little dressmaker."



Sheer chiffon handkerchiefs are used as brassieres by these two women. The tanning mania of the Parisiennes involves frequent oiling but not going in the water.



The sacrum of Mme. Carla Heyman is yielded to Paris sun by slide fastener of her red and white cotton suit which cost \$80. This is a fairly conservative exposure.

It happened in ACAPULCO



1 "I've won many a bottle of Canadian Club Whisky for prize marlin and sailfish taken off Mexico's gorgeous Acapulco," writes Otis J. Routsow of Grand Rapids, Michigan. "But this year Acapulco provided me with two new fishing thrills. First, night-spearing the flying needlefish—three feet of stiletto-pointed fury. Second highspot—an hour's battle with a ton-and-a-half manta ray..."



2 "On our way out for smaller fry I spied the manta, lazily flicking its lethal whiptail. I harpooned... it attacked, murderously. I was mighty limp, and relieved, when it rolled over and slid from sight."



3 "But fishing thrills are by no means the only kind this Pacific paradise offers. There are Acapulco's famed divers, plummeting 135 feet into a narrow rock-toothed gorge... there are Riviera-like beaches. And—



4 "There's a pageant of bird and animal life... of warmth and color... to rival a South Seas set in Technicolor. All, happily, less than a day's flying time from almost any airport in the United States!"



5 "As for language difficulties, they don't exist here. Just say 'Canadian Club' into your hotel phone, for instance. In jig-time—the whisky shortage permitting—there'll be a waiter at your door with the whisky whose name means 'unmistakable flavor' in every tongue."

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popu-

larity? Canadian Club is *light* as Scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

• That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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